M A CONE CHIO

MEMOIRS

OF THE

WESLEY FAMILY;

COLLECTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

BY ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S

SECOND EDITION;
REVISED, CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

GEORGE PECK, EDITOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON EDITION.

Among the persons that have contributed to the pages of this portion of the Series of Dr. Adam Clarke's Miscellaneous Works, the Rev. William Beal may be named with respect, whose volume, entitled "The Fathers of the Wesley Family," is noticed pp. 44, 59, but who is here otherwise acknowledged for important aid. It may be further remarked, as anxious solicitude is experienced to present the whole Series as correct as possible to the public, that Dr. Clarke commenced preparations for a second edition of this work as far back as the latter end of 1823. This having been the case, a change of circumstances has rendered, in two or three instances, a change of dates necessary. The reader, therefore, will have to substitute 1824 for 1835, in a foot note, p. 40; for that which was strictly correct at the former period, had become less so at the latter,—the party relieved having died in the interim, and a change of circumstances having been experienced by some of the living. The same remark will apply to Mr. Cropp, noticed p. 66, who, since the period of the entry was made, has removed from Vincent-square to the neighborhood of Monmouth.

It has been suggested too, by one who is well acquainted with the geography of the neighborhood, that John Wesley can scarcely be supposed to have taken up his residence at Preston as stated, p. 63, with a view to avoid the Five Mile Act. The reason assigned is, that Weymouth, which is only about three miles from Preston, is a "corporation

town." It is therefore urged, and with some plausibility, that Preston was the only refuge for the family, while Mr. Wesley, its head, lay generally concealed in some place between Preston and Poole, being more than five miles distant from any corporation town, when he appeared in public, occasionally visiting the home of his partner and of his children by stealth.

A doubt has been expressed, whether Whitchurch was actually the place of Samuel Wesley's birth, noticed p. 81. Dr. Clarke himself does not speak with perfect confidence as to the fact; nor, indeed, could he, as the family are said to have removed to Preston, p. 60, in May, 1663, as a kind of permanent residence, during the father's life. Admitting him, according to the general opinion entertained on the subject, to have been born at Whitchurch, it must have been during some visit or temporary residence of the family at the place. Preston has been assigned as the probable place of his birth; and the arguments in favor of that opinion are to be found in the "Fathers of the Wesley Family," p. 116.

The seizure and imprisonment of John Wesley, of Whitchurch, is adverted to p. 55. Attention, however, has been directed to another seizure in 1662; the year succeeding, mentioned in the second edition of Dr. Calamy's work. Thus was this good man hunted from place to place, like a partridge upon the mountains. Praise God for better days! for the house of Brunswick!

The entry at Exeter College, p. 67, must be made to conform with the year 1684, pp. 15, 90.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

During the time in which men, eminent for their literary, diplomatic, or military talents, flourish, the public is rarely led to examine by what slow gradations their powers became matured; or what evidence their infancy and youth afforded of that high celebrity which they afterward attained.

The great utility of their literary labors, or the splendor of their public services, occupies and dazzles the mind, so that all minor considerations become absorbed; and it is only when the public is deprived by death of such illustrious characters, that posterity feel disposed to trace them up to their earliest period; and inquire by what means these luminaries, so small at their rising, attained to such a meridian of usefulness and glory, and appeared so broad and resplendent at their setting.

This is equally the case both with states and men: hence the historian as well as the biographer, influenced by the maxim,—Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,—endeavors to investigate those philosophic and intellectual principles which gave birth and being to such physical, political, and mental energies.

That *divine Providence*, which arranges and conducts the whole, and under whose especial guidance and control the course of the present state is ordered, so that all operations in the natural, civil, and moral world issue in manifesting the glory, justice, and mercy of the Supreme Being, lies further out of the view of men, and by most is little regarded; hence a multitude of events appear to have either no intelligent cause, or none adequate to their production; and because the operations of the divine hand are not regarded, historians and biographers often disquiet themselves in vain to find out the causes and reasons of the circumstances and transactions which they record.

In the dispensations of mercy to the world, and the effects produced by them, the principles from which all originated, the agencies employed, and the mode of working, are still more diffi-

cult of apprehension, particularly to those minds which regard earthly things, and see nothing in the natural and moral world but general laws, of which they do not appear to have any very distinct view; and which never can account for the endlessly varied occurrences in a single human life, much less in a state, and still less in a government of the church. By the government of the church, I mean the continuation of that energetic and supernatural principle by which pure and undefiled religion, consisting in piety to God and benevolence to man, is maintained in the earth. There has been an unhappy propensity in all times to deny the existence of this principle, and its operations on the minds and hearts of men; and this has been the fruitful source both of irreligion and false doctrine: and hence the church of God often feels the necessity of contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. This has a greater extension of meaning than is generally allowed: it does not merely apply to the denial of the existence of one Supreme Being, but also to his influences and operations, even where his being is allowed. When moral effects, the purest, the most distinguished, and the most beneficial to society, are attributed to natural causes, human passions, and the inquietudes of vanity, and not to the Author of all good, the Father of lights, then we may safely assert, that the person who so views them is one of those unwise men of whom the Psalmist speaks. He excludes God from his own peculiar work; gives to nature what belongs to grace; to human passions, what belongs to the divine Spirit; and to secondary causes what must necessarily spring from the First Cause of all things.

Were not the subject too grave, it would be sufficient to excite something more than a smile, to see men, both of abilities and learning, in their discussion of spiritual subjects which they have never thoroughly examined, because they have never experimentally felt them, laboring to account for all the phenomena of repentance, faith, and holiness, by excluding the Spirit of God from his own proper work; and to the discredit of their understanding, and the dishonor of religion and sound philosophy, search for the principle that produces love to God and all mankind, with all the fruits of a holy life, in some of the worst passions of the human heart.

In reference to a great and manifest revival of religion in the land we have heard the following concessions :—

"It is granted (say such men) that multitudes of the most profligate of the people have been morally changed; and, from being a curse to their respective neighborhoods, have become a blessing to the whole circle of their acquaintance; the best of servants, sons, and husbands; obedient subjects to the state, and a credit to humanity." But how was this change effected? "Why," say they, "by the persuasive arguments of a powerful orator; who, to the love of power and the lust of ambition, added extraordinary address, and general benevolence. With a strong tincture of enthusiasm in himself, which found a tractable disposition in the fanaticism of the age, and the credulity of the common people, he succeeded in raising, organizing, and rendering permanent, a society of increasing influence and importance; the principles of which deserve the investigation of the statesman and the philosopher, and their economy and progress the pen of the historian."

Thus the good done is reluctantly acknowledged; while the cause of it is either entirely unnoticed, or unknown. A fountain is pointed out which produces sweet waters and bitter; brambles which produce figs, and thorns which produce grapes: or, in other words, that work which neither might nor power, but the Spirit of the Lord of hosts alone can effect, is attributed to a certain mechanical operation on the minds of the multitude, by the agency of worldly ambition, lust of power, self-interest, and hypocrisy!

Thus has the world been often abused in reference to the work of God by ignorant, irreligious, and prejudiced men, from the foundation of Christianity to the present time; but never more, and never more grossly, than in relation to the Rev. John Wesley, and that great revival of Scriptural Christianity which it has pleased the world to call Methodism, and the subjects of which it terms Methodists; appellatives which the members of that religious society bear, not because they have either chosen or approved of them, but because the public will have it so.

The fame of Mr. Wesley's labors, writings, and success in the ministry, has reached most parts of the habitable globe; and wherever his name has been heard, a desire has very naturally been excited to know something of his origin and personal his-

tory, and of the rise and progress of that work of which he was, under God, the author, and for more than half a century the great superintendent and conductor. To meet this desire, various Lives and Memoirs, possessing different degrees of merit and accuracy, have been published; but in most cases by authors either ill-informed, or prejudiced. To some of these writers Mr. Wesley was never personally known, and they were obliged to collect their information from such quarters as were but ill calculated to give what was correct; by others, the whole system of Methodism was misunderstood; and no wonder if by them it were misrepresented. Most of the narratives referred to were published shortly after Mr. Wesley's death, before the great principles, both religious and economical, of Methodism, could have been put to that full and extensive test to which they have since been subjected; and hence the Methodists' Conference have been led to determine that the present matured state of this great work, and the beneficent operation of those principles, should be brought before the public, exhibited in their own light; and that a new history of the founder of Methodism should be compiled from original documents, many of which had not been seen by his previous biographers; the whole being intended to give a correct view of his character and labors in connection with the present matured state of that work of which the most high God had made him the chief instrument. The compiler of the present work was requested by the conference in 1821 to undertake this task. With oppressive feelings, from a deep sense of his own unfitness, he reluctantly acceded, and began to collect and arrange his materials. While thus employed, a number of documents relative to the Wesley family presented themselves to view; and as some hinderances were unexpectedly found to exist, which prevented the writer from proceeding with the Life of Mr. John Wesley, and that of his brother Charles, the companion of his ealy labors, he was induced to turn his attention to the few remaining memorials of the Wesley family, principally in his own possession, which time was every moment rendering less and less perfect and legible; many of which had been badly kept while passing through hands that had little interest in their preservation. To render these as complete as the circumstances of the case would admit, great pains were taken to collect from the few remaining contemporaries of the Wesley family, and

their immediate descendants, every authentic anecdote that had been preserved of the original stock and collateral branches of this wondrous tree, whose shade has been extended over various parts of the globe, and under which fowl of every wing have been collected, and found shelter. Had this work been undertaken even thirty years ago, the result would have been much more satisfactory; as at that time many were alive who had seen the cloud arise, and could have supplied the most useful information. But regrets relative to this are vain—these are all dead: fourscore and eight years were sufficient to have swept off all those who had entered into life when God began to pour out his Spirit to produce that reformation in the land which has been since termed Methodism; and more than sufficient to gather into eternal habitations those who had been the original subjects and witnesses of this blessed work.

As to the *original family*, it is most probable that few memorials remain, except those preserved in the following sheets. These cannot be unacceptable to the Methodists, nor uninteresting to the religious public: and both will possibly join in thankfulness for what has been done, and in candidly passing over any inadvertencies or mistakes which they may discover in the work.

If it bear the marks of haste and carelessness, the reader may rest assured that none of these either prevailed or existed in the course of this undertaking; long-continued labor precluded haste, and deep anxiety to be accurate and useful precluded carelessness. But whoever considers the difficulty of not only collecting, but of arranging, bits and scraps, verbal communications and items, from a thousand different quarters, will not wonder should they find a few mistakes; and in various parts an inadequacy of composition, should that approach even to a flatness of diction and poverty of language.

To those for whose use these Memoirs were chiefly intended, it will be no matter of surprise that the writer should appear the constant advocate of Methodism, the admirer of its doctrines and discipline, and also of the means employed in its propagation.

But while he adores the grace of God, which has produced those wondrous and beneficent results which have fallen under his own notice for more than half a century, he hopes that it will not be supposed that he is hostile to any person who thinks

differently from himself on this subject; and much less to any body of Christians whose creed may be in any respect different from his own. He sincerely wishes them all God's speed; and is thankful to God when he sees the interests of genuine Christianity promoted, though by persons who follow not with him.

To all those who have contributed original documents and other information for the use of these Memoirs, he returns his best thanks: but here he should acknowledge that he stands chiefly indebted to his late excellent friend, Miss Sarah Wesley; to the papers of the venerable and Rev. Thomas Stedman, late vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury; to the Rev. James Everett of Manchester; to Miss Sharp, sister to the late Granville Sharp, Esq., from whom he received those important letters, out of the correspondence of her right reverend grandfather, the archbishop of York, that have thrown so much light on the circumstances and early history of the rector of Epworth; and especially to Thomas Marriott, Esq., London, who has spared neither time nor pains in making various well-directed and successful researches, in reference to facts and circumstances which have contributed so much both to enlarge and enrich the present edition.

CONTENTS.

Origin of the Name Wesley	Page	13
History of the Act of Uniformity		16
Rev. Bartholomew Wesley		28
Rev. John Wesley		36
Matthew Wesley		68
Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen.		81
Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL. D.		289
Samuel Annesley, jun.		303
Benjamin Annesley		313
Sarah Annesley		314
Judith Annesley		314
Ann Annesley		314
Elizabeth Annesley		314
Mrs. Susannah Wesley		318
Rev. Samuel Wesley, jun.		421
Miss Susannah Wesley, 1st.		515
Miss Emilia Wesley—Mrs. Harper		516
Annesley and Jedediah Wesley		523
Miss Susannah Wesley, 2d.—Mrs. Ellison		523
Miss Mary Wesley—Mrs. Whitelamb		526
Miss Mehetabel Wesley—Mrs. Wright		534
Miss Anne Wesley—Mrs. Lambert		554
Rev. John Wesley		556
Miss Martha Wesley—Mrs. Hall		558
Rev. Charles Wesley		597
Miss Kezziah Wesley		601

APPENDIX.

I. Marlborough, a Poem, by Samuel Wesley, sen.		611
II. Eupolis his Hymn to the Creator		624
III. Samuel Wesley's Letter on the Septuagint		636
IV. Several Curious Cases, &c.		643
V. The Pig; a Tale, by Samuel Wesley, jun.		650
VI. On Mr. Hobbes; by the same		654

FAC-SIMILES OF THE WESLEY FAMILY, ETC.

At the desire of several particular friends, I have added a Plate of Fac-similes of the Wesley Family, and of some of Mr. J. Wesley's early friends among the Moravians and others. The following explanatory list refers to the numbers *and* signatures *on the Plate.* A. C.

* The Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL. D.

No. 1. Mr. Samuel Annesley, eldest son of Dr. Samuel Annesley.
2. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., Rector of Epworth.
3. Mrs. Susannah Wesley, Mother of the Rev. J. Wesley.
4. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, jun., Master of the Free-School, Tiverton.
5. The Rev. John Wesley, Founder of the Methodists' Societies.
6. The Rev. Charles Wesley, Brother to the above.
7. Mehetabel, alias Hetty Wesley, afterward Mrs. Wright.
8. Martha, alias Patty Wesley, afterward Mrs. Hall.
9. Kezziah Wesley.
10. Emilia Wesley, afterward Mrs. Harper.
11. The Rev. John Wesley's last entry in his private Journal.
As the writing is not easy to be read, I give it here:—
"*N. B. For upward of eighty-six years* (qu. sixty-eight?) *I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have. John Wesley. July* 16, 1790."
12. The Rev. John Wesley's last Signature in the Journal of the Conference.
13. The Rev. George Whitefield.
14. The Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley.
15. Mr. John Cennick, afterward one of the *Unitas Fratrum.*
16. The Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D.
17. Mr. Benjamin Ingham.
18. P. H. Molther, one of the *Unitas Fratrum.*
19. The Rev. Wm. Delamotte.
20. General James Oglethorpe, with whom Messrs. J. and C. Wesley sailed to Savannah in Georgia.
21. The Rev. John Gillies, D. D.
22. The Rev. Walter Shirley.

The following Signatu

Samuel Annesley Ja

pe

[a] James Craig, James

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The following Signatures I have taken from the Originals

Samuel Annesley

1 Sam: Annesley

Adam Clarke

Suratt March 23 1712/3

James Oglethorpe

20

Sep 9 1735

Epworth 10r 30 1700

2 S Wesley

S Wesley

3. S W.

Jan-13 17 9/10

J Wesley

4

Nov. 18 1727

5 John Wesley

C. Wesley

6

Frederica May 1 1736

Meket Wright

7 July the 3d

Martha Wesley

8 M A Hall

March 10

John Gilles

21

Dec 30 1754

Kezia Wesley.

9 Lincoln July 3 1731.

Lincoln Nov 28

10 Emilia Wesley

N.B. from Upwards of Eighty years

11 I have kept my Accounts exactly I will not attempt any Longer Living satisfied with the continual Conviction that I am all I am & give as I can & as all I have

John Wesley

July 16. 1790

Walter Shirley

22

Nov. 1760

S Lewis

12

Your Brother Sinner

13 G Whitefield

Madeley 17th Feby 1766

14 J Fletcher

J 15 Cennick

Thomas Coke

16

Ben Ingham 17 Jan 27 1734

P H Molther

18

London 25th Jan. 1740

Gott Hall

Feb 16 1737

19 Wm DeLamotte

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME WESLEY.

Families have frequently their names from towns, villages, and hamlets; and I therefore give what Hutchins has advanced in the note below.* My own opinion, however, is, that of the origin of the *family name* little is known; and of the very remote ancestors of Mr. Wesley the records appear to be lost. Of those who were more immediate, some facts have survived the general loss of original documents; and these, though scanty, are so singular and characteristic, that it would be injustice to the general narrative to withhold them from the reader.

That the progenitors of the *Wesleys* came from Saxony was believed by the family itself; and that a branch of the paternal tree was planted in Ireland was also credited by them.

About forty-five years ago I met with a family in the county of Antrim, in that kingdom, of the name of *Posley*,

* There is a "hamlet in Broadwinsor called Wansley, Wantsley, Wantsleigh, and Wanslew."—*Hutchins*, pp. 467–607, 608, vol. i, edit. ii, 1796.
"Twenty acres of land in Hook, called West Leas," p. 495.

RECTORS, &c.

"George Westley, 18th May, 1403, Treasurer of Sarum; 1404, Prebendary of Bedminster and Radeclyve."—*Hutch.*, p. 430.
"John Westley, Batch. in Degrees, inst. 27th Sept., 1481, parish of Langton Matravers."—*Hutch.*, p. 340.
"John Wannesleigh, Cl. on the resignation of John Crokke, inst. 6th Feb., 1497; Rector of Bettescombe."—*Hutch.*, p. 564.
"John Wennesley, Chapl. of Pillesdon, on the death of John Mangey, inst. 12th Feb., 1508."—*Hutch.*, p. 534.

In the list of Bailiffs and Cofferers for Bridport, stand, A. D. 1691, "James Crabb, James Westley."—*Hutch.*, p. 393.

or *Postley*, who said that their name was originally *Wesley*, but that it had been corrupted by a provincial pronunciation of P for W.

Whether it were the same family with the *Wesleys* of *Dangan*, in the county of Meath, in Ireland, that were called *Posley*, I cannot tell; but a gentleman there of considerable estate, whose family had come from England and settled in Ireland, several generations before that time, wrote to Samuel Wesley, sen., that if he had a son called Charles, he would adopt him for his heir; and at the expense of this gentleman, Charles was actually sent to Westminster School, and had his bills regularly discharged by this unknown friend. But when the gentleman wished to take him over to Ireland, Charles thankfully refused; fearing lest worldly prosperity and its consequences might lead away his heart from due attention to his eternal interests.

The person whom Wesley of Dangan made his heir, and who consequently took the name of Wesley, was Richard Colley, of Dublin, who afterward became the first earl of Mornington, and was grandfather to the marquis Wellesley and the duke of Wellington. *Wellesley* is therefore a corruption, and an awkward one—made by the present marquis at the time of his creation to this title in 1797—of the simple and more elegant name, Wesley.

If the name were originally Spanish, as some have supposed, it must have undergone a change not less considerable, from *b* or *v*, to *w*; as this double consonant is not found in any words in the Spanish language. Were we to consult the Arabic tongue, which so long prevailed in that country, and which has entered into the composition of so many Spanish words, we might find the name with a peculiar and very significant import. وصلي *wesley* and وصلة *weslah* signify *union* and *conjunction*, from the root وصل *wasala*, he united, joined, conjoined, associated; was near, or contiguous; was united in a bond of friendship, &c.

It may be thought worthy of remark that وصل *wasli* and واصلة *wasleh* are proper names among the Arabians; and a noted person among them, mentioned by Firoozabad, bore the name of أبو الوصل *abo al wasli*, or *abool wasli*, the *father of union*, or the *uniting father*. A name more

happy or appropriate could not possibly be given to the founder of Methodism. I need not inform the learned reader that the grammatical note ~ called وصلة *weslah*, which signifies *union* or *junction*, is often found on the letter آ *alif*, and indicates that the vowel which terminates the preceding is to be connected with that which follows, *e. g.*, قلب الملك *kalb olmaliki*, "the heart of the king."

The information that the family of the Wesleys came originally from Spain, in which multitudes of Arab families were long settled, has led me into this discussion of the *name*, which the reader will pardon, provided he can turn it to no advantage; for I am ready enough to grant that the etymology may be considered precarious as long as we cannot trace the family in a direct line to an Arabic or Moorish origin.

That some of the family had been in the Crusades, or had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, may be inferred from their bearing the escallop shell in their arms. The bearing is gules, three escallops argent, crest a wiveron.

The orthography of the name is not more certain;—it has been written *Westley* and *Wesley;* and it appears from the Irish family mentioned above, *Postley* and *Posley:* but by the autographs of all the family, from the rector of Epworth down to the present time, I find the name invariably written W-E-S-L-E-Y.

There are several families of this name in England, and some of them very ancient. In the Bibl. Harl., No. 1241, p. 135, I find *Edward Westley*, of Westley, in the reign of Edward I., who married Jane, daughter and heir to John Moore, of Wolverton; who had issue, *William Westley*, who married Cicely, daughter to Roger, son to Hugh Hagger, knight; who had issue, *John Westley*, who married Margaret, daughter and heir to John Brailes. This John took the name of Porterr, and had issue *John Porterr*, who married Gwer, daughter and heir to David ap Bods Goch. After this the name is lost in that of Porter.

When Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., entered himself at Exeter College, Oxford, in the year 1684, he signed himself *Samuel Westley;* but he himself afterward dropped

the *t*, which he said was restoring the name to its original orthography.*

HISTORY OF THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

As, through the Act of Uniformity passed in 1662, some of Mr. Wesley's more remote ancestors suffered greatly, being conscientious Nonconformists, it will be necessary, before I proceed in their history, to give some account of that act, its influence and consequences.

No reader of English history can be unacquainted with the troubles relative to religion which took place in the unhappy reign of Charles I., by which the kingdom was severely agitated, and the existence of genuine piety threatened with total ruin.

The nation was divided, both in politics and religion, between the Church and the Dissenters; or perhaps, more properly, between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism: the former contending for unlimited or absolute monarchy in the state, and episcopacy in the church; the latter strongly intent on the establishment of a limited monarchy in the state, and church government either by presbyters solely, or by a union of presbyters and bishops.

But though this description be generally true of the parties denominated as above, yet there were many exceptions among individuals of sound sense and learning on both sides.

Many conscientious and eminent churchmen saw and inveighed against the danger of carrying prerogative too far, and wished to promote such measures in ecclesiastical matters as might unite and cement in one body all the faithful of the land.

Among the Dissenters many were found, especially during the civil wars and the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, who wished to establish republicanism in the state, and presbyterianism in the church. But the many on both sides endeavored to push on their own principles of civil and ecclesiastical government to their utmost consequences. Moderation was considered indecision, half-

* Hutchins has it *Westley*, *Westly*, *Wesly*. Westley is the name given also by Baxter, in his "Life," by Wood, in the "Athenæ Oxon.:" and by Calamy, "Continuation."

heartedness, and temporizing, by one party; and hypocrisy, disloyalty, and treachery, by the other. *Medio tutissimus ibis,* "the golden mean is best," was no common adage in those days; and division in politics and religion produced suspicion and enmity; and soon variance, hatred, and malice lighted up the flames of a civil war.

The king seemed to think that the royal prerogative was omnipotent. The parliament withstood his encroachments on the liberties of the subject; each side had numerous partisans. They at last took the field; and a long, most unnatural, and sanguinary war terminated in the total overthrow of the royal party; the capture, trial, condemnation, and death of the king himself, who was beheaded, January 30th, 1649.

By this dreadful issue, monarchical government and the House of Lords were abolished; the episcopal hierarchy overturned; and a species of aristocratical republicanism, under the name of the Commonwealth of England, established in the state; of which the most able and successful of the king's enemies, Oliver Cromwell, was ultimately declared the protector.

On the death of this powerful chief, who ruled in the professed republic with nearly the same authority that an Asiatic despot rules his states; and who, by his counsels, fleets, and armies, rendered the British name formidable throughout Europe; the nation, far from being satisfied with the new form of government, torn by many dissensions, and smarting with its recent wounds, looked to the restoration of its monarchy as the only means of healing its distractions, and restoring public confidence; and was glad to invite back from his exile Charles, the late king's son, who, without difficulty or contest, ascended the paternal throne, May 29, 1660, after the nation had suffered an *interregnum* of eleven years.

As the Presbyterians and Independents had a considerable share in the restoration of the king, with which circumstance he was not unacquainted, and the episcopal party seemed little inclined to form any kind of union with their dissenting brethren, but rather to establish a religious intolerance, the Dissenters applied to the king for some concessions in their favor, chiefly in respect to a free and full toleration in the exercise of their public ministry; and

hoped he would order such a reform in the Liturgy that they might be able to use it with a good conscience; or, if not altered to their wishes, that they might not be obliged to use it without having a discretionary power to omit or alter such things as their conscience could not approve, because they appeared to be either contrary to the Holy Scriptures, or to savor too much of Popish superstition.

In these things they were encouraged to expect the king's ready concurrence, because, in his letters and declaration sent from Breda, April 14th, 1660, he had expressed a strong desire to discountenance all profaneness and persecution, and to endeavor a happy composing of the differences, and healing the breaches made in the church. "And because," adds the declaration, "the passion and uncharitableness of the times have produced several opinions in religion, by which men are engaged in parties and animosities against each other; which, when they shall hereafter unite in a freedom of conversation, will be composed, or better understood; we do declare a liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom; and that we shall be ready to consent to such an act of parliament, as upon mature deliberation shall be offered unto us, for the full granting that indulgence."*

And he had in his conferences with them fully declared his mind, that none of them should suffer on account of not using the Common Prayer; nor for the omission of the religious ceremonies there prescribed.

In consequence of these declarations, the ministers of the Presbyterian persuasion drew up two papers containing proposals relative to "the discipline and ceremonies of the Church of England," which they humbly presented to the king.

The first paper contains only general matters, and is a sort of introductory preface to the second. In this they earnestly petition his majesty to grant,—

1. That private exercises of piety may be encouraged.
2. That an able, faithful ministry may be kept up; and

* Kennett.

the insufficient, negligent, non-resident, and scandalous cast out.

3. That a credible profession of faith and obedience be pre-required of communicants.
4. That the Lord's day may be appropriated to holy exercises, without unnecessary divertisements.

After these requests, they enter at large into the questions relative to discipline, ceremonies, and the Liturgy.

On this the king issued a commission, dated March 25th, 1661, appointing an equal number of divines and learned men on both sides, to review and revise the Liturgy; and to take all other matters into consideration, which had been the cause of dispute, and to report upon them.

The commissioners nominated by the king, and who were appointed to meet at the Savoy, were the following:—

Churchmen: Acceptus Frewen, archbishop of York; Gilbert Sheldon, bishop of London; John Cosin, bishop of Durham; John Younge, bishop of Rochester; Humphrey Henchman, bishop of Sarum; George Morley, bishop of Winchester; Robert Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln; Benjamin Lanay, bishop of Peterborough; Brian Walton, bishop of Chester; Richard Sterne, bishop of Carlisle; John Gauden, bishop of Exeter; and Edward Reynolds, bishop of Norwich.

Dissenters: Anthony Tuckney, D. D.; John Conant, D. D.; William Spurston, D. D.; John Wallace, D. D.; Thomas Manton, D. D.; Edmund Calamy, B. D.; Richard Baxter, clerk; Arthur Jackson, Thomas Case, Samuel Clarke, Matthew Newcomen, clerks.

Proxies for the Churchmen: Dr. Earles, dean of Westminster; Peter Heylen, D. D.; John Hacket, D. D.; John Berwick, D. D.; Peter Gunning, D. D.; John Pearson, D. D.; Thomas Pierce; Anthony Sparrow; Herbert Thorndyke, D. D.

Proxies for the Dissenters: Thomas Horton, D. D.; Thomas Jacomb, D. D.; William Bate, John Rawlinson, clerks; William Cooper, clerk; Dr. John Lightfoot; Dr. John Collings; Dr. Benjamin Woodbridg; William Drake, clerk.

The first list, containing eleven bishops, with the arch-

bishop of York; and the second list, containing eleven Dissenters, are properly the commissioners to try this cause. The third list, beginning with Dr. Earles, and ending with Dr. Thorndyke, was a list of reserve, to supply the place of any of the bishops, absent or ill. And the fourth list, beginning with Dr. Thomas Horton, and ending with William Drake, was a similar list to supply the place of any absent Dissenters. Thus we find the commissioners were fairly divided,—eleven bishops, and eleven Dissenting ministers; each party having nine substitutes, in case of necessity: the archbishop of York was the president. Among these commissioners, on both sides, were some of the most learned and eminent men in the kingdom.

As this arrangement was made by the king and his privy council, and the parties on each side were made equal in number, with an equal number of proxies for each, it is most evident that the king expected the matters in dispute to be settled by a majority of votes, in consequence of each article being fully and fairly discussed. But this was the furthest thing from the minds of the bishops; they were determined to yield nothing, but carry everything their own way: and the easy king, intent on nothing but his sinful pleasures, made no remonstrance, but permitted them to act as they pleased. The consequence was, the true pastors of the flock were expelled from the fold, and hirelings, who cared more for the fleece and the fat than for the sheep, climbed over the wall, and seized on flocks to which they had no right, either divine or human; and the people of God were either starved or scattered. The Act of Uniformity soon followed, and became the act of the disorganization of the spiritual interests of the kingdom.

To the above-named commissioners a paper was presented, August 30th, intituled, "The exceptions of the Presbyterian brethren against some passages in the Liturgy; accompanied by a very humble address, To the most Rev. Archbishop and Bishops, and the Reverend their assistants, commissioned by his Majesty to treat about the alteration of the Common Prayer."

These exceptions at various sessions were taken into consideration; but scarcely any concessions of moment were made by the Episcopal party. And the Presbyteri-

ans, in the answers given to their exceptions, were often treated with great disrespect, and generally in a manner little calculated to conciliate or bring about unanimity.

These several proceedings were delivered to the king by the bishops, and form one hundred and twenty-eight closely printed 4to. pages.

It need scarcely be added, that no agreement took place between the parties; and the Presbyterians, judging themselves not fairly represented, delivered a very moving petition to the king, modestly stating their grievances, and imploring his protection, reminding him of his promise, that none should be punished or troubled for not using the Common Prayer, till it should be effectually reformed. And, foreseeing that a rigorous Act of Uniformity was about to be made, they conclude thus:—"We crave your majesty's pardon for the tediousness of this address, and shall wait in hope that so great a calamity of your people, as will follow the loss of so many able, faithful ministers as the rigorous imposition would cast out, shall never be recorded in the history of your reign; but that these impediments of concord being forborne, your kingdom may flourish in piety and peace. That this may be the signal honor of your happy reign, and your joy in the day of your account, is the prayer of your majesty's faithful and obedient subjects."

Whether the king were disposed to favor them, or had forgotten his promises, is, at this time, a matter of little importance. Everything was carried with a high and inconsiderate hand; and the Act of Uniformity was constructed on the grounds proposed by the bishops, and passed into a law.

To save the reader the trouble of going elsewhere to consult this Act,* as tedious and monotonous as it was oppressive, I shall here present him with the sum and substance of it, as far as it affected the consciences and privileges of the opposite party:—

"Be it enacted, That all and singular ministers in any cathedral, collegiate, or parish church or chapel, or other place of public worship, within this realm of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, shall be bound to say and use the Morning Prayer, Even-

* 13 and 14 Car. II, cap. 4.

ing Prayer, celebration and administration of both the Sacraments; and all other the public and common prayer, in such order and form as it is mentioned in the said book annexed and joined to this present Act, and intituled,

"The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Church of England: together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be sung or said in churches; and the form or manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons.

"And the Morning and Evening Prayers therein contained shall, upon every Lord's day, and upon all other days and occasions, and at the time therein appointed, be openly and solemnly read, by all and every minister or curate, in every church or chapel, or other place of public worship, within this realm of England, and places aforesaid.

"Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that every parson, vicar, or other minister whatsoever, who now hath and enjoyeth any ecclesiastical benefice or promotion within this realm of England, or places aforesaid, shall, in the church, chapel, or place of public worship belonging to the said benefice or promotion, upon some day before the Feast of St. Bartholomew, (August 24th,) which shall be in the year of our Lord God 1662, openly, publicly, and solemnly read the Morning and Evening Prayer appointed to be read by and according to the said Book of Common Prayer, at the times thereby appointed: and, after such reading thereof, shall openly and publicly, before the congregation there assembled, declare his unfeigned assent and consent to the use, and all things in the said book contained and prescribed, in these words and no other:

> "I, A. B., do hereby declare my unfeigned assent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book intituled, 'The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England; together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be sung or said in churches: and the form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons.'

"And that all and every such person who shall neglect or refuse to do the same within the time aforesaid, shall *ipso facto* be deprived of all his spiritual promotions; and that from thenceforth it shall be lawful to and for all patrons and donors of all and singular the said spiritual promotions, or any of them, according to their respective rights and titles, to present or collate to the same, as though the person or persons so offending or neglecting were dead.

"That no person shall be capable of being admitted to any parsonage, &c., and to consecrate and administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper, before such time as he shall be ordained priest by episcopal ordination, upon pain to forfeit for every offense the sum of one hundred pounds.

"That if any person who is by this Act disabled to preach any lecture or sermon shall, during the time that he shall continue and remain so disabled, preach any sermon or lecture, that then, for every such offense, the person and persons so offending shall suffer three months' imprisonment in the common jail, without bail or mainprise."

The same Act required "every schoolmaster and private tutor to be licensed by the archbishop or ordinary of the diocese, on the penalty, for the first offense, of three months' imprisonment; and for every repetition of the offense, three months' imprisonment, and five pounds to the king."

I shall here beg leave to make a few remarks upon this Act, in reference to the case of the persons shortly to be introduced to the reader's notice.

1. The Act, whether considered good or bad, politically, was an absolute breach of the king's solemn declaration and engagement to the Dissenters, and indeed to the nation, while he was at Breda, as we have already seen; and argues that either he was a man of no moral principle, had no regard to his honor nor to his promise, or that his ministers were cruel and malicious men, who well knew the religious scruples of many of his best friends, and how they must be in every way injured by the passing of such an Act.

2. The breach of promise made to the Dissenters was a most dangerous measure, as it put to too severe a test the loyalty of a great part of the nation, and served to

widen the breach between them and the Established Church, the rulers of which, they had too much reason to believe, were the principal promoters of this measure.

3. The Act required from every minister a solemn declaration, while ministering in the presence of Almighty God—more solemn, if possible, than any oath—of his unfeigned assent to all and everything contained in, and prescribed by, the Book of Common Prayer, the Psalter, as there printed and pointed, and to all the rites and ceremonies therein enjoined. Now this is more than any man can, with a pure conscience, say of any human composition of devotion. The *Bible* alone, *as it came from God*, can be thus safely acknowledged; and not even a *translation* of that most sacred book, nor any of the ancient versions in which it has been handed down to posterity. Though I regard the Liturgy of the Church of England as the purest form of devotion ever composed by man, and next in excellence to the inspired volume, yet there are words and phrases in it to which I could not declare my assent; and as to the Psalter contained in that book, it is in many places a false and inefficient translation, foreign from the Hebrew verity, with the insertion of a multitude of words which have nothing corresponding to them in the original, while printed as if they were the words of the Holy Spirit! And as to the pointing, it is generally barbarous, and often destructive of the sense. What divine, who ever read a psalm of David in the original, could give his solemn assent to this composition as it now stands?

4. This Act was intended as a snare to catch many upright men. Many of the clergy of those times doubted greatly whether the hierarchy were exactly conformable to Scripture. Lord King's position, that bishops and presbyters were the same order in the primitive church, was a very general opinion among those afterward called Nonconformists; and was the opinion of the late Mr. John Wesley. These were fully convinced that ordination by presbyters was a valid and Scriptural ordination; and many of the clergy at that time had none other. But the Act, without Scripture or reason, annuls and sweeps this away at a stroke; and none is permitted to minister in

holy things unless episcopally ordained—an ordination which not one of the opposite party could procure, unless he had been in every sense a thorough conformist.

5. The Act took upon it to restrain and destroy, as far as it could, the spirit of prophecy, or the gift of Christian preaching. Many of those excellent men believed themselves fully called of God to the work of the ministry. But this Act forbade them to preach unless they had episcopal ordination; and although a dispensation of the gospel was committed unto them, and God pronounced a wo on such as preached it not, yet one sermon or lecture of the person who did not, because he could not, conform as above, was punished by three months' imprisonment in the common jail; and those who had the word of the Lord, and could not be silent, were thus treated, and with circumstances also of relentless rigor.

6. The Act was not only persecuting, but unjust, as it deprived of the means of subsistence men who were educated for this function; who had been regularly, according to the custom of the times, inducted and employed in it, and had the subsistence of themselves and their families from it. But in one day upward of two thousand of them were left without a morsel of bread, because they would not defile their consciences by solemnly affirming what they did not believe.

7. The Act was cruel, as it endeavored to prevent them from getting their bread by public or private teaching, as schoolmasters and tutors, unless licensed by the archbishop or ordinary of the diocese, under the penalty of three months' imprisonment; and for every repetition of this offense, so called, three months' imprisonment, and five pounds to the king. And the reader may rest assured that every minister who could not conscientiously assent to EVERYTHING in the Prayer Book, was not likely to be licensed by a bishop as a teacher of youth.

8. The Act had as much respect to rites and ceremonies as to prayers and preaching; hence it required every minister "openly and publicly, before the congregation, to declare his unfeigned assent and consent to the use of *all things* in the said book contained and prescribed." But, notwithstanding the general excellence of this book, it

would puzzle the first casuist in the church to show the moral or spiritual use of several things therein contained and prescribed.

I have made these remarks to show the nature and operation of this, at that time, most illiberal and malicious Act, in order to vindicate the persons who were its victims; who, on account of their conscientious steadiness, have been represented as foolish, fanatical, and obstinate men, because they would not solemnly affirm what they did not believe. And, for my own part, far from being surprised that so great a number as two thousand and twenty-five, according to Mr. Palmer's reckoning,* were cast out of the church in one day, I am rather surprised that one learned or conscientious minister was found, on the requisitions of the Act, to retain his living.

High-churchmen may "extol the authors and framers of this Act as deserving the everlasting praises and blessings of the church." But while honesty, or rendering to every man his due, can be considered a blessing in society, and the steady attendant upon justice,—while humanity and mercy are esteemed the choicest characteristics of man, and while sound learning is valued as the ornament and handmaid of religion,—this Act, in its operation on St. Bartholomew's day, (August 24, 1662,) must be regarded as a scandal to the state, and a reproach to the church.

Against the operations of this Act the ministers of London met, drew up and presented a memorial to the king. The original is preserved, and is in the possession of William Upcott, Esq., of the London Institution. Of this I have taken a copy, which, not only for its matter, but because it exhibits the names of so many distinguished divines, will, I have no doubt, be much prized by the majority of my readers.

"To the King's most excellent Majestie, the humble Petition of diverse Ministers in the City of London.

"May it please your most excellent Majestie,

"Upon former experience of your Majestie's tendernes and indulgence to your obedient and loyall subjects, in which number with all clerenes we can reckon ourselves;

* De Foe says above three thousand. See his "Life and Times," by Wilson, vol. i, p. 17.

wee, some of the ministers of London, who are likely, by the late Act of Uniformity, to be thrown out of all publique service in the ministry (because we cannot in conscience conform to all things required in the said act), do take the boldnes humbly to cast ourselves and our concernments at your feet, desiring that out of your princely wisdom and compassion, you would take such effectual course whereby we may be continued in the exercise of our ministrie, to teach your people obedience to God and your Majestie. And we doubt not, but by our dutifull and peaceable cariage therein, we shall render ourselves not altogether unworthy of so great a favour.

Thomas Manton.	Edm. Calamy.
Wm. Bates.	Tho. Jaconel.
James Nalton.	Samuel Annesley.
Ri. Adams.	Tho. Case.
Hen. Hurst.	Wm. Blackemour.
Matth. Haveland.	Wm. Whitaker.
Sam. Clarke.	Peter Vinke.
Tho. White.	Joseph Church.
John Wills.	John Sheffield.
Ar. Barham.	Tho. Watson."

This petition was exhibited Aug. 27, 1662, and read in council the next day: but the king acting in all things by the advice of the bishops, the prayer of those eminent men was totally disregarded.

No doubt the reader has already considered me a rigid Dissenter, because of the above review of the Act of Uniformity, in its predisposing causes, and subsequent effects: but he is highly mistaken. Bred up in the bosom of the Church, I am strongly attached to it from principle and conscience; and notwithstanding the blots, the existence of which in the Liturgy I cannot deny, I would not change that form of sound words for anything that dissent could offer me as a substitute. But I abominate the Act of Uniformity for its oppression, injustice, and cruelty; and because it gave a blow to the piety of the National Church, from which it is still but slowly recovering. It deprived her of multitudes of her brightest ornaments, whose works have been a credit and a bulwark to the Reformation, and

still praise them in the gates. Neither interest nor disaffection prompts this eulogium! *Fiat justitia; ruat cœlum!**

OF MR. WESLEY'S ANCESTORS.

REV BARTHOLOMEW WESLEY,

MR. J. WESLEY'S GREAT GRANDFATHER.

From whatever part of the world the family of the Wesleys may have originally come, whether descended from Asiatic, Spanish, or Saxon progenitors; or whether indigenous in Britain, through a long train of ancestry, posterity can mount no higher in tracing it than to about the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. J. Wesley (Works, vol. v, p. 83) mentions a "letter, *this* his grandfather's father had written to her he was to marry" in a few days, dated 1619; consequently he must have been born about the close of the sixteenth century. We may, therefore, date the birth of Mr. Bartholomew Wesley about 1595; but so far as we can trace the family back, we find, as one of Mr. Wesley's biographers has remarked, "his ancestors appear respectable for learning, conspicuous for piety, and firmly attached to those views of Christianity which they had formed from the sacred Scriptures."

The Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, great grandfather to the

* Mr. Southey, in his Book of the Church, vol. ii, p. 481, says, "The Liturgy, as approved by the convocation, and confirmed by the king under the great seal, was presented to the parliament, and received; and an Act of Uniformity passed, with seven clauses which the wisest statesmen and truest friends of the church disapproved, but were unable to prevent. One of these excluded all persons from the ministry who had not received episcopal ordination; all, therefore, who had received presbyterian orders were to quit their benefices, or submit to be reordained. Another required a subscription from every man about to receive any preferment in the universities or the church, declaring his assent and consent to everything in the Book of Common Prayer, ... words which gave occasion to cavils of the same kind as had been raised against the et cetera oath. But the touchstone was a clause which the Commons introduced, for another qualifying subscription, wherein the subscriber declared it was not lawful, upon any pretence, to take arms against the king; abhorred the traitorous position of taking arms, by his authority, against his person; and renounced the covenant as imposing no obligation upon him or any others, and unlawful in itself. Any clergyman who should not fully conform to this Act by St. Bartholomew's day, which was about three months after it was published, was, *ipso facto*, to be deprived of his cure; and the Act was so worded as not to leave it in the king's power to dispense with its observance."

founder of the Methodists, is mentioned by Hutchins among the rectors of Catherston,* in Dorsetshire, in the year 1650. And in the year 1662 we find him among those who suffered by the aforesaid Act of Uniformity; being ejected from his living at Charmouth, a village in the same county, remarkable for its singular situation at the foot of a hill which is ten hundred and five feet high, and opposite to another which is nine hundred and seventy. His own name was to him ominous, as he was deprived of every earthly good, and suspended from his ministerial functions on the festival of the *saint* after whom he was called. He was succeeded in his living of Catherston by a person of the name of Benjamin Bird, Oct. 14, 1662; and of Charmouth by Timothy Hallett, March 4, 1662. See the Nonconformist's Memorial, by Palmer, vol. ii, p. 125; and Hutchins's Dorset, second edit.

I cannot find of what university or college he was; but most probably of Oxford. Dr. Calamy states, that when he was at the university he applied himself to the study of physic as well as divinity. In the former practice he appears to have acquired some celebrity; for while he was in his living of Charmouth, he was often consulted as a physician: and after his ejectment he applied himself

* "This little village stands upon the decline of a hill, a mile north from Charmouth, in the south-western extremity of Dorsetshire. It does not occur in Doomsday Book, being, perhaps, included in some other parish. The church was dedicated to St. Mary, 1511, but contains nothing remarkable. The rectory is not mentioned in the Valor, 1291. In Bishop Chandler's Register, (folio 47, *inter acta,*) this church is said to have been long unofficiated in, *ob exilitatum;* and, on the same account, has generally, some time before and since the Reformation, been held by the same person as Charmouth. It is a discharged living in Bridport deanery.

Present value	£2	16	10½
Tenths	0	5	8¼
Bishop's procurations . . .	0	0	0
Archdeacon's procurations, *olim* .	0	1	1½
Clear yearly value	15	0	0

"The return to the commission, 1650, was, Bartholomew Westley's glebe, five acres, worth £3 10 0; his small tithes, £10 0 0; in all £13 10 0." The following is the ecclesiastical return:—"Rectors: Laurence Orchard, 1554; Bartholomew Westley, 1650; Benjamin Bird, Oct. 14, 1662." The return to the commission in 1650, for Charmouth, was: "Bartholomew Westley, the present possessor by sequestration. That the house and four acres of glebe are worth, per annum, £4; the tithes of the parish, £18. They desire that Catherston may continue annexed, as it was by order of the committee of the county." The church record is:—"Rectors Samuel Norrington, 1599; he was sequestered, 1640: Bartholomew Westley, intruder; he was ejected after the restoration: Timothy Hallett, March 4, 1662."—*Hutchins's Dorset*, vol. i, pp. 313–316.

chiefly to this profession, and gained a livelihood by it; though he continued, as the times would permit, to preach occasionally.

It appears, from the history of the Nonconformists, that many of the ministers, when ejected, had recourse to the practice of physic for a subsistence, as there were no other means left in their power by which they might gain their bread. They were proscribed and incapacitated as preachers, both in public and private, by the Act of Uniformity; and though their learned education had qualified them to be instructors of youth as public schoolmasters, or to give private tuition in the families of the nobility and gentry, yet this also was, on grievous penalties, proscribed by the Act: hence they had no alternative but to study and practice medicine. For this, some had received previous qualifications at the university, as was the case, as just noticed, of Mr. Bartholomew Wesley. But others had no advantage of the kind; and, therefore, practiced at great hazard. This caused one of them to say to the persons by whom the ejectment was put in force against him, "I perceive that this is like to occasion the death of many." The commissioners, supposing these words to savor of contumacy and rebellion, questioned him severely on the subject; to whom he replied, "That being deprived by the Act of every means of getting his bread in those ways for which he was qualified, he must have recourse to the practice of medicine, which he did not properly understand, and thereby the lives of many of his patients would most probably be endangered."

This was no doubt the case in very many instances. They acted according to the best they knew, in order to help their neighbors, and gain an honest livelihood; but like many, even to the present day, though useful where disease bore no uncommon type, were often deceived by fallacious appearances, and took the more prominent symptoms, which were only indications of complication, or of spurious morbid action, as pointing out the immediate cause of the disorder; prescribed accordingly, and thereby formed a new disease, which not unfrequently terminated the life of the unhappy patient.

If regular and well-educated practitioners be liable to make such mistakes, (and nothing is more certain,) what

must it be with the unskillful, and the immense colluvies of quack doctors, who now vend medicines for the infallible cure of every disorder, under authority of indisputable patents!

Dr. Garth nervously describes the ruin spread through society by licensed and unlicensed empirics: "Non tamen telis vulnerat ista agyrtarum colluvies, sed theriaca quadam magis perniciosa: non pyris sed pulvere nescio quo exotico certat; non globulis plumbeis, sed pilulisque lethalibus interficit."

"This herd of vermin inflict no wound by daggers, but by a certain *mithridate* much more pernicious. They arm not themselves with cataplasms, but with a species of unknown exotic powder. They kill not with leaden bullets, but with pills equally *lethal*."

From Dr. Calamy's account, it appears that Mr. Wesley's preaching was not very popular, owing, he says, to a peculiar plainness of speech. In what this consisted, we are not told; but this we well know, that plainness of speech, while the sense is good, and the doctrine sound, would not prevent the popularity of any preacher in the present day. His great grandson studied the utmost plainness of speech in all his ministrations,—yet who more popular? who more successful?

Mr. Bartholomew Wesley lived some years after his ejectment; but when he died is uncertain. All that we know is this, that he was so affected by the premature death of his excellent son John, who was also a minister, that his health rapidly declined, and he did not long survive him. This must have been some time after 1678. See the succeeding account of his son John.

There is a story told of Mr. B. Wesley by Anthony à Wood, in the Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. ii, col. 963, which requires examination.

Speaking of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., rector of Epworth, he says, "The said Samuel Wesley is grandson to —— Wesley, the fanatical minister, some time of Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, at what time [1651] the Lord Wilmot and King Charles II. had like to have been by him betrayed, when they continued incognito in that country."

Though a good sire may have a bad son, and a good son a bad sire—and the delinquency of ancestors should not be

imputed to their posterity—yet I own I should feel grieved could a charge of treachery be fairly proved against the Wesley family, or that it could be made to appear that it had ever produced a person disaffected to the state.

I have taken some pains to inquire into the authenticity of this story,* so confidently related by Wood, and shall lay before the reader the result of my inquiries.

In the wonderful adventure of Charles II., in his attempts to recover his paternal kingdom, the story of his narrow escape at Charmouth is told by most of our historians and annalists.

It appears that Lord Wilmot and Colonel Wyndham, who had accompanied the king in disguise, after his unfortunate defeat at Worcester, September 3, 1651, wishing to escape to the continent, came to Lyme, in Dorsetshire; and agreed with one Limbry, master of a small sloop of thirty tons, then bound to St. Malo, to take over two gentlemen, and land them on any part of the French coast. The vessel then lay at the Cable, in Lyme; and the owner having agreed to bring it out to a little creek near Charmouth, his majesty and his party, deeply disguised, waited for its arrival.

Lord Clarendon states, that while they were waiting, the day having been appointed by the parliament for a solemn fast, a fanatical weaver, who had been a soldier in the parliament army, was preaching against the king, in a little chapel fronting the obscure inn where his majesty had stopped. Charles, to avoid suspicion, was among the audience. It happened that a smith, of the same principles with the weaver, who had been called to fasten on a shoe belonging to the king's horse, came to inform the preacher, that he knew from the fashion of the shoes that the horse had come from the north. The preacher immediately affirmed that this horse could belong to no other than Charles Stuart; and instantly went with a constable to search the inn. But the king, being disappointed of the vessel that was to come out for him in the night, and take him to the French coast, had left the inn, and was gone with Colonel Wyndham to Bridport, and thus escaped.

* Mr. Hutchins has the story told by Wood, and refers to a tract called "Boscobel," pp. 131–133, ed. 1725. See also Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lv, p. 427.

This is the substance of the relation given by Lord Clarendon, who does not mention the name of the preacher, but merely tells us that he was a fanatical weaver, and had been a soldier in the parliament army.

Here we might rest, and safely affirm that the story of Anthony à Wood is confuted, as far as it relates to Bartholomew Wesley, as none of these characters belong to him. There is no evidence that while he enjoyed the living of Charmouth, (which he did at this time, 1651, and continued to do till ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662,) he had been a weaver, or had ever served in the parliament army. He appears to have been regularly bred at the university for a minister, and never to any handicraft business. He is reckoned among the rectors of Catherston, and had the living of Charmouth, and consequently would not be reputed a fanatical preacher.

The story therefore to which Anthony à Wood alludes, as told by Lord Clarendon, is wholly inapplicable to Bartholomew Wesley.

But it may be asked, Where did Wood get the name of Wesley, that he so circumstantially appropriates to the rector of Epworth's grandfather? I answer: He got it partly by mistaking a name, and partly from his own invention. I shall produce the proof.

We have a very circumstantial relation of the king's escape from Worcester, taken from his own mouth by Mr. Pepys, secretary to the admiralty, in several days' attendance for that purpose. In that authentic relation, the story, as inserted by Mr. Carte, (in his General History of England,) no friend to Nonconformists, is as follows:—

"The king, with his company, sat up all night, expecting the ship to come out, (that is, out of the Cable, to come to the creek near Charmouth, according to agreement, see before,) and upon her failure, Wilmot was sent with Peters, a servant of Colonel Wyndham's, to Lyme the next morning, to know the reason. Being troubled how to spend the day, the horses were ordered to be got ready, and the king's, which carried double, (for he rode before Mrs. Judith Conisby, as a servant, by the name of William Jackson,) having a shoe loose, a smith was sent for, who, looking over the shoes of the other horses, he said he knew that some of them had been shod near Worcester.

When he had fastened the shoes, he went presently to consult Westby, a rigid, foolish Presbyterian minister of Charmouth, who was then in a long-winded prayer; and before he had done, the king was gone on with Mrs. Conisby and Mr. Wyndham to Bridport."

Now, it may be allowed that Westby may be a mistake for Westley, or Westley for Westby; but still there is no evidence here that Bartholomew Wesley is intended: but were there even no doubt concerning the name, yet the pretended fact, so positively affirmed by the author of the Athenæ, that Lord Wilmot and King Charles II. had like to have been by him betrayed, when they continued incognito in that country, is wholly unsubstantiated; for there is not a word, said Mr. Pepys, who took the relation from the king's own mouth, of any attempt, secret or outward, on the part of this Westby to betray the king; for the account only states that the smith went to consult this Westby, who was then in a long-winded prayer; and before he had done, the king had departed for Bridport. Nor is there any hint that this so called rigid, foolish Presbyterian minister took any steps to discover the king. Betray him he could not, because he was not in his confidence; nor is it hinted that the smith communicated his supposed discovery to the preacher, or that he even waited till he had finished his long-winded prayer.

Lord Clarendon does state that the fanatical weaver, who had been a soldier, did get a constable, and went to detect the king, but he gives no name; and by the preacher having been a soldier, and then a weaver, it must be evident, for the reasons above assigned, that Bartholomew Wesley could not be intended.

There might have been a preacher at Charmouth of the name of Westby, who had been a soldier in the parliament army, and then a weaver; and as Anthony à Wood must have known that Mr. Bartholomew Wesley had the living of Charmouth, for he was contemporary, he applied to the regular divine what was only true of him whom he calls the fanatical minister. But Wood's evidence is little worth, for he was a man of a bitter and intolerant spirit, much more inclined to the Church of Rome than to the Protestant Church of England. Bishop Burnet, who lived

at the same time, and was well acquainted with the virulence of his spirit, gives him the following character, in a letter to the bishop of Lichfield and Coventry:—

"That poor writer has thrown together such a tumultuary mixture of stuff and tattle, and has been so visibly a tool of some of the Church of Rome to reproach all the greatest men of our church, that no man who takes care of his own reputation will take anything upon trust that is said by one who has no reputation to lose."

I contend, therefore, that the tale of Anthony à Wood is unlikely, inconsistent, and absurd, as it relates to Mr. B. Wesley; and we need not wonder that the man who was capable of styling the celebrated John Locke a prating, troublesome fellow, should call Mr. B. Wesley the fanatical minister of Charmouth.*

To conclude: as far as I have been able to search into the political principles of this family, especially from the days of the rector of Epworth, I have found their sentiments of loyalty among the strongest and purest I have ever known.

As this principle has descended to the last branches of the family, (for it is now nearly extinct,) each appears to have possessed it as a kind of heirloom that has been handed down from the remotest ancestry. John, Mr. Wesley's grandfather, appears to have been shaken for a time in his attachment to the house of Stuart, from the conviction that was very common in the country, that Charles I. was endeavoring to alter the constitution of the kingdom, establish an arbitrary government, and bring back Popery,

* Anthony à Wood, in his Life, written by himself, under the year 1663, An. 14, Car II, giving an account of the club that studied chemistry at Oxford, under "the noted chemist, Rosicrucian, Peter Stael of Strasburg," tells us that John Locke, afterward a noted writer, was one of the club; and adds, "This John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The club wrote and took notes from the mouth of their master, who sate at the upper end of a table, but the said J. Locke scorned to do it; so that while every man besides of the club was writing, he would be prating and troublesome."—*Life*, by Hearne, p. 184. The truth is, such a man as Locke could ill brook the rosicrucianism of Stael, or the multifarious tattle of Wood. He had no need of taking notes; he could see further into the subject on the first mention of a proposition, than Stael, Wood, and the rest of the club could do, after they had waddled through the doctrine of their four elements, earth, air, fire, and water; and that of their three principles, salt, sulphur, and mercury. Those who took most notes on such lectures only lost the most time.

which I believe was the fact; but on the restoration of Charles II., he cheerfully took the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it to the end of his life.

Doubts also relative to the legitimacy of the Orange succession, in prejudice of James II. and his heirs, were entertained by some of the collateral branches of the family; but their principles of loyalty could never be successfully impeached; and these very scruples arose from their high sense of duty and loyalty, which this history will show was carried to as great lengths as moderation could at all justify. And it should not escape the notice of the historian, as it cannot the attention of the politician and philosopher, that the immense body of Methodists, who may be properly called the spiritual progeny of the last great men of this family, have imbibed the same spirit, and have been as remarkable for their loyalty, as they have been for the simplicity of their manners, the purity of their doctrine, and their zeal for the best interests of their fellow-creatures.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

VICAR OF WINTERBORN* WHITCHURCH, DORSETSHIRE,

MR. WESLEY'S GRANDFATHER.

This gentleman, who was the son of the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, mentioned above, was very religiously brought up, and dedicated by his pious father to the work of the ministry from his earliest infancy; the consequence was what might have been expected, he remembered his Creator in, and indeed from, the days of his youth. He was deeply convinced of sin, and had a serious concern

* There is a village three miles west of Dorchester, of the name of Winterborn, which is thus named from a river called by Hutchins "South Winterborn, to distinguish it from another rivulet of the same name more northward, near Blandford," p. 507. The parish from which Mr. Wesley was ejected is usually known in Dorsetshire, not by the name of Winterborn, but Whitchurch; but as there is another place of the same name in Dorsetshire, the place spoken of is thus distinguished by Hutchins:—

"Winterborn Whitchurch, Album Monasterium, Blaunch-minster. This village is situated about a mile south-west of Cleniton, on the river Winterborn. It seems to derive its name from the color of its church, when newly built, or from the chalky hills near it, or from *whit*, a corruption of the British *coit, a wood.*"—*Hutchins's Dorset.*

for his salvation, when a lad at school; and soon after God began to work upon his soul he kept a diary, in which he recorded not only the most remarkable events of God's providence in his behalf, but more especially the operations of the divine Spirit upon his heart, and how he felt himself affected by the various means which his heavenly Father used for his salvation, whether in the way of afflictive providences or gracious visitations.

This course he continued, with little intermission, to the end of his life;* and it was probably his example, which he must have known, that led his grandson, the founder of the Methodists, to follow the same practice; and whose Journals are an uncommon treasury of sound learning and just criticism, and of records concerning the gracious influence of God on ministerial labors, unprecedented and unparalleled.

At a proper age he was entered of New Inn Hall, Oxford; and in due course proceeded A. M. During his stay at the university he was noticed for his seriousness and diligence. He applied himself particularly to the study of the Oriental languages, in which he is said to have made great proficiency.

After John Wesley had honorably acquitted himself, and taken his degree at Oxford, we next find him in Dorsetshire, and a member of "a particular church at Melcombe." At this period, the clergymen of Melcombe and Radipole, of Weymouth and Wyke, the two former and the two latter being parochially united, were George Thorne and Walter Burgess; Edmund Buckler in 1652, one of Cromwell's chaplains, and who was succeeded by a minister of the name of Damer. In addition to these, it is found that a Mr. Janeway was a minister at Melcombe at this time; he was one of four brothers, all good and pious men, who were devoted to the ministry; one of whom wrote "Tokens for Children." The certainty of his residence here is attested by a pamphlet, which has come down to our day: two Episcopal clergymen, of the name of Crouch and Poller, who were "under restraints in the garrison of Weymouth," wrote "certaine queries concerning the lawfullness of imposing and taking the negative oath;" and they were "answered by Edmund Buckler, minister of

* See Calamy's Continuation, pp. 437–451.

Weymouth, and Peter Janeway, minister of Melcombe Regis." As George Thorne and Walter Burgess were the parochial ministers of Melcombe Regis and Radipole, perhaps Mr. Janeway was the minister of the "gathered church" of which Mr. Wesley was a member.*

By "the church of Christ at Melcombe" Mr. Wesley was sent to preach: his labors were among seamen, and at Radipole; this is the name of a village which is about two miles distant from Weymouth. He was what was then termed "a preaching minister;" one not called to the *work* of the ministry, but to the *office:* that is, his first designation was not to be a pastor, to govern as a minister in the church, nor to administer the sacraments, but simply to preach the gospel. When old Mr. Walton, the vicar of Winterborn Whitchurch, died, the people of that parish desired Mr. Wesley to preach to them. He went; his ministry and life gave satisfaction to those who invited him, and by the trustees he was appointed to the parish. The next necessary step was the approval of the "triers," who will be noticed in a proper place.

The triers who examined and approved John Wesley cannot with certainty be named. By the fragments that have come down to us of those days, we learn that Dorsetshire was blessed with men of eminence as ministers, by whom the people of the country were so well instructed, that the visionaries and Antinomians, which then started up—to use the words of Mr. Baxter, "as the river Nilus breeds frogs, when one part moveth (saith Herodotus) before the other is made, and while it is yet but plain mud" —could not make much impression on the well-taught people. In the second part of the "Gangrena," we read that attempts were made to seduce the people at Bere, at Dorchester, &c., but in vain. At Weymouth was George Thorne, "a man of great ministerial abilities;" and Edmund Buckler also, who is said to have been "much the gentleman, a good preacher, and a good writer." John White was a member of the assembly of divines, and commonly known as the patriarch of Dorchester. William Benn, of the same town, "was an eminent divine, famous

* Hutchins, vol. i, pp. 415–417, 602. Ellis's History of Weymouth, p. 117. Among the Independents at Oxford, when Mr. Wesley was at college, were many men of great celebrity; among others, John Owen, Thomas Goodwin, Stephen Charnock, Theophilus Gale, John Howe, &c.

in all the west of England." Philip Lamb, of Bere, was also a person of great celebrity, from whom the Rev. Thomas Bellows, who lately died at Pembroke, was a direct descendant. These were among the eminent ministers of Dorsetshire, when Mr. Wesley appeared before the *triers;* and by some of them was very likely approved.* Thus he was by the trustees appointed; by the triers approved; and "the church of Christ," of which he had been a member, "seeing the presence of God going along with him, did, (at some period of his ministry,) by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on his endeavors."†

In May, 1658, he became the minister of Winterborn Whitchurch. The western road, five miles from Blandford, passes directly through this village, and leads to Dorchester. To the traveler going westward, its church opens beautifully, as he descends to Whitchurch; but coming from the west, the church where Mr. Wesley ministered is hid, until the traveler leaves the village at its eastern extremity.

From this place, the return to the commission in 1650 was, "Tobias Walton, incumbent." Mr. Walton died in 1658, aged eighty-nine, having been vicar of the parish fifty-six years. In the record of vicars, the following names are found: "Tobias Walton, 1603. John Wesley, M. A., 1658, ejected 1662. Edward Sutton, inst. 1679.‡

Dr. John Owen, who was then vice chancelor of the university, showed him great kindness.

It will appear from what has been stated, that Mr. John Wesley began to preach occasionally at the age of twenty-two; and that in May, 1658, he was sent to preach at Whitchurch, the income of which, it may be remarked, was but about thirty pounds per annum. He was promised an augmentation of one hundred pounds a year: but the many changes in public affairs, which took place soon after, prevented him from ever receiving any part of it.

Mr. Wesley was respectable in his matrimonial connections. He married a niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller, prebend of Salisbury, rector of Broad Windsor, and chaplain extra-

* Nonconformist's Memorial, first edition, vol. i, pp. 477, 450, 442; vol. ii, p. 7.

† Neal, vol. i, pp. 103, 156. Vide note, p. 67.

‡ Hutchins, vol. i, p. 69, and Calamy's Continuation, p. 448.

ordinary to Charles II. This divine was not only eminent for his learning and writings, but for his prodigious memory. He could repeat a sermon verbatim from once hearing it; and undertook, in passing to and from Temple Bar to the Poultry, to tell every sign as it stood in order, on both sides of the way, and to repeat them either backward or forward; and this task he actually performed!

Dr. Fuller, in all his works, affects a very quaint style, though it is always terse and nervous. He was fond of PUNNING on others, and was sometimes paid in his own coin. Being in company with a gentleman, whose name was SPARROWHAWK, the doctor, who was very corpulent, facetiously said, "Pray, sir, what is the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" The gentleman immediately answered, "It is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

He was author of the "Church History of Britain," folio; a "Defense of it against Dr. Peter Heylin," folio; the "History of the Holy War," folio; a "Pisgah's Sight of Palestine," folio; a "History of the Worthies of England," folio; "Andronicus, or the Unfortunate Politician," 8vo.; "Introductio ad Prudentiam, or Directions, Counsels, and Cautions tending to the Prudent Management of Affairs in Common Life; composed for his only Son," 12mo., 1726; a very excellent and useful work.

By this lady Mr. Wesley had two sons, Matthew and Samuel, of whom hereafter. He is said, by Dr. Calamy, to have had a numerous family; but the names of none but the above are come down to posterity.

The same author informs us that, because of this growing family, he was obliged to set up a school in order to maintain it.

It appears that, like his father, he seriously scrupled to use the Common Prayer as it then stood; and, soon after the Restoration, some of his neighbors gave him a great deal of trouble on this account.

Dr. Gilbert Ironside,* bishop of Bristol, was informed

* Some of the immediate descendants of this family are now (1835) receiving occasional help from the Wesleyan Methodist Society at Weymouth. Mark Hardy is a poor man, and a member of a society there. His wife's name was Ironside; and for the purpose of attempting to get some property, originally belonging to the Ironsides, this wife and child of Mark Hardy have obtained copies of registers, &c., which prove them to be descended,

by some persons of distinction that Mr. Wesley would not use the Liturgy; and, besides, they stated their opinion that his title to Whitchurch was not valid; and that for some other parts of his conduct he might be prosecuted in a court of justice. The bishop expressing a desire to see and converse with him, he took the first opportunity to wait upon his lordship, and had the following interesting conversation with him, which he entered into his journal, and from which it was transcribed by Dr. Calamy. Though this journal is unfortunately lost, we may be thankful for the extracts which the indefatigable Calamy has preserved:—

Bishop. What is your name?

Wesley. John Wesley.

Bishop. There are many great matters charged upon you.

Wesley. May it please your lordship, Mr. Horlock was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire that I should come to you; and on that account I am here to wait upon you.

Bishop. By whom were you ordained? Or are you ordained?

Wesley. I am sent to preach the gospel.

Bishop. By whom were you sent?

Wesley. By a church of Jesus Christ.

Bishop. What church is that?

Wesley. The church of Christ at Melcombe.

Bishop. That factious and heretical church!

Wesley. May it please you, sir, I know no faction or heresy that that church is guilty of.

Bishop. No! Did not *you* preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

Wesley. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

Bishop. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honor of this county, namely, Sir Gerrard Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel, of your doings. What say you?

Wesley. Those honored gentlemen I have been with, who, being by others misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

immediately or collaterally, from Bishop Ironside. So changes the glory of the world!

Bishop. There are the oaths of several honest men who have observed you; and shall we take your word for it that all is but misinformation?

Wesley. There was no oath given or taken. Besides, if it be enough to accuse, who shall be innocent? I can appeal to the determination of the great day of judgment, that the large catalogue of matter laid against me are either things invented or mistaken.

Bishop. Did not you ride with your sword in the time of the committee of safety, and engage with them?

Wesley. Whatever imprudences in matters civil you may be informed I am guilty of, I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship, that his majesty having pardoned them fully, and I having suffered on account of them since the pardon, I shall put in no other plea, and waive any other answer.

Bishop. In what manner did the church you speak of send you to preach? At this rate everybody might preach.

Wesley. Not every one. Everybody has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Besides, that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

Bishop. If you preach, it must be according to order; the order of the Church of England, upon an ordination.

Wesley. What does your lordship mean by an ordination?

Bishop. Do not you know what I mean?

Wesley. If you mean that sending spoken of Rom. x, I had it.

Bishop. I mean that. What mission had you?

Wesley. I had a mission from God and man.

Bishop. You must have it according to law, and the order of the Church of England.

Wesley. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

Bishop. Not satisfied in your *spirit!* You have more new-coined phrases than ever were heard of! You mean your *conscience*, do you not?

Wesley. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being "sanctified in body, soul, and *spirit;*" but if your lordship like it not so, then I say I am not satisfied in *conscience*, touching the ordination you speak of.

Bishop. Conscience argues science, science supposes judgment, and judgment reason. What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

Wesley. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own inability would forbid me to do so.

Bishop. No, no; but give me your reason.

Wesley. I am not called to office, and therefore cannot be ordained.

Bishop. Why, then, have you preached all this while?

Wesley. I was called to the *work* of the ministry, though not to the *office*. There is, as we believe, *vocatio ad* OPUS, *et ad* MINUS.*

Bishop. Why may you not have the office of the ministry? You have so many new distinctions. O, how are you deluded!

Wesley. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people that are fit objects for me to exercise office work among them.

Bishop. You mean a gathered church: but we must have no gathered churches in England; and you will see it so. For there must be unity without divisions among us; and there can be no unity without uniformity. Well, then, we must send you to your church, that they may dispose of you, if you were ordained by them.

Wesley. I have been informed by my cousin Pitfield†

* A call to the *work*, and a call to the *office*.

† "A good report of the bishop had been conveyed to Mr. Wesley by his cousin Pitfield; and to the character of the accused, Mr. Glisson, Sir Francis Fulford, and others, were willing to bear testimony, in opposition to the reports of Sir Gerrard Naper, Mr. Freke, Mr. Tregonwell, and other bitter enemies previously noticed. The three last-mentioned persons were zealous partisans, in support of the new order of things; the first was of More Critchell, where he entertained the king, 1665; he died 1672, and was buried at Minturn: the second was of Shroton, near Turnwood: the third was of Milton Abbas, in whose family was the advowson of Whitchurch, which is some three miles from what was the seat of the Tregonwells. As a reward for their loyalty, each became sheriff for the county. Of Gerrard Naper something more will be found. Sir Francis Fulford resided in Mr. Wesley's parish, was his hearer, and best able to form an estimate of his worth; Francis Glisson, M. D., was a native of near Maiden Newton, in Dorset; he was educated at Cambridge; he afterward obtained literary honors at Oxford; was at the siege of Colchester, 1648, and died 1677. The force and reason of his appeal to the Glisson family will more fully appear, when it is stated that the wife of Bishop Ironside was Alice the daughter of William Glisson, gent., and who was afterward buried in Bristol Cathedral. The Pitfields held lands near Beaminster, in Dorset; the only sister of Bishop Ironside was a neighbor of this family; Broadwinsor, where Fuller was vicar, whose niece Mr. Wesley married, is but some two or three miles distant from the former residence of the Pitfields; these places are in the vicinity of the parishes where Gilbert Ironside was the rector. This leads us not only to see how the parties mentioned were known to the bishop; but also the residence of his cousin Pitfield, Mr. Glisson, the young

and others, concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition opposed to morosity. However you may be prepossessed by some bitter enemies to my person, yet there are others who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. Glisson hath done it; and Sir Francis Fulford desired me to present his service to you, and, being my hearer, is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

Bishop. I asked Sir Francis Fulford whether the presentation to Whitchurch was his. Whose is it? He told me it was not his.

Wesley. There was none presented to it these sixty years. Mr. Walton lived there. At his departure, the people desired me to preach to them; and when there was a way of settlement appointed, I was by the trustees appointed, and by the triers approved.

Bishop. They would approve any that would come to them, and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of English.

Wesley. All that they did I know not; but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

Bishop. I question not your gifts, Mr. Wesley. I will do you any good I can; but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you do it according to order.

Wesley. I shall submit to any trial you shall please to make. I shall present your lordship with a confession of my faith; or take what other way you please to insist on.

Bishop. No. We are not come to that yet.

Wesley. I shall desire several things may be laid together which I look on as justifying my preaching. 1. I was devoted to the service from my infancy. 2. I was educated thereto, at school and in the university.

Bishop. What university were you of?

Wesley. Oxon.

Bishop. What house?

Wesley. New Inn Hall.

Bishop. What age are you?

Wesley. Twenty-five.

Bishop. No sure, you are not!

female who afterward became his wife, and his living at Weymouth, seem to point out the south-west part of Dorsetshire as the abode of Mr. Wesley's early life: in the western part of this county, we have seen, his father was the rector of two parishes; and in this direction, most likely, John Wesley was born."—*Beal's Fathers.*

Wesley. 3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious, able Christians, ministers and others. 4. It pleased God to seal my labor with success, in the apparent conversion of several souls.

Bishop. Yea, that is, it may be, to your own way.

Wesley. Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your lordship to lay down any evidences of godliness agreeing with the Scriptures, and if they be not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged from my ministry; I will stand or fall by the issue thereof.

Bishop. You talk of the power of godliness such as you fancy.

Wesley. Yea, the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common-place book for evidences of grace, and they are found in and upon these converts.

Bishop. How many are there of them?

Wesley. I number not the people.

Bishop. Where are they?

Wesley. Wherever I have been called to preach. At Radpole, Melcombe, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission: 5. When the church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavors.

Bishop. A particular church?

Wesley. Yes, my lord. I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

Bishop. Why, you mistake the apostles' intent. They went about to convert heathens, and so did what they did. You have no warrant for your particular churches.

Wesley. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for gospel worship in the New Testament, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles.

Bishop. We have not.

Wesley. The practice of the apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary.

Bishop. Not their practice, but their precepts.

Wesley. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in Scripture only by precepts; but by precedents, by promises, by threatenings mixed; not com-

mon-place wise. We are to follow them, as they followed Christ.

Bishop. But the apostle said, "This speak I, not the Lord;" that is, by revelation.

Wesley. Some interpret that place, "This speak I now, by revelation from the Lord;" not the Lord in that text before instanced, when he gave answer to the case concerning divorce. May it please your lordship, we believe that "cultus non institutus est indebitus."*

Bishop. It is false.

Wesley. The second commandment speaks the same, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image."

Bishop. That is, forms of your own invention.

Wesley. Bishop Andrews, taking notice of "non facies tibi,"† satisfied me that we may not worship God but as commanded.

Bishop. You take discipline, church government, and circumstances, for worship.

Wesley. You account ceremonies a part of worship.

Bishop. But what say you? Did you not wear a sword in the time of the committee of safety, with Demy and the rest of them?

Wesley. My lord, I have given you my answer therein; and I further say, that I have conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it hitherto. I appeal to all that are round about me.

Bishop. But nobody will trust you. You stood it out to the last gasp.

Wesley. I know not what you mean by the last gasp. When I saw the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, I did submit quietly thereunto.

Bishop. That was at last.

Wesley. Yet many such men are trusted, and now about the king.

Bishop. They are such as, though on the parliament side during the war, yet disown those latter proceedings: but you abode even till Haselrig's coming to Portsmouth.

Wesley. His majesty has pardoned whatever you may be informed of concerning me of that nature. I am not here on that account.

* Worship not enjoined is not binding.
† Thou shalt not make to thyself.

Bishop. I expected you not.

Wesley. Your lordship sent your desire by two or three messengers. Had I been refractory, I need not have come; but I would give no just cause of offense. I think the old Nonconformists were none of his majesty's enemies.

Bishop. They were traitors. They began the war. Knox and Buchanan in Scotland, and those like them in England.

Wesley. I have read the protestation, of owning the king's supremacy.

Bishop. They did it in hypocrisy.

Wesley. You used to tax the poor Independents for judging folks' hearts. Who doth it now?

Bishop. I did not; for they pretended one thing and acted another. Do not I know them better than *you?*

Wesley. I know them by their works, as they have therein delivered us their hearts.

Bishop. Well, then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination according to the law?

Wesley. All these things laid together are satisfactory to me for my procedure therein.

Bishop. They are not enough.

Wesley. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered by any one yet.

Bishop. Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Wesley?

Wesley. Nothing. Your lordship sent for me.

Bishop. I am glad I heard this from your own mouth. You will stand to your principles, you say?

Wesley. I intend it, through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the king's majesty, however you deal with me.

Bishop. I will not meddle with you.

Wesley. Farewell to you, sir.

Bishop. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley.

Calamy's Nonconformist's Memorial, vol. ii, p. 165.

There is no evidence that the bishop forfeited his word by giving Mr. Wesley any disturbance. How he was treated by others we shall see shortly. But before I proceed further in his history, I think it necessary to make

some remarks on the preceding dialogue, as there are some things in it which require explanation.

I. The conversation mentioned here must have taken place after the year 1660; for on Jan. 13 of that year was Dr. Gilbert Ironside consecrated bishop of Bristol; the see having been vacant, through the calamities of the times, from the death of Dr. Thomas Howell, in the year 1646, to the year above mentioned, (vide *De Præsulibus Angliæ*, 566.)

There was another Dr. Gilbert Ironside, son of the preceding, who was bishop of Bristol. But this could not be the prelate in question. The preceding held the see from 1660 to 1671, so that the conversation took place some time in that period;* and certainly before the passing the Act of Uniformity in 1662, as that event is here alluded to as shortly to take place.

II. The committee of safety, mentioned by the bishop, was formed, Oct. 26, 1659, by the great officers of the army. It consisted of twenty-three persons, who were ordered "to endeavor some settlement of the government;" for after the death of Cromwell, on September 3 of the preceding year, the nation was greatly distracted; there was no efficient civil government, and the power fell wholly into the hands of the army.

This committee was invested with the full power of the council of state; and were to "prepare such a form of government as might best comport with a free state and commonwealth, without a single person, kingship, or house of lords."—See *Rapin*.

It was at this time, 1659, that Sir Arthur Haselrig was sent to Portsmouth by the parliament, the town and garrison of which declared for them, against the orders of the committee of safety.

The bishop accuses Mr. Wesley that he continued till the last gasp, that is, that he held with the parliament against the restoration of the king till the time that Haselrig came to Portsmouth; soon after which he and all the army joined with Monk, and the king was invited over, proclaimed in London, May 8, 1660, and landed at Dover on the 25th.

The declaration of Portsmouth for the parliament was

* Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bart., was appointed bishop in 1685.

one of the last public acts against the restoration of the king; and might be fitly denominated, as here by the bishop, the last gasp, that is, of the republican government in England.

III. What is implied in his wearing a sword at that time I cannot tell: whether it was for personal safety, or as a soldier, or as an ensign of some office. During the existence of the committee of safety, the whole nation was under military law; for this committee was created, and the members appointed, by the great officers of the army.

The parliament and the army had now separate interests, and separate views. Every person saw that there must soon be a stupendous issue; but of what kind none could tell.

Mr. Wesley, it appears, was undecided; but he was a man of a reflecting mind, careful to mark the workings of Providence; and when he saw that it was the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, that is, to restore the monarchy in the family of the Stuarts, he quietly submitted, read the protestation, owning the king's supremacy; and cheerfully took the oath of allegiance. His indecision was no blot on his character, and his subsequent conduct much to his credit.

IV. Had we more particulars of the family of Mr. Bartholomew Wesley, we should, no doubt, find something peculiarly interesting relative to his son John, of whom we are speaking.

That he had a truly religious education there can be no doubt; and from his own account to the bishop of Bristol it appears that he was devoted to the sacred service from his infancy, and educated in order thereto, both at school and at the university. And it was evident from the manner in which God wrought upon his mind, and the gifts and graces with which he had endued him, that he had accepted the gift which his parents had offered, and given him those qualifications for the work of the ministry which neither schools nor universities can supply, and which the imposition of the hands of the holiest bishop cannot confer. His conversation with the bishop shows that he possessed manly sense, unaffected piety, and religious knowledge, far beyond his years.

V. From this conversation we learn two important

facts:—1. That he was a lay preacher. 2. That he was an itinerant evangelist.

1. That he was not ordained, either by bishop or presbyters, by the imposition of hands, is fully evident. He had authority from GOD; this he conscientiously believed was sufficient, and he does not appear to have wished to have the authority of man superadded. However, he submitted all his own views and feelings to the examination and judgment of such persons as from their knowledge, piety, and experience, were capable of discerning the grace of God that was in him, and whether his talents were such as the people of God might profit by.

2. He went to proclaim Christ crucified wherever he had an invitation, and probably where he had none. It appears also that he had religious societies at several places; himself mentions Radpole, Melcombe, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at sea. What he means by his converts at sea I cannot learn; whether he served aboard the fleet, or whether he only occasionally visited the ships at Bridport, Weymouth, Lyme, Radpole, &c., I know not. From his own account we find that he exercised his ministry, both by sea and land, in what would be called an irregular way, without any kind of human ordination, as "a son of the prophets," to use his own words; nearly in the same way, from similar motives, and in reference to the same end, as those whom his grandson long afterward associated with himself in the Christian ministry. Indeed, we find in this man's conduct a kind of epitome of Methodism; his mode of preaching, matter, manner, and success, being most strikingly similar.

VI. Mr. Wesley tells the bishop that he was appointed to preach at Whitchurch by the trustees, and approved by the triers.

A short notice of the men who were denominated triers, and who are so frequently referred to in the ecclesiastical history of this period, cannot be unacceptable to the reader.

"On the abolition of episcopacy in England," says a modern writer, "the approbation of all who entered upon the ministry, so as to enjoy ecclesiastical benefices, was claimed by the several presbyteries in London and the country. But when Cromwell gained the supreme authority, desirous of conciliating the favor of other religious

bodies, and of checking the power of the Presbyterians, who might be supposed to admit none but those of their own persuasion, he resolved to join the different parties together in judging of ministerial qualifications. Under his direction, therefore, a society of clergymen and others, belonging to the Presbyterian, the Independent, and the Baptist denominations, were aqpointed to sit at Whitehall, under the name of *triers*. The Independents formed the majority, and were the most active in the use of their delegated powers.* All candidates for holy orders, and all ministers who were presented to new livings in the church, were required to undergo a personal examination before these commissioners, and without their sanction none could be admitted." The "Ordinance† for the approbation of Publique Preachers," investing the triers with these formidable powers, bears the date of March 20th, 1653.

A curious and interesting satire on these persons will be found in a little scarce 12mo. work, printed in 1658, entitled, The examination of Tilenus before the Triers, in order to his intended settlement in the office of a public Preacher in the Commonwealth of Utopia. The chairman opens the meeting thus:—"The great prudence and piety of the governors of this commonwealth, considering how apt the people are to be influenced by the principles and example of their constant teachers, have been pleased, out of an ardent zeal to God's glory, and a tender care of men's precious souls, to think upon a course how their dominions may be made happy in the settlement of an able and godly ministry among them; for which purpose they have appointed commissioners to examine the gifts of all such as shall be employed in the office of public preaching."

The triers then nominated were, Francis Rous, Esq., Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Dr. John Owen, Mr. Thankful Owen, Dr. Arrowsmith, Dr. Fuckney, Dr. Horton, Mr. Joseph Caryl, Mr. Philip Nye, Mr. William Carter, Mr. Sidrach Simpson, Mr. William Greenhill, Mr. William Strong, Mr. Thomas Manton, Mr. Samuel Slater, Mr. William Cooper, Mr. Stephen Marshal, Mr. John Tombes, Mr. Walter Cradock, Mr. Samuel Faircloth, Mr. Hugh Peters,

* Calamy's Abridgment of Baxter's Life, p. 69.

† See Scobell's Collection, part ii, pp. 279, 280. This ordinance was confirmed, A. D. 1656.

Mr. Peter Sterry, Mr. Samuel Bamford, Mr. Thomas Valentine of Chaford, Mr. Henry Jessee, Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick, Mr. Nicholas Lockier, Mr. Daniel Dyke, Mr. James Russel, Mr. Nathaniel Campfield, Robert Tichborn, alderman of London, Mark Hildesley, Thomas Wood, John Sadles, William Goff, Thomas St. Nicholas, William Parker, and Edward Cresset, Esquires. Five of these thirty-eight to be a quorum; and the person to be examined by them must bring a testimonial, subscribed by the hands of three persons of known goodness and integrity, one of whom, at least, must be a preacher of the gospel in some constant settled place, of holy and good conversation, &c.

To such commissioners Mr. Wesley refers: and that they were generally Calvinists may be gathered from the fictitious names given to them in the above tract, namely, Dr. Absolute, chairman; Mr. Fatalitie, Mr. Præterition, Mr. Fri-babe, Mr. Dam-man, Mr. Narrow-grace, *alias* Stint-grace, Mr. Efficax, Mr. Indefectible, Dr. Confidence, Mr. Dubious, Mr. Mean-well, Mr. Simulans, Mr. Take-a-trust, Mr. Know-little, and Mr. Impertinent. An abridgment of this trial was inserted by the late Mr. Wesley in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine.

I believe Tilenus intended by these means to characterize the leading men among the Calvinists in that age. Baxter's manner is especially manifest by the remarks he puts into the mouth of Mr. Dubious. Perhaps Dr. Absolute might be designed to represent Dr. Twiss, a zealous asserter of the supralapsarian doctrine, and who had taken a very active part in the changes then introduced; and who died a few years before the tract was written.

At such times as these it was certainly necessary to examine those who were candidates for the sacred ministry; as, from the best accounts we learn, there were great numbers then in the church who had neither gifts nor grace for the work, and who were, besides, scandalous in their lives. It is a trite saying, but it is true, that "we must not argue against the use of a thing from its abuse."

VII. Mr. Wesley, in defending his call to the ministry, makes a distinction between the *vocatio ad opus*, "a call to the work," and *vocatio ad munus*, "a call to the office," of the ministry; and tells the bishop that "he did not do

office work among the people, because they were not proper objects for office work."

By this distinction, which, as I apprehend it, is of some importance, he must mean, and so the bishop understood him, that the people who sat under his ministry, and were gathered from different parts, did not belong to any parish church, and were not as yet a consolidated society; that he had not instituted any code of discipline for their regulation; and probably did not administer the sacraments among them, especially the sacrament of the Lord's supper. He was called to preach to them, but not to preside over them; they were not as yet fit for such office work. In this sense Mr. Baxter uses the term in his Life and Times.

It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that this was the plan followed by his grandson in respect to the lay preachers, so called, whom he associated with himself in that great work to which God had especially appointed him. He believed they all had from God himself the *vocatio ad opus*—an extraordinary call to the work of the ministry; but he did not believe that they all had the *vocatio ad munus*—the call to the office; and therefore he did not trust them to govern the societies, nor permit them to administer the sacraments. He kept the ecclesiastical government of all the societies in his own hands; appointed one preacher in each circuit, whom he called the assistant, that is, one who assisted him in governing the societies; but he seldom suffered any of them to administer the sacraments unless they had been ordained by himself, or were clergymen of the Church of England. I need scarcely state here, that all the other preachers in the different circuits were called helpers, that is, they helped the *assistant* in his work in the circuit, as *he* assisted Mr. Wesley in his general government of the whole connection.

VIII. Taking the *vocatio ad munus* in the above sense, it may be safely said that there are multitudes who appear to have the *vocatio ad opus*—the gift of preaching, with every qualification necessary to make that gift powerful and extensively useful, who at the same time have no gifts for church government, and consequently no *vocatio ad munus*, no call to that part of the work. Nor are any persons,

to use the words of old Mr. Wesley, fit objects of office work till they are truly awakened to a sense of their sin and danger; till they are gathered out of the world, and have solemnly determined to seek the salvation of their souls; abstaining from every appearance of evil, and using all the means of grace. This is the sum of the conditions on which, from the beginning until now, members have been admitted into the Methodist societies.

No people have ever made a wiser, more marked, and more salutary distinction between the *vocatio ad opus* and the *vocatio ad munus* than the Methodists have done. And to them GOD, in his great mercy, has NOW "given some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Eph. iv, 11–13.

It cannot escape the notice and reflection of the reader, that Methodism, in its grand principles of economy, and the means by which they have been brought into action, has had its specific, healthy, though slowly vegetating, seeds in the original members of the Wesley family. We have an additional proof of this,—

IX. In what Mr. Wesley tells the bishop he considered a sufficient evidence of his call to the ministry. 1. Grace. 2. Gifts. 3. Fruit. To show that he had the two former, he offers to the bishop to submit to any kind of trial or examination: and that he had fruit of his labors in every place where he had preached,—in the conversion of souls from gross ignorance and profaneness to the power of godliness, yea, the reality of religion, he strongly asserts; and offers to prove to the bishop that those his converts had in and upon them, that is, in their religious experience and outward conduct, all the evidences of grace which are enumerated in common-place books, or can be laid down from the Scriptures. And so confident was he of all these things, and consequently of his genuine call to the ministry, that he was willing to stand or fall by the proofs, and to be discharged from the ministry if these things were not so.

How exactly do all these things tally in reference to the Methodist Discipline on this great point! No man is admitted to be a preacher among them, unless he be thus qualified and approved of God. Grace, gifts, and fruit, are the grand requisites. Where these unequivocally meet in any person who offers himself to take a part in the great work to which God has called *them*, they without hesitation take for granted that the man is called of God. And it is because the ranks of the Methodist preachers continue to be filled up by such persons, and such only, that the great work is still carried on, and that their religious societies, constituted of such converts, are a blessing to the nation, and a praise in the earth.

Though Mr. Wesley was thus instrumental in converting the ignorant and profligate, and, consequently, in bettering the state of society, yet he was not permitted to proceed unmolested in his work. Luther somewhere observes, Evangelium prædicare est furorem mundi in se derivare, "He who faithfully preaches the gospel is sure to bring down the rage of the world upon himself." The laws of Christ condemn a vicious world, and gall it to revenge. As religion gives no quarter to vice, so the vicious will give no quarter to religion.

Mr. Wesley was not permitted to preach quietly at Whitchurch, even till ejected by the Act of Uniformity. In the beginning of the year 1661, he was seized upon the Lord's day, as he was coming out of the church, and carried to Blandford, where he was committed to prison. After he had been some time confined, Sir Gerrard Napper, who had been the most furious of all his enemies, and the most forward in committing him, was so softened by a sad disaster he met with, (the breaking of his collar-bone,) that he applied to some persons to bail Mr. Wesley, and told them that if they would not, he would do it himself. He was therefore set at liberty; but bound over to appear at the assizes, where he came off much better than he expected.

Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, vol. i, p. 117, seems to refer to this imprisonment, where he says, "By an order of the privy council, dated July 24, 1661, it was directed he should be discharged from his then imprisonment, upon taking the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. He was

taken accordingly before a magistrate, who declined administering the oaths, but issued a warrant, dated July 29, 1661, directing him to be taken before the judges of the assizes and general jail delivery, to be holden at Dorchester, the first of August following."

He has recorded in his diary the particular mercy of God to him in raising up several friends to own him; inclining a solicitor to plead for him; and restraining the wrath of man, so that even the judge, though a very choleric man, spoke not one angry word. The sum of the proceedings, as it stands in his diary, is as follows:—

Clerk. Call Mr. Wesley, of Whitchurch.

Wesley. Here.

Clerk. You were indicted for not reading the Common Prayer. Will you traverse it?

A Solicitor. May it please your lordship, we desire this business may be deferred till next assizes.

Judge. Why till then?

Solicitor. Our witnesses are not ready at present.

Judge. Why not ready now? Why have you not prepared for a trial?

Solicitor. We thought our prosecutors would not appear.

Judge. Why so, young man? Why should you think so? Why did you not provide them?

Wesley. May it please your lordship, I understand not the question.

Judge. Why will you not read the Book of Common Prayer?

Wesley. The book was never tendered to me.

Judge. Must the book be tendered to you?

Wesley. So I conceive by the Act.

Judge. Are you ordained?

Wesley. I am ordained to preach the gospel.

Judge. From whom?

Wesley. I have given an account thereof already to the bishop.

Judge. What bishop?

Wesley. The bishop of Bristol.

Judge. I say, by whom were you ordained? How long is it since?

Wesley. Four or five years since.

Judge. By whom then?

Wesley. By those who were then impowered.

Judge. I thought so. Have you a presentation to your place?

Wesley. I have.

Judge. From whom?

Wesley. May it please your lordship, it is a legal presentation.

Judge. By whom was it?

Wesley. By the trustees.

Judge. Have you brought it?

Wesley. I have not.

Judge. Why not?

Wesley. Because I did not think I should be asked any such questions here.

Judge. I would wish you to read the Common Prayer at your peril. You will not say, "From all sedition and privy conspiracy; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism,—Good Lord, deliver us!"

Clerk. Call Mr. Meech: [he was called and appeared.] Does Mr. Wesley read the Common Prayer yet?

Meech. May it please your lordship, he never did, nor he never will.

Judge. Friend, how do you know that? He may bethink himself.

Meech. He never did; he never will.

Solicitor. We will, when we see the new book, either read it, or leave our place at Bartholomew-tide.

Judge. Are you not bound to read the old book till then? Let us see the Act.

While the judge was reading to himself, another cause was called, and Mr. Wesley was bound over to the next assizes. He came joyfully home, and preached constantly every Lord's day till August 17, 1662, when he delivered his farewell sermon to a weeping audience, from Acts xx, 32: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of his grace."

On the 26th of October the place was, by an apparitor, declared vacant, and orders were given to sequester the profits; but his people had already given him what was his due.

On the 22d of February following he removed with his family to Melcombe; but the corporation made an order

against his settlement there, imposing a fine of 20*l.* upon his landlady, and five shillings per week on himself, to be levied by distress!* He waited upon the mayor and some

* "How the mayor and corporation of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis accomplished this, will be mentioned below. Since the removal of Mr. Wesley, different men were put in power, and measures of another kind prevailed. Copies of communication from the government, acts of committees, and of the corporation, are preserved in two very large folio volumes, from which the writer is able to give extracts that have never thus seen the light before. The first is as follows:—

'Dorstt., Waymouth and Melcombe-regis.

'By the Comee: appointed for the well-governing and regulating of Corporations, assembled at Waymouth and Melcombe-regis, in the said county, the thirteenth day of October, 1662.

'Whereas we find, upon examination, that James Geare, Gent., Alexr. Clatworthy, Gent., Richard Harrison, Gent., Henry Rose, Gent., ffabian Hodder, Gent., and John Hodder, were heretofore illegally or unduly removed out of their places of Aldermen and Burgesses of the said Borough: & that Samuel Cooke, Will. Bond, Stephen Abbott, John Senior, George Pley, & John Arthur, were illegally put into their said offices: Wee doe deeme it expedient for the publique safety, that the said Samuel Cooke, &c., be displaced & removed from their said respective offices and places of Aldermen and Burgesses of the said Borough, and by this our order, under our hands and seales, we doe displace and remove the said Samuel Cooke, &c., from their said office and places, and doe likewise by this our order, under our hands and seales, restore the said James Gear, Alexr. Clatworthy, Richd. Harrison, Henry Rose, ffabian Hodder, & John Hodder, &c.' Signed by Ger: Naper, R. Banks, and seven other magistrates.

"At the same time, an order was made by Sir Gerrard Naper, R. Banks, and others, to remove, 'for the public safety,' John Eyres from the office of burgess: Henry Waltham, merchant, and five others, were displaced because they refused to take the following oath: 'I doe declare that there lyes noe obligation upon mee, or on any other pson, from ye oath commonly called the solemn league and covenant, and that the same was in itself an unlawfull oath, and imposed upon the subjects of this realm against the known laws and liberties of the kingdom.' With these changes before us, and the recollection that persons approved by Sir Gerrard Naper, &c., were called to fill the places of the aldermen and burgesses thus removed, we shall at once see the reason why good Mr. Wesley, who, but a few short years before, was so much respected in Weymouth, should, when driven from his parish, be refused even a lodging in this town, and why the corporation made an order against it.

"For this order against Mr. Wesley's settlement in Weymouth the writer has carefully sought, but the borough records do not, at least in distinct terms, as far as he can find, contain it; several facts are, however, discovered, which singularly synchronize with the diary, as given by Dr. Calamy. We find, before Mr. Wesley came to Weymouth, that he gave notice to the mayor of his intention to go thither to reside again; that on the 22d of February, 1663, he removed from Whitchurch for Melcombe, a distance of twenty miles; that on his arrival the corporation made an order against his settlement in the town; the landlady who received him was fined twenty pounds, and five shillings per week was imposed on him, to be levied by distress. He waited on the mayor and some others, pleaded his having lived in the town some time formerly, and offered to give security, which

others, pleading that he had lived in the town formerly, and had given notice of his design of coming thither again. He also offered to give security, which was all that their

was all that their order required; but all was of no avail; in the beginning of March another order was drawn up, for putting the former in execution.

"It is a fact worthy of notice, that the borough records do not mention any meeting of the corporation, in the early part of 1663, but of the dates which immediately follow:—

'Mr. Maior, 17 ffebruary, 1663,'

when reference was made to some John Dudley, who was bound to keep the peace of the borough.

'Mr. Maior Yardley, and Mr. Bailiff Clatworthy, 24 ffebr., 1663.'

This Mr. Bailiff Clatworthy is the person who was placed in the corporation by Sir Gerrard Naper. The recorded business of this meeting is, that John Elborne, George Parry, Samuel Roberts, &c., were not to "dresse, sell, or utter any flesh during the tyme of this present Lent." Singular as it may appear in the present day, an office for granting licenses to eat flesh in any part of England was opened in St. Paul's Church yard, and advertised in the public papers so lately as anno 1663.—*Wilson's De Foe*, vol. i, p. 43.

'Mr. Maior Yardley, 1 Martii, 1663.'

When an entry is made in reference to some one of the name of John, apparently it is John fferry. The entry is in Latin, and singularly abbreviated. 20, and the following words, 'quod Johes ad XX pacis com. Dorstt.,' with some distinctness appear. A widow was presented at the sessions held at Weymouth, the 21st of September, 1663. What her crime then was is not very apparent; but in a previous entry the following charge may be found: 'quia non negavit virum intr. domum suam,'—because she had not refused admittance to some unnamed person into her house. Another singular entry soon follows: 'At a hall held on ffryday, the XXVI. day of August, 1664. This day the ffyne set on Joan Baily, widow, in Waymouth, late of XX£. for a comon nusante by her there comtd, is by a generall consent of the Maior, Aldermen, Burgesses, and Comnlty present, reduced to three pounds ffyne, to be paid, XXs. at Michas. next, and XXs. quarterly, till it be payd to Mr. Treasurer for the time being.' Whatever this nuisance was, there is a very observable distinctness in noticing the consent of every party, namely, the mayor, aldermen, burgesses, and commonalty, to the remission of a great part of the fine, as if the act were of some importance; and if objections or complaint should be made from any quarter, no one part of the corporation could have any plea against the other for what had been done.

"These documents are copied to show that the corporation did meet about the time (and only then, in the early part of 1663, as far as these records afford evidence) when, it may be presumed, Mr. Wesley gave notice of his intention, namely, a week before his removal; the second meeting was held when he had resided one day in Weymouth; the third in March, as stated in his diary; the latter says the 11th of March. In the borough records, the date appears to be 1 Martii; the entries are singular; they refer to some acts which took place at the time he came to and retired from Weymouth: it will not be affirmed that they either refer to him, or to the widow, his landlady, who was fined twenty pounds for her act of hospitality to a persecuted and injured outcast. The reader will observe the dates, names, and circumstances, and form his own opinion thereon."—*Beal's "Fathers."*

order required. But all was in vain; for on the eleventh of the following month (March) another order was drawn up for putting the former in execution.

These violent proceedings forced him out of the town; and he went to Ilminster, Bridgewater, and Taunton, in all which places he met with great kindness and friendship from the three denominations of Dissenters, and was almost every day employed in preaching in those several places; where he also got some good acquaintance and friends, who were afterward very kind to him and his numerous family.

At length a gentleman, who had a very good house at Preston, near Weymouth, two or three miles from Melcombe,* permitted him to live in it without paying any rent. Thither he removed his family in the beginning of May, 1663; and there he continued while he lived, excepting a temporary absence shortly to be noticed. He records his coming to Preston, and his comfortable accommodation there, with great admiration and thankfulness to God.

We must now follow him in his further projects and designs.

When the great Head of the church calls a man to preach the gospel, he in effect says, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He never confines his own gift and call absolutely to any particular place, but leaves them under the direction and management of his own providence. The call of God to preach is a missionary call; and they who have it know that they are not their own, and must do the Master's work in the Master's own way, place, and time. Hence all the ministers of his gospel have a missionary spirit; let providence direct, as it chooses, their way.

It is worthy of remark, that this excellent man, like his grandson long after him, felt a strong desire to visit the continent of America. Surinam, a settlement of South America, in Guiana, was the first object in the contemplation of his missionary zeal.

This settlement was visited in 1579 by Sir Walter Raleigh, but not colonized. In 1634 David Piterse de Vries, a Dutchman, found there a Captain Marshal, with about

* Commonly called Melcombe-regis, to distinguish it from a small parish in the centre of the county.

sixty English. In 1650, Francis Lord Willoughby, of Parham, by permission of Charles II., sent thither some vessels to take possession of the settlement in the name of his royal master; and in 1662, this settlement was granted by Charles to Lord Willoughby and Lawrence Hyde, second son of the earl of Clarendon, to them and their descendants for ever.

Mr. Wesley no doubt thought that the desolate state of this colony, in respect to spiritual things, might afford a fair and undisturbed field of usefulness. This purpose, however, was abandoned, as was also another of going to Maryland. The advice of friends prevailed; and probably the difficulty and expense of removing a numerous family so far were the chief impediments. Indeed, such a removal, in his circumstances, must have been all but impossible. He therefore made up his mind to abide in the land of his nativity; to be at the disposal of divine Providence, relying on the promise, "Verily, thou shalt be fed."

Being often out of employ, and not willing to be without public worship, he would gladly have attended the Church service; but there were several things in the Liturgy to which he could not give a conscientious assent. However, by reading Mr. Philip Nye's "Arguments for the Lawfulness of hearing Ministers of the Church of England," his scruples were so far removed that he found he could do it with a safe conscience; and doubtless to his edification.

At this same time Mr. Wesley was not a little troubled about his own preaching, whether it should be carried on openly, or in private. Some of the neighboring ministers, particularly Messrs. Bamfield, Ince, Hallet of Shaston, and John Sacheverel, were for preaching publicly, with open doors. But Mr. Wesley thought it was his duty to beware of men; and that he was bound in prudence to keep himself at liberty as long as he could. Accordingly, by preaching only in private, he was kept longer out of the hands of his enemies than the ministers above mentioned, all of whom were indicted at the next assizes "for a riotous and unlawful assembly held at Shaston, and were found guilty by a jury of gentlemen, fined forty marks each, and were bound to find security for their good behavior;" or, in other words, that they would not speak any more in the blessed

name of Jesus, but be unfaithful to their heavenly calling, and permit the devil, unmolested, to destroy the souls of the people.

Burnett, in his History, mentions Mr. Sacheverel and himself being imprisoned together in Dorchester jail, during which time they took it by turns to preach out of a window, to a considerable number of people that stood to hear on the other side of the river. The latter of these excellent men was grandfather to the famous Dr. Henry Sacheverel. During the three years he remained in confinement, he contracted such an indisposition, that, from a very cheerful, active person, he became melancholy, and soon ended his days. He died in his chair, speaking to those about him, with much affection, of the great work of redemption. He wrote on the title-page of all his books, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and this text was in consequence engraved on his tomb-stone.

The stopping of the mouths of these faithful men was a general curse to the nation. A torrent of iniquity, deep, rapid, and strong, deluged the whole land, and swept away godliness and vital religion from the kingdom. The king had no religion, either in power or in form, though a Papist in his heart. He was the most worthless that ever sat on the British throne, and profligate beyond all measure; without a single good quality to redeem his numerous bad ones: and the church and the state joined hand in hand in persecution and intolerance. Since those barbarous and iniquitous times, what hath God wrought!

There was now no open vision, and the pure word of the Lord was scarce in those days. Most of the faithful of the land were either silenced as to public preaching, or shut up in prison; and the rest were hidden in corners. Mr. Wesley, in a private manner, preached frequently to a few good people at Preston, a small village three miles from Weymouth, and occasionally at Weymouth itself, and other places contiguous. After some time he had a call from a number of serious Christians at Poole to become their pastor. He consented, and continued with them while he lived, administering to them all the ordinances of God as opportunity offered.

In the parliament held at Oxford, (17 Car. II., 1665,) a severe act was passed against the dissenting teachers, pro-

hibiting them from dwelling or coming (except in traveling, &c.) within five miles of any corporation or borough town, or any other place where they had been ministers, or preached after the act of oblivion, on the penalty of forty pounds for each offense, unless they first took the following oath :—

> "I, A. B., do solemnly declare that it is not lawful, on any pretence whatsoever, to take up arms against the king; and that I do abhor the traitorous position of taking arms by his authority, against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him, in pursuance of such commission. And I do swear that I will not, at any time to come, endeavor the alteration of the government, either in church or state. So help me, God."

Archbishop Sheldon, and Ward, bishop of Salisbury, were the chief promoters of this Act. When it came out, those ministers who had any property of their own retired to obscure villages, or to market towns that were not corporations; and some, who had nothing, were obliged to leave their wives and children, and hide themselves in distant places, sometimes coming secretly to them after night.

Poole being a corporation town, to avoid coming under the five-mile Act, Mr. Wesley resided in Preston, and exercised his ministry in Poole; but oftentimes he was obliged to leave his wife, his family, and his flock, and secrete himself, like others, in various places. He could not conscientiously take the above oath, because of the last clause, "I do swear that I will not, at any time to come, endeavor the alteration of the government, either in church or state."

All the Dissenters had strenuously endeavored to alter the government in the church, or rather to reform it, as they considered several parts as savoring of superstition, and tending to Popery; and on this the dissent of many of them was founded. Everything they might say against those points of Popery which seemed countenanced in any part of the Liturgy might be considered by their adversaries as an endeavoring to alter the government of the church, and consequently expose them to prosecution, persecution, and the alledged infamy of perjury.

Under the date of 1666, Mr. Wesley entered in his diary,

in the month of March, on reaching the place of his retirement, "What dost thou here, at such a distance from church, wife, children, &c.?" and then penned some of the reasons why he could not safely take this oath; particularly, that to do it in his own private sense would be juggling with God, with the king, and with conscience, especially as some magistrates had declared they had no right to admit of such a private sense. He was therefore obliged to leave home for a considerable time. He at length ventured to return to his family and flock: but, notwithstanding all the prudent precaution with which he conducted his meetings, he was often disturbed, several times apprehended, and four times imprisoned; once at Poole for six months, and once at Dorchester for three months. The other confinements were shorter; but how long their duration was we are not told.*

* The borough records thus refer to the conventicle meetings:—

"Dorstt. Waymouth and Melcombe Regis:—Bee it remembered, that on the ninth day of July, Anno Dmi. 1665, Matthew Pitt, James Budd, Barthw. Beere, Robert Dun, Henry Dunbar, Robert Roberts, Thos. Woodrow, John Owner, the elder, John Tucker, and Thos. Randall, all of Melcombe-regis aforesaid, and William Markett of Broadmayne, being all of them of the age of fifteen years and upwards, were present at an assembly, conventicle, or meeting, under colr or pretence of some servisse of religion, in other manner than is allowed by the Liturgy or practice of the Church of England, in the dwelling-house of Henry Saunders, within the corporation aforesaid, mariner, where there were more than the before-named persons assembled together, over and above those of the same household, contrary to an act of Parliament, intituled, An Act to prevent seditious conventicles, of which said conventicle they were all convicted; witness the hands and seales of

"Theo. Byett, Maior; Richd. Scovill, and
"Christr. Collier, Bailiffs."

On the sixteenth of July, 1665, "Dorothy White, Spinster; Erasmus Browne, John Sadler, Humfry Bennett, Benjamin Slowman, and Dorothy Saunders, the wife of Henry Saunders, mariner, all of Waymouth and Melcombe-regis; were convicted of holding a conventicle at the house of Henry Saunders;" and which conviction is given at length, in the form above, and before the same mayor and bailiffs.

On the third day of June, 1666, Elizth. Cross, of Melcombe-regis, and thirty-five others, were, on the oaths of Jonathan Edwards and Henry Brettyent, convicted of being at a conventicle in the house of Henry Saunders, mariner, of Melcombe-regis; some of whom were fined, and others imprisoned, some for six weeks, and others for three months and a day, in the town jail, by order of

"Benjn. Gaitch, Maior; and
Nath. Abbott, Bailiff."

Elzth. Crosse, Katherine Barker, Henry Dumberfield, James Budd, Elizth Randall, Katherine Wall, Elizth ffoyle, Rebecca Senior, Matthew Pitt, Alice Locke, John Chines, Katherine Batchelor, Mary Chines, Alice Roberts, Edith Woodrow, ffrances Markett, Hugh Piercy, Dorothy Saun-

Dr. Calamy adds, "that he was in many straits and difficulties, but was wonderfully supported and comforted, and was many times very seasonably and surprisingly relieved and delivered. Nevertheless, the removal of many eminent Christians into another world, who had been his intimate acquaintance and kind friends, the great decay of serious religion among many professors, and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly seized on and sunk his spirits. At length, 'having filled up his part of what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church, and finished the work given him to do,' he was taken out of this vale of tears to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master was, whom he served with his whole heart, according to the best light he had."—*Nonconformist's Memorial*, vol. ii, p. 164, &c.

It appears that application was made to have him buried in the church at Preston; but the vicar would not suffer it.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Calamy, who had the journal of this excellent man, gives so few dates, and particularly in those places where they were especially needful. He neither mentions the year of his birth, nor that of his death. He tells us only, "that he began preaching when he was twenty-two, and in May, 1658, was sent to preach at Whitchurch." Now, if this means May of the year 1658, in which he was twenty-two years of age, then he must have been born about A. D. 1636.

ders, Sarah Harvey, Martha Maker, Edward Tucker, John Wilson, Richard Harvest, Erasmus Browne, John Owner, Richard Tucker, ffrancis Dumberfield, of Cerne, Mary Roberts, Hannah Bower, of Dorchester, Hester Stowill, Hannah Senior, P. Kinglake, Susannah Senior, Sarah Wilson, Jane Hammill, and Dorothy King."

"We have committed to the town gaol, there to remaine by the space of as followeth; that is to say, the said Matthew Pitt, James Budd, Henry Dumberfield, and Dorothy Saunders, by the space of three months and one day next ensuing, it being the second offence of which they stand convicted. And the aforesaid John Owner and Mary Roberts, by the space of six weeks and one day next ensuing; it being the first offence of which they stand convicted. Those who paid the ffynes we have discharged.

"Witnesse our handes and seales, this sixth day of June, 1666.

"BENJAMIN GAITCH, Maior,
NATH. ABBOTT, Bailiff."

These were the days, events, and sufferings of the elder Wesleys.

Dr. Whitehead, who gives an abstract of Dr. Calamy's account of this good man, concludes it with the following reflections: "1. Mr. Wesley appears to have made himself master of the controverted points in which he differed from the Established Church, and to have made up his opinions from a conviction of their truth. 2. He shows an ingenuous mind, free from low cunning, in the open avowal of his sentiments to the bishop. 3. He appears to have been remarkably conscientious in all his conduct, and a zealous promoter of genuine piety both in himself and others. 4. He discovered great firmness of mind, and an unshaken attachment to his principles, in the midst of the most unchristian persecution, and a train of accumulated evils which he suffered on that account.

"These are prominent features in his character which we cannot but admire, however we may differ from him in opinion: they show a mind elevated far above the common level, even of those who have had the advantages of an academical education."

There is a very fine painting of this excellent man now in the possession of Mr. Cropp, of Vincent Square, Westminster. On the back of the painting is the following inscription: "Copied from the back of this portrait before it was restored—'John Wesley, A. M., of New Inn Hall, Oxford, Grandfather to the late celebrated Mr. J. Wesley, ejected for Nonconformity.'" The following paragraph, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of Dec. 16, 1829, seems to refer also to John Wesley of Whitchurch.

"There is now in the possession of a gentleman at Manchester an old Bible, in good condition, which contains about a thousand copper-plate engravings, and maps of all the ancient places mentioned in Scripture; as also the Apocrypha, and the Psalms of David in metre. This Bible formerly belonged to the grandfather of John Wesley. It also belonged to his father. It was in the house when it was on fire, but was saved from the conquering element, and handed down to the present possessor as a valuable relic."

Mrs. Wesley long survived her husband, but how long we cannot exactly tell. In a letter of Mr. Samuel Wesley, junr., in 1710, he speaks of having "visited his grandmother Wesley, then a widow of almost forty-eight years."

So long as this she could not have been a widow, agreeably to the dates of other documents, unless the letter had been written subsequent to 1710, and an error thus made in transcribing the original. Mr. John Wesley, her husband, must have died about 1678, and not, as Dr. Whitehead and others conclude, in 1670; for Mr. Samuel Wesley says, (in his letter printed in 1703, which will be hereafter noticed,) "My father dying early, while I was at a country school, and almost fit for the university, I was sent to London, March 8, 1678." Mr. Wesley at this time was about twelve years old, and continued a year longer at a grammar school before he entered the dissenting academies, where he remained about four years, and was entered at Exeter College Aug., 1683, being then between sixteen and seventeen years of age. If we date his father's birth 1636, and his own birth 1666, he would thus be about seventeen years of age at the period alluded to; his father dying about the forty-second year of his age, which, supposing the grandson's letter not to be at a date subsequent to 1710, will still allow a period of thirty-two years for a state of widowhood. This, too, comports better with the account handed down respecting his "*numerous family*," which scarcely harmonizes with his dying at the age of thirty-four, the period partly fixed by Dr. Calamy, who, as has been observed, says, "He was taken out of this vale of tears when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Lord and Master was."

It does not appear that this venerable widow had any help from her own family; and there is reason to believe that she was entirely dependent on and supported by her sons Matthew and Samuel. How far the former may have contributed to her support it is not easy to say; but that she was deeply indebted to the latter I learn from one of his letters to Archbishop Sharpe, dated Epworth, December 30, 1700.

"The next year my barn fell, which cost me forty pounds in rebuilding, (thanks to your Grace for a part of it;) and having an aged mother, (who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her,) she cost me upward of forty pounds more. Ten pounds a year I allow my mother to keep her from starving."

How doleful was the lot of this poor woman! persecuted

with her husband during the whole of her married life, and abandoned to poverty during a long and dreary widowhood.

MATTHEW WESLEY, SURGEON.

We have already seen that the Rev. John Wesley, ejected from the vicarage of Whitchurch, in Dorsetshire, of whom I have lately spoken, is said to have had a numerous family. But the names of Matthew and Samuel only are come down to us. Whether the others died young, or survived their father, we are not informed: but it is most likely that the rest died in infancy, as not even the name of any of them is ever mentioned.

Matthew, after the example of his grandfather Bartholomew, studied physic, and settled in London, after having traveled over the greatest part of Europe for his improvement. He is reported to have been eminent and singularly useful, and is said to have made a large fortune by his medical practice.

It is not likely that his father could have given him an academic education. But as he taught a school for the support of his family, for which he appears to have been well qualified, no doubt his sons, particularly Matthew, who was the eldest, had the rudiments of a classical education from himself, as he was, at the death of his father, probably about fourteen or fifteen years of age. And it is very likely that he might have obtained additional instruction at the free school in Dorchester, and in some of the dissenting academies, as we know his brother Samuel did.*

Though Matthew be generally styled a physician, yet we do not know that he ever graduated, or studied in any

* There is some reason to believe he was a member of the Athenian Society, and that Elden, in his history of that society, refers to him, when, in describing its members, he says, "I cannot pass over the physician, whom he calls a *learned*, *good*, and *ingenious* man, and so generous, that he could never be prevailed with to admit of any other consideration for his trouble in this affair, than the good of the public. Yet he is far from condemning those whose circumstances will not allow them to imitate him in this generosity, since it is as lawful for a man to live by his pen, as any other way." Dunton, in the advertisement to the thirteenth number of his Gazette, seems also to allude to him, in saying, "We have now taken into our society a civilian, a doctor of physic, and a chirurgian."

university, unless it were in a foreign one; and this is not improbable, as, from a passage in the following letter from Mrs. Wesley, it appears that Mr. M. Wesley had tried all the spas in Europe, both in Germany and elsewhere. Former times were not so nice in distinctions as the present: surgeons, apothecaries, and medical practitioners of all sorts, were generally termed physicians or doctors; the latter was the most usual title; and this Matthew Wesley might have had by common courtesy, or he might have had it by right. But it is most likely that he had it by courtesy, as he is not styled *physician*, *M. D.*, nor even *doctor*, in the verses addressed to his memory by the person who signs himself *Sylvius*, in the very year in which he died. Besides, he is not termed *doctor* in any of the family letters which have come under my notice. This at present is a matter of little consequence, and cannot now be determined. The whole family of the Wesleys were blessed with a genius that surmounted all difficulties: opposition and unfavorable circumstances only served as a stimulus to industry and enterprise; and they ever rose the higher in proportion to the causes which tended to depress them. This is the grand characteristic of all the branches of this family with whom we are acquainted; and we may safely infer it was the case with the rest.

Mr. M. Wesley resided and practiced chiefly in London. In the year 1731 he visited his brother's family at Epworth. This visit is described by Mrs. Wesley in a letter to her son John, who was then at Oxford; and as it contains some curious particulars, I shall lay it before the reader:—

"My brother Wesley had designed to have surprised us, and had traveled under a feigned name from London to Gainsborough: but there, sending his man out for a guide into the isle the next day, the man told one that keeps our market his master's name, and that he was going to see his brother, which was minister of Epworth. The man he informed met with Molly in the market about an hour before my brother got thither. She, full of the news, hastened home, and told us her uncle Wesley was coming to see us; but we could hardly believe her. 'Twas odd to observe how all the town took the alarm, and were upon the gaze, as if some great prince had been about to make

his entry. He rode directly to John Dawson's, (the inn;) but we had soon notice of his arrival, and sent John Brown with an invitation to our house. He expressed some displeasure at his servant for letting us know of his coming; for he intended to have sent for Mr. Wesley to dine with him at Dawson's, and then come to visit us in the afternoon. However, he soon followed John home, where we were all ready to receive him with great satisfaction.

"His behavior among us was perfectly civil and obliging. He spake little to the children the first day, being employed (as he afterward told them) in observing their carriage, and seeing how he liked them; afterward he was very free, and expressed great kindness to them all.

"He was strangely scandalized at the poverty of our furniture, and much more at the meanness of the children's habit. He always talked more freely with your sisters of our circumstances than to me; and told them he wondered what his brother had done with his income, for 'twas visible he had not spent it in furnishing his house or clothing his family.

"We had a little talk together sometimes, but it was not often we could hold a private conference; and he was very shy of speaking anything relating to the children before your father, or indeed of any other matter. I informed him, as far as I handsomely could, of our losses, &c., for I was afraid that he should think I was about to beg of him: but the girls, (with whom he had many private discourses,) I believe, told him everything they could think on.

"He was particularly pleased with Patty; and one morning, before Mr. Wesley came down, he asked me if I was willing to let Patty go and stay a year or two with him at London. 'Sister,' says he, 'I have endeavored already to make one of your children easy while she lives; and if you please to trust Patty with me, I will endeavor to make her so too.' Whatever others may think, I thought this a generous offer; and the more so, because he had done so much for Sukey and Hetty. I expressed my gratitude as well as I could; and would have had him speak to your father, but he would not himself, he left that to me; nor did he ever mention it to Mr. Wesley till the evening before he left us.

"He always behaved himself very decently at family

prayers, and in your father's absence said grace for us before and after meat. Nor did he ever interrupt our privacy, but went into his own chamber when we went into ours.

"He stayed from Thursday to the Wednesday after; then he left us to go to Scarborough; from whence he returned the Saturday se'nnight after, intending to stay with us a few days; but finding your sisters gone the day before to Lincoln, he would leave us on Sunday morning, for he said he might see the girls before they set forward for London. He overtook them at Lincoln, and had Mrs Taylor, Emily, Kezzy, with the rest, to supper with him at the Angel. On Monday they breakfasted with him; then they parted, expecting to see him no more till they came to London; but on Wednesday he sent his man to invite them to supper at night. On Thursday he invited them to dinner, at night to supper, and on Friday morning to breakfast, when he took his leave of them, and rode for London. They got into town on Saturday about noon; and that evening Patty writ me an account of her journey.

"Before Mr. Wesley went to Scarborough I informed him of what I knew of Mr. Morgan's* case. When he came back he told me that 'he had tried the spa at Scarborough, and could assure me that it far excelled all the spas in Europe, for he had been at them all, both in Germany and elsewhere; that at Scarborough there were two springs, as he was informed, close together, which flowed into one basin; the one a chalybeate, the other a purging water; and he did not believe there was the like in any part of the world.' Says he, 'If that gentleman you told me of could by any means be gotten thither, though his age is the most dangerous time in life for his distemper, yet I am of opinion those waters would cure him.' I thought good to tell you this, that you might, if you please, inform Mr. Morgan of it.

"Dear Jackey, I can't stay now to talk about Hetty and Patty; but this—I hope better of both than some others do. I pray God to bless you. Adieu.

"*July* 12, 1731. S. W."

* One of Mr. John Wesley's early associates, who died the following year, (Sept., 1732.)

There does not appear to have been much intimacy between Matthew Wesley and his brother Samuel. Though Mr. Matthew Wesley was no zealot, yet the religious change of his brother did not, I am led to think, please him; and hence a distance was naturally occasioned between the two brothers. Mr. Matthew Wesley was also a careful economist, got his wealth with difficulty, and knowing little of the troubles of a family, could ill judge of domestic expenses upon a large scale.

It was most probably just after the visit mentioned above that he wrote a severe and caustic letter to his brother, accusing him of bad economy, and of not making provision for his large family; and indirectly blaming him for having become a married man.

This severe letter Mr. S. Wesley answers in a sort of serio-jocose style, and amply vindicates the whole of his conduct against what he calls the imputation of his ill husbandry.

Of the letter of Mr. Matthew only an extract remains in the hand-writing of his brother Samuel. I shall give it here, and refer the reader for Mr. S. Wesley's defense to the memoirs which I have collected of his life. The letter, which is without date, begins thus:—

"The same record which assures us an infidel cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, also asserts in the consequence that a worse than an infidel can never do it. It likewise describes the character of such a one: 'He provides not for his own, especially those of his own house.'

"You have a numerous offspring; you have had a long time a plentiful estate; great and generous benefactions; and have made no provision for those of your own house, who can have nothing in view at your exit but distress. This I think a black account; let the cause be folly, or vanity, or ungovernable appetites. I hope Providence has restored you again to give you time to settle this balance, which shocks me to think of. To this end I must advise you to be frequent in your perusal of father Beveridge on repentance, and Dr. Tillotson on restitution; for it is not saying, Lord, Lord, will bring us to the kingdom of heaven, but doing justice to all our fellow-creatures; and not a poetical imagination that we do so. A serious consider-

ation of these things, and suitable actions, I doubt not, will qualify you to meet me where sorrow shall be no more, which is the highest hope and expectation of yours, &c."

This language is too severe, even had the occasion generally justified the critique. Had Mr. S. Wesley acted according to the suggestions of his brother Matthew, John and Charles Wesley had probably never been born: and who can say that the great light which they were the instruments in the hand of God of pouring out upon the land, and spreading among the nations of the earth, had ever been diffused by any other means? The straits and difficulties of the other branch of this family were circumstances which, in the order of God, helped to turn the minds of those eminent reformers to that economy and discipline which, in process of time, they introduced into the Methodist societies, for which those societies are remarkable, and by which they are distinguished to the present day.

Men should be aware how they arraign the dispensations and ordinances of divine Providence. It is not good for man to be alone; therefore God instituted marriage. He who marries does well; and it is only in the case of a general persecution of the church that he who does not marry does better.

Surgeon Wesley is extinct. Samuel, his brother, still lives in his natural and spiritual progeny. God has crowned him with honor; and it is with difficulty that the name of his brother has been rescued from oblivion.

Mr. M. Wesley was, however, a good and excellent man in his way; but appears to have been little acquainted with the heart, the feelings, the joys, and sorrows of a parent.

We know more of the character of Surgeon Wesley from some lines to his memory written by Mrs. Wright, than from any other source.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1737, p. 248, she writes, under the assumed name of *Sylvius*, some lines on her uncle's recovery from sickness. His restoration, however, was apparently enjoyed but for a short period, since the number for June contains another poetical tribute to his memory, which was in all probability published im-

mediately on his demise. The first tributary piece is the following:—

ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

"Depress'd with pains unfelt before,
My muse her wonted strain forbore;
Sad melancholy seized my mind,
To books or converse disinclined,
And dark ideas fill'd my brain
Of chronic ills, and years of pain;
Whatever image pictures life
Of grief expressive, pain and strife:
A journey through a dreary way,
A gloomy sky, a stormy day,
A voyage through impetuous waves,
Where Scylla barks, Charybdis raves,
Where ambush'd rocks, and quicksands wait,
And every billow threatens fate;
These, uninvited, crowd my thought,
A region all with vapors fraught.
Yet still, amidst this anxious care,
I bar my bosom from despair,
Solicit Patience, heavenly guest,
To fortify my feeble breast.
She, welcome friend, with lenient art,
Can lessen pain, and ease impart;
Or with her lore the soul incline
To bear distress, and not repine;
When Providence this power bestow'd,
He lighten'd half our penal load;
At her approach, my throbs decrease,
My mental tumult sinks to peace.
Nor long my absent health I mourn'd,
The rosy goddess soon return'd,
My wasted strength again supplies,
And bids my drooping spirits rise.
Be first my thankful tribute given
To thy dispose, all-grateful Heaven!
Thy providential care ordains
My share of pleasures and of pains.
'Tis thine, that first I drew my breath,
Thine are the issues, too, from death.
Nor be the due returns withheld
To Wesley, sage, in medicine skill'd;
Whose kindly draughts our pains assuage,
And make diseases cease to rage,
As Heaven was pleased by him to save,
And disappoint the gaping grave.
Ungrateful! worthless! were my lays,
Should I forget Urbanus' praise;

'Twas owing to his friendly care
I breathed at ease the rural air,
Her ample bounds where Reading spreads,
Where Kennet winds along the meads,
Where Thomson the retreat approves,
By streams refresh'd, and gloom'd with groves,
Where, from Cadogan's lofty seat,
Our view surrounding landscapes greet.
'Twas there he made my leisure blest,
There waked the muse within my breast,
While his improving converse join'd
At once both cheer'd and raised my mind."

SYLVIUS.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1737, p. 248.

For further notices of the Wesleys, and Sylvius, see Gentleman's Magazine, 1735, pp. 215, 332, 379, 551, 559; 1736, pp. 155, 740; 1737, pp. 179, 307, 318, 374; 1785, p. 758, &c.

From the lines on his death, particularly, we learn that he was a man of a truly benevolent mind; had much learning and information; greatly excelled in his own profession, particularly in all feminine cases; was a good judge and lover of poetry; was useful to his brother Samuel's large family; was the particular patron, friend, and support of his niece Mehetabel; and that he was adorned with every art and grace, and saved from the fear of death. He breathed his last, leaning on her bosom, some time, as has been intimated, in the year 1737.

I shall insert also the verses on his death, so honorable both to the uncle and his niece. They are written in the purest spirit of poetry, friendship, and feeling: and appeared first in the *Christian Magazine*, vol. iii, p. 284. Clio is her assumed poetic name; Varro that of her uncle.

How can the muse attempt the string,
Forsaken by her guardian power?
Ah me! that she survives to sing
Her friend and patron now no more!
Yet private grief she might suppress,
Since Clio bears no selfish mind;
But O! she mourns, to wild excess,
The friend and patron of mankind.
Alas! the sovereign healing art,
Which rescued thousands from the grave,
Unaided left the gentlest heart,
Nor could its skillful master save.

Who shall the helpless sex sustain,
Now Varro's lenient hand is gone,
Which knew so well to soften pain,
And ward all dangers but its own?
His darling muse, his Clio dear,
Whom first his favor raised to fame;
His gentle voice vouchsafed to cheer,
His art upheld her tender frame:
Pale envy durst not show her teeth,
Above contempt she gayly shone
Chief favorite! till the hand of death
Endanger'd both, by striking one.
Perceiving well, devoid of fear,
His latest fatal conflict nigh;
Reclined on her he held most dear,
Whose breast received his parting sigh:
With every art and grace adorn'd,
By man admired, by Heaven approved—
Good Varro died—applauded, mourn'd,
And honor'd by the muse he loved.

In the last line Mrs. Wright seems to refer to some verses on the death of her uncle written by other hands.

I have met with one copy, which was published in June, 1737, in vol. vii of the Gentleman's Magazine. And as that work is scarce, and the verses known to few persons, I shall insert them too, as a testimony to the worth of a man who appears from all accounts to have been learned, skillful, humane, modest, and pious.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MR. MATTHEW WESLEY.

When vulgar funerals trail their pomp along,
We idly stand amidst the gazing throng.
Perhaps such trite reflections rise: "Alas!
How weak the human frame! all flesh is grass!
A bubble frail! a shade that swiftly flies!
A flower that opes at morn, at evening dies!"
No further we the serious thought pursue,
Than the slight inference, "We must follow too!"
But if the final, fatal hour remove
To death's black shades a relative we love,
Or chosen friend, in pressures fully tried,
A faithful guardian, counselor, and guide;
More awful thoughts are by the stroke impress'd,
And the wise aims of Providence confess'd.
"Can righteous Heaven" (thus right we argue then)
"Regardless view such signal worth in men?

Their virtue and their piety disown?
And shall they be to dark oblivion thrown?
O no! most truly Scripture strains attest,
For such remains an everlasting rest."
Undoubted in the sacred books appears
A future state assign'd through endless years.
And still we find to what these lights reveal
Our calm, unbiass'd reason sets her seal.
As here the sun, with his prolific rays,
The blooms and verdures of the globe displays;
So God, the Sun, that heavenly region gilds,
Spreads endless riches o'er its blissful fields.
And surely as that Sun shall ever shine,
Those endless treasures, Wesley, all are thine!
Whate'er with lavish fancy poets feign
Of bowery scenes and an Elysian plain,
Where everlasting zephyrs waft perfume,
Fruits ever ripen, flowers for ever bloom;
Those fruits and flowers, which on the borders grow
Of living streams, where waves of nectar flow,
Where happy guests on rosy beds recline,
And press from heavenly grapes immortal wine;
Whate'er the surer Scripture-page displays
Of golden wreaths, inclased with starry rays,
Which crown the bless'd; the shining robes they wear,
The shouts they utter, and the palms they bear,
The angel-songs which swell the concert high,
And all the immortal music of the sky;—
These strong, these bright ideas are too faint
The joys ineffable of heaven to paint.
Thus, while thy drooping friends surround thy urn,
We meditate thy bliss, and cease to mourn;
Recite the virtues of thy life below,
Till we with zealous emulation glow;
Resolve like thine our future life to frame;
To make each social, useful grace our aim;
To propagate true knowledge, void of guile;
To combat craft, whose schemes the truth defile;
To cheer the afflicted, the depress'd to raise,
And modest worth to fortify with praise.
'Twas thus, if small to match with great we dare,
A mortal's virtue with a God's compare;
'Twas thus the Saviour of the world express'd
The life divine, in human semblance dress'd;
Spotless in act, unwearied ill to chase,
And arduous for the weal of human race.—SYLVIUS.

We shall meet with this author again, when we come to the account of Mrs. Wright, the Clio of her uncle Matthew. I cannot find that Mr. Matthew Wesley left any

papers behind him. He must have died when far advanced in life. It appears that his father was a married man, and had a family in 1662; and it is probable that Matthew, who was his eldest son, might have been born about the year 1662 or 1664; and as the verses on his death were inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the month of June, 1737, in which year he certainly died, he must have been, at his death, about seventy-eight or seventy-nine years of age.

I have before supposed that both he and his brother Samuel might have had the rudiments of a classical education from their father, though they were both comparatively young at the time of his death.* But there was such an aptitude to learn, and such a power of comprehension in all the Wesley family, that at ten or twelve years of age they had acquired as much as most others have done when they have arrived at sixteen. We shall meet proofs of this as we proceed in the history of this family.

It is most likely that Matthew continued with the Nonconformists till his death, as we find no intimation that he left their communion. But as he seems to have taken no part in the political and polemical disputes which divided and tortured the people of that day, he was thought by several to be indifferent to all forms of religion. "Had this been so," said Miss Wesley, in a letter now before me, "I should hardly have supposed that such good parents as my grandfather and grandmother would have intrusted him with their darling daughter [Martha.] He had Hetty before. Martha often told me she never had reason to believe it, as he approved her habit of going regularly to morning prayers at church, and was exemplarily moral in his words and actions, esteeming religion, but never talking of its mysteries. Silence on the subject in that age, when controversy was frequent, might give rise to the suspicion that he was skeptically inclined, especially in a family jealous for its spirituality."

Patty lived long with him, the family say from thirteen years of age, and was used by him with the greatest tenderness: but she complained that he was not decidedly religious, though he was strictly moral in his conduct, and

* This, as we have seen, took place about the close of the year 1677, or the beginning of 1678.—"Letter from a Country Divine," p. 4.

THE RECTORY AT EPWORTH.

highly esteemed piety in others. See a letter of hers to her brother John, in the memoirs of her life.

There is an excellent saying of his recorded by Mrs. S. Wesley in a letter to her son John in 1735, which should not be omitted:—"Never let any man know that you have heard what he has said against you. It may be he spake on some misinformation, or was in a passion, or did it in a weak compliance with the company; perhaps he has changed his mind, and is sorry for having done it, and may continue friendly to you. But if he finds that you are acquainted with what he has said, he will conclude you cannot forgive him, and upon that supposition will become your enemy."

Mr. Surgeon Wesley had a son who was educated at Oxford, but shortened his life by intemperance. Of any other part of his family I have heard nothing. The late Mr. Charles Wesley used to say, "This young man was a profligate, and the only drunkard in the family." In the Bankrupt's Directory for 1708 is the name of Matthew Wesley, apothecary, London. This was most probably the son of old Dr. Matthew Wesley, who not only shortened his life, but dissipated his goods, by riotous living. In a "Familiar Epistle to a Friend," also published in the poems of Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., Cambridge edition, 1743, p. 159, there appears to be an allusion to this "battered rake," in a "tale," which he says was "told by my aunt of seventy-five," referring to Matthew's wife, together with her profligate son.

SAMUEL WESLEY, RECTOR OF EPWORTH,

FATHER OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, FOUNDER OF THE METHODISTS.

We have already seen that John Wesley, vicar of Winterborn Whitchurch, Dorsetshire, left two sons, Matthew and Samuel. Of the former we have spoken according to the scanty documents which remain. Of the latter we have more copious materials, with some original information which has never yet been laid before the public.

Mr. Samuel Wesley appears to have been born at Whitchurch in the year 1666. He was educated at the free-school at Dorchester, by Mr. Henry Dolling, to whom,

out of respect, he dedicated the first work he printed. Afterward he became a pupil of the very worthy and learned Mr. Edward Veal, one of the Bartholomew confessors, who at that time was an eminent tutor of a dissenting academy at Stepney. From thence he was removed, after a period of two years, and placed under the care of the ingenious Mr. Charles Morton, who kept another of these dissenting academies at Newington Green. In each of these places he appears to have profited much in classical learning; though there were many things in the private academies of the Dissenters with which he found fault, and which, from one of his publications on the subject, we learn, were very reprehensible: but they appear to have been chiefly of a political nature. His objections to the manner in which the dissenting academies were conducted, he stated in a private letter to a friend, who, several years after, (in 1703,) without Mr. Wesley's consent or knowledge, published it, which produced a controversy that shall be noticed in its proper place.

The famous Daniel De Foe was educated at the same school,* and has some good remarks on their academies: "It is evident," says he, "the great imperfection of our academies is, want of conversation: this the public universities enjoy; ours cannot. If a man pores upon his book, and despises the advantages of conversation, he always comes out a pedant, a mere scholar, rough and unfit for anything out of the walls of the college. Conversation polishes the gentleman, acquaints him with men and with words; gives him style, accent, delicacy, and taste of expression; and when he comes to appear in public, he preaches, as he discourses, easy, free, plain, unaffected, and untainted with force, stiffness, formality, affected hard words, and all the ridiculous part of a learned pedant, which is, being interpreted, a school-fop. While, on the other hand, from *our* schools we have abundance of instances of men, that come away masters of science, critics in Greek and Hebrew, perfect in languages, and perfectly ignorant, if that term may be allowed, of their mother tongue." —P. 19.

"Many of the tutors in our academies, being careful to keep the knowledge of the tongues, have all their readings

* Rev. Charles Morton's Newington Green.

in Greek and Latin, so that at the end of their term of study, they come out unacquainted with English, though that is the tongue in which their gifts are to shine. The usefulness of the languages is no way run down in this observation; but preaching the gospel, which is the end of our study, is done in English, and it seems absurd to the last degree, that all the time should be spent in the languages which it is to be fetched from, and none in the language it is to be delivered in."—P. 21.

From some of these defects De Foe makes an exception in favor of Mr. Morton's seminary: "There was some years ago," says he, "a private academy of Dissenters not far from London, the master of which read all his lectures, gave all his systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, in English. And though the scholars were not destitute in the languages, yet they were made masters of the English tongue, and more of them excelled in that particular than of any school at that time. Here were produced, of ministers, Mr. Timothy Crusoe, Mr. Hannot, Mr. Nat. Taylor, Mr. Owen, Mr. Ob. Marriott, Mr. Jno. Shower, and several others; and of another kind, poets, Samuel Wesley, Daniel De Foe, and two or three of your western martyrs, that, had they lived, would have been extraordinary men of their kind, namely, Kitt, Battersby, young Jenkins, Hewling, and many more."—P. 22.*

Mr. Morton, who appears to have been every way qualified for his employment, drew up a compendium of logic for the use of his pupils; also systems of the several arts and sciences, which he explained in his lectures. He composed some excellent rules for such of his pupils as were intended for orders, and entitled, "Advice to Candidates for the Ministry." These are preserved by Dr. Calamy, and may be seen in his "Continuation," vol. i, pp. 198–210. The aspersions cast upon him by Mr. Wesley, in representing the academies generally as nurseries of sedition, roused the sensibilities of De Foe, and he seizes the occasion to do justice to his memory. He states that they were taught in the same academy, and "I have now by me," says he, "several MSS. of science, which were the exercises of his school, and, among the rest, those of politics in particular; and I must do that learned

* De Foe's "Present State of Parties," pp. 316–320.

gentleman's memory the justice to affirm, that neither in his system of politics, government, and discipline, nor in any other exercises of that school, was there anything taught that was anti-monarchical or destructive to the constitution of England; and particularly among the performances of that school I find a declamation relating to the benefit of a single person in a commonwealth, wherein it is proved, from history and reason, that monarchy is best suited to the nature of government, and the defense of property."—P. 24.

Mr. Morton being teazed with continual processes in the Bishops' court, abandoned his country, and embarked for New-England in 1685, where he was chosen pastor of a church, and vice president of Harvard College. He died 1697, aged seventy years. For an account of him abroad, see Dunton's Life and Errors, pp. 169–171 of 1st edit.

Dr. Whitehead and others inform us that Mr. S. Wesley "spent some time at a private academy among the Dissenters;" but as none of the Wesleyan biographers have noticed these circumstances particularly, I think it right to bring forward evidence in support of these facts, as well as to correct some errors which are afloat. In Wilson's History of Dissenting Churches, vol. iv, p. 196, it is said, "Mr. Wesley was educated at *two* dissenting academies;" and this I find confirmed in a work entitled "The Life and Errors of John Dunton," of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. At page 62, Dunton says, "The first book I printed was Doolittle's* Sufferings of Christ. There was a copy of Greek verses prefixed to this book, which occasioned a poetical duel between the two private academies of Islington and Stepney. Mr. Wesley, then pupil under Mr. Veal, endeavored to ridicule the poem; with whom I contracted a very intimate friendship."

In the third volume of Wilson's History, &c., p. 79, Mr. Wesley is said to have been also a pupil of Thomas Cole, M. A., who, upon being ejected by the king's commissioners in 1660, retired to Nettlebed in Oxfordshire, where he

* Rev. Thos. Doolittle, A. M., of Pembroke Hall. He kept an academy at Islington about the year 1672, and prepared several young men for the ministry, among whom was Matthew Henry, the commentator. He died May 24, 1707, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. He was the last of the ejected ministers in London. See Nelson's History of Islington, p. 114.

kept a private academy, which was in considerable repute. His statement is: "Mr. Samuel Wesley was a pupil of Mr. Cole, but afterward conformed to the Established Church; and, in order to evince the truth of his conversion, wrote very vehemently against his former friends, and shamefully traduced the character of Mr. Cole, as an encourager of immorality in his family." This writer is evidently mistaken; for it does not appear that Mr. Wesley was ever at Mr. Cole's academy. What he has advanced on that subject is not mentioned as the result of his own observation, but copied from the Life of Mr. James Bonnel, who says, "That in it were all the dangers and vices of the universities, without the advantages. That there was no practice of receiving the sacrament in that place. That his associates were not such from whom he might learn any part of godliness; but, on the contrary, all debauchery. That his tutor, Mr. Cole, was too remiss in matters of religion and morality; and that he could not reflect with comfort on the time spent in that place."—*Sam. Wesley's Reply to Palmer*, p. 130.

Mr. Wesley's opponent cast some severe reflections on his personal character, to which he replied in the following strain of triumph: "As to this writer's reflections on myself, I own I ought to have lived much better, both before and since I left them; but this I hope I may have leave to say, without breach of truth or modesty, that, if I have not been an exemplary liver, I have never been a scandalous one; and for this I can appeal to my fellow-pupils, both at Mr. Veal's and Mr. Morton's, for the time I remained among them. I bless God, they all know the contrary to what this writer affirms; and if any of them should be so unjust as to charge me with anything of this nature, I am extremely mistaken if I do not know some of them, both ministers and gentlemen, who, notwithstanding this controversy, would be so generous and just as to be my compurgators. Though, if all these insinuations were true, and I had really been a scandalous liver while I remained at their academies, I cannot see how this would be for their credit, since I am sure I can prove the contrary while I was at the university. Though one thing I must not conceal, that I may clear my conscience: I cannot deny that I was too keen and revengeful while I lived

among the Dissenters, nor can I remember any one person that I thought had injured me, whom I ever could forgive, without something which I thought satisfaction; which, though I believe it might be in a great measure from the asperity of my temper, yet I wont say but there might be some other reasons for it; because, since I have left them, I find it so far from being difficult, that I cannot but think it the greatest pleasure, to forgive and oblige an enemy; to which no reasonable person will think it any contradiction, that I thus vindicate myself, when charged in the face of the world, as if I were guilty of scandalous falsehoods." —*Defense*, p. 59.

Mr. Wilson, in his History, has said that Mr. Wesley was indebted to the two dissenting academies "for all the religion and learning which he carried with him to Oxford." Be it so. It does not appear that Mr. Wesley took with him to Oxford a large portion of either, as is fully manifest from the following extract:—"The next instance is myself, who am fetched in for some rhymes that I wrote almost in my childhood, wherein, if there be anything profane or lewd, I have already told them where I learnt it; and what I have writ since I left them is known to be of another character. This book, Mr. Palmer says, if my tutor had seen me writing while I was among the Dissenters, he is confident I should have been expelled; and as confidently tells the world that I wrote it after I had conformed, and while I was a member of Exeter College. In answer: It is notorious that much the greatest part of those boyish rhymes were not writ after I went to the university, but while I was at Mr. Veal's and Mr. Morton's. Several of them were pronounced with applause in our rostra, in those academies, my tutor being present, and were transcribed for that purpose. And I wonder what figure the vindicator will now fly to, to get him off from such a flagrant Palmerism."—*Reply*, p. 129.

In another place he says, "I was a dabbler in rhyme and faction before I came to Mr. Morton's, and had printed several things with the Party's Imprimateur. I can appeal to some of their ministers, to the gravest, eldest, and most learned among them, whether those very ministers did not encourage me in my silly lampoons, both on church and

state; whether they have not sent for me on this very account, given me subjects, furnished me with matter, some of them transcribed my writings, and several of them revised and corrected them before they were printed. It was a dissenting minister of no mean fame, who not long* before I went to Oxford, proposed to me the writing a lampoon, reflecting chiefly on one of the bishops; I think it was the bishop of Chichester (Williams;) and well remember the occasion. A person was thought to be killed by the mob, or not to have come fairly to his end; who was ordered by the bishop to be taken up again after he was buried, for the coroner's inquest to sit upon him. I knew nothing of the matter myself; but being spoken to about it by the fore-mentioned minister, I went by his direction to another minister, who lived not far from Clapham. The latter gave me full instructions in the matter, and a guinea or two for encouragement; on which I did write the lampoon, and abused the bishop and the whole order to the best of my power; for which I was sufficiently applauded by those who set me to work, and others of their party."—*Reply to Palmer*, p. 138.

He proceeds:—"I must not omit to mention that we had Biddle's Life and Works among us, some of which I was employed to translate, and promised a considerable gratuity for doing it; but when I saw what it was, I proceeded no further."—*Defense*, p. 52. The reader must be informed, that this was John Biddle, a noted Socinian, who died in 1662, and who is called by Toulmin "the father of English Unitarians."

While he remained at Mr. Veal's, he was accustomed to attend upon the ministry of Mr. Stephen Charnock, in Crosby-square, and many other of the most popular dissenting ministers. Before the close of the year 1680, he had taken down more than fifty of his sermons, and many hundreds of others.—*Defense*, p. 47.

Among the occurrences at Mr. Morton's academy, his going to hear the famous John Bunyan may be noticed. The circumstance is mentioned incidentally in his controversy with Palmer. Speaking of ordination, he observes, "Nothing is more common among Dissenters than to hear

* He says, about the year 1682.

persons (preach,) and that daily, who have no form of ordination. I remember several of us went to hear friend Bunyan, when he preached at Newington Green; and Mr. Morton commended him." To this Palmer replies, "It is a most trifling objection, to infer our mean opinion of ordination, because our pupils heard friend Bunyan, and the tutor commended him. Some of us have heard friend Wesley too, and yet I hope it will not prove that we admire or commend him. But I must say, that Mr. Wesley ought not to have spoken so contemptibly of so holy a man, though he was neither of his nor my opinion, nor ordained. The Church of England has done him honor, by licensing a book of his, (the Pilgrim's Progress,) and commendation of it for the use of Wales, into whose language it was thought by the greatest men worth translating." Mr. W., in his Reply to Palmer, p. 151, returns: "He's very angry with me for affronting that holy man, Mr. Bunyan, by calling him friend, which is the worst word I gave him. He owns that the Presbyterians might hear him, but so he says they did Wesley; yes, and doubtless would have crowded him too, if he had given them but half the prayers, or preached against the 30th of January. But whether they did or no, if I had been to compare Mr. Palmer and John Bunyan, I should have done them the justice to have made some small difference between an unordained and illiterate tinker, and a man of letters, who had the form of presbyterian ordination." However the high-church principles which Mr. Wesley now held led him to speak thus contemptuously of this excellent man, yet he was greatly respected by some of the most exalted characters in the city of London; as will appear by an extract from a letter to John Ellis, Esq., secretary to the Commissioners for the Revenue of Ireland, dated London, Sept. 6, 1688:— "On Tuesday last died the lord mayor, Sir John Shorter, and a few days before died Bunyan, his lordship's teacher or chaplain; a man said to be gifted that way, though once a cobbler."—See *Ellis's Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 161.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was designed for the ministry among the Nonconformists; and in their principles he had been carefully educated. How he came to change his views, and become a zealous Churchman, his son, the late Mr. John Wesley, stated as follows:—

"Some severe invectives being written against the Dissenters, Mr. S. Wesley, being a young man of considerable talents, was pitched upon to answer them. This set him on a course of reading, which soon produced an effect very different from what had been intended. Instead of writing the wished-for answer, he himself conceived he saw reason to change his opinions; and actually formed a resolution to renounce the Dissenters, and attach himself to the Established Church." This, the family say, was when he was about sixteen years of age.

"He lived at that time with his mother and an old aunt, both of whom were too strongly attached to the dissenting doctrines to have borne with any patience the disclosure of his design. He, therefore, got up one morning at a very early hour, and, without acquainting any one with his purpose, set out on foot to Oxford, and entered himself of Exeter College."

Mr. Wesley has been accused by Mr. Palmer and others, that "when he resolved to go to the Church of England, he took twenty pounds of the Dissenters' money, and then left them."—*Palmer's Defense*, p. 20. This charge is most disingenuously produced, as it seems to insinuate that he had purloined so much of their property, and then decamped; whereas the truth is, he had received twenty pounds of a legacy, part of which he immediately paid Mr. Morton, at whose academy he was; with the rest he discharged some debts which he owed to the Dissenters, and took not one farthing of it to Oxford; the money necessary for his footing it thither being otherwise supplied.—*Answer* p. 57.

Mr. S. Wesley was at this time about * seventeen years of age; for from the registers of Exeter College it appears that his caution money was paid to Mr. Richard Hutchins, Bursar, by Mr. William Crabb, then dean of that college, on September 26, 1684, which was returned December 22, 1686. In the letter from a country divine to a friend near London, he says, "In August, 1683, I entered a servitor of Exeter College. I was initiated in deacon's orders by the bishop of Rochester, at his palace of B., August 7, 1688, and on the 26th of February following was ordained priest in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn."

* His son Samuel says sixteen; but the Oxford historian eighteen. I have therefore adopted the medium.

The whole entry, as obtained from Exeter College, and given by Mr. Southey, is as follows :—

DEPOSIT OF CAUTION MONEY.	RETURN OF CAUTION MONEY.
Sept. 26, 1684. Mro. Hutchins pro Samuele Westley, paup. Schol. de Dorchester, £3. Ric. Hutchins. Guil. Crabb.	Dec. 22, 1686. [5?] Samueli Westley, pro seipso. Ric. Hutchins. Samuel Westley.
Feb. 9, 1686. Mro. Paynter, pro Sam. Westley, p. schol. olim admisso. £3. Guil. Paynter. Ric. Hutchins.	Jan. 10, 1687. Mihi ipsi pro impensis Coll. debitis ad fest. Nat. 87. £3. Jo. Harris.

From this entry it would appear that Dean Crabb laid down the first caution money for Mr. S. Wesley. There is a note on these entries as given by Mr. Southey, which I shall copy.

"The *pauper scholaris* was the lowest of the four conditions of members not on the foundation, as the annexed table, copied from one prefixed to the caution book, shows :

Summæ tradendæ Bursario pro ratione diversarum conditionum scire.	1. Commensalium admissorum ad mensam	1. Sociorum . .	£6.
		2. Propriam . .	£5.
	2. Battallariorium		£4.
	3. Pauperum Scholarium		£3.

"There seems reason to suspect that December 22, 1686, in the first entry of return, should be 1685; for otherwise Samuel Westley will appear to have two cautions *in* at once; and from the state of his finances, this is peculiarly improbable."

I do not see any difficulty here. The entry is most probably correct; for in two years after his admission, so fertile a genius and so diligent a man might be well supposed to be capable of raising such requisite small sums: for in the preceding year, 1685, he had published his first work, entitled, *Maggots*, for which his brother-in-law, J. Dunton, the publisher, gave him as much as he could afford.

He took his bachelor's degree in 1688.* While he was at college, he visited the prisoners in the castle, to relieve their necessities, as well as to afford them spiritual instruction. In a letter which we shall hereafter introduce, he says to his sons, who wrote to him for advice on this subject: "Go on, in God's name, in the path which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you; for when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited them in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day." The following question and answer were probably written by himself to the Athenian Society:—Q. "Going through Holborn last week, I happened to see the prisoners going to execution, some of whom I perceived not at all concerned, as to outward appearance, for their future state. I desire your opinion whether it would not be a commendable thing for the clergy of London to preach once every Lord's day to the prisoners, which would not come to their turns above once in two years. There have been instances of some who have been hardened enough, and yet, by ministers taking pains with them, have been so convinced of their wickedness, as to leave no doubt of their repentance and salvation. Whereas neither the Church ministers nor the Dissenters now take any pains with those poor creatures, though the latter as well as the former have liberty, if they please, to do it." A. "What the querist wishes, we believe, will be readily subscribed to by all charitable men; though, if he would give himself the trouble to inquire, he would find Right Rev. bishops of our church have themselves preached among them, and thereby given so good an example, as would be an honor to the clergy to imitate."—*Oracle*, vol. ii, p. 495.

Though Mr. Wesley's opinions might have been much shaken, yet he was not wholly detached from the Dis-

* The following notice from the University Registrar, Cambridge, of Samuel Wesley's incorporation there, will be new to most readers.

"Incorporated 1694.
Sam. Westley, A. B., Coll. Exon. Ox:
Samuel Westley, A. M., Coll. C. C. Camb. 1694."

No date, it is stated, of the day and month, was ever put in those days. In both cases, there is one signature, spelt with the *t*. This is important, as it is not noticed by preceding biographers, that he proceeded Master of Arts at Cambridge.—EDITOR.

senters either in affection or religious fellowship till after his return from the university. I shall give the relation in his own words, which must be considered as the only true account.

"When I came from the university, my acquaintance lay chiefly among the Dissenters; having scarce any intimacy before I went thither from London with any of the Church of England, unless with two reverend and worthy persons, my relations, who lived at a great distance; one of whom, coming to London, was so kind as to see me while I was at Mr. Morton's; and gave me such arguments against that schism which I was then embarked with, as added weight to my resolutions when I began to think of leaving it. But after my return to London, I contracted an acquaintance with a gentleman of the Church of England, who, knowing my former way of life, did often importune me to give him an account in writing of the Dissenters' methods of education in their private academies; concerning which he had heard several passages from me in conversation, though for some time I did not satisfy him therein; and it was the following remarkable occurrence which altered my inclinations as to that affair. I happened to be with some of my former acquaintance at a house in Leadenhall-street, or thereabouts, in the year 1693. All of them, I remember, were then Dissenters, except one, and he has since left the Church of England. Their discourse was so fulsomely lewd and profane, that I could not endure it; but went to the other side of the room with a doctor of physic, who had been my fellow-pupil at Mr. Morton's, and to whom I owe the justice to declare that he likewise disliked the conversation.

"A little after, we went to supper; but then the scene was changed, and they all fell a railing at monarchy, and blaspheming the memory of King Charles the martyr, discoursing of their calves-head club, and producing or repeating some verses on that subject. I remember one of the company told us of a design that they had, at their next calves-head feast, to have a cold pie served on the table, with either a live cat or hare, I have forgot whether, inclosed; and they contrived to put one of their company who loved monarchy, and knew nothing of the matter, to cut it up; whereupon, and on the leaping out of the cat or

hare, they were all to set up a shout, and cry, 'Halloo, old puss!' to the honor of the good old cause, and to show their affection to a commonwealth. Since I wrote this, I got a sight of the calves-head anthems; and in that for the year 1694 I find these verses:—

> "Then to puss, boys; to puss, boys!
> Let us drink it off thus, boys!"

on which, if I mistake not, this story will be a good comment.

"By this, as well as by several other discourses which I had heard among them, I found that their principles were not at all altered; and these conversations so turned my stomach against them, and gave me such a just indignation against such villanous principles and practices, that I returned to my lodgings, and resolved to draw up what the gentleman desired," &c.—*Defense of Letter, &c.*, p. 4.

This is his own account of his utterly separating himself from the communion of the Dissenters; though his mind appears to have had a predisposing bias to that separation for some time.

But, though neither a Dissenter, nor their apologist, I must observe, that the conclusions which Mr. S. Wesley drew were not entirely supported by the premises. Perhaps a more barbarous, abominable, and sickening institution than the calves-head club never disgraced the convivial assemblies of a Christian country; and those who were capable of sitting down to such a repast, with its concomitant representations and recollections, could not, I imagine, hesitate, if among our antipodes in New-Zealand, to sit down to have their share of a roasted human victim. But still the calves-head club was not the body of the Dissenters; nor was it ever approved by that body: therefore its proceedings are not fairly chargeable upon the Dissenters; some classes of whom were cordially averse from the death of the king, though they had a deep conviction that his aim was to establish an arbitrary power in the state, and Popery in the church: and let me add, that they were among the foremost to restore the monarchy.

Mr. S. Wesley's ancestors were all Dissenters. They had many conscientious scruples against joining in the communion of the Church, and admitting its hierarchy;

yet it does not appear, as has been previously noticed, that there was one disloyal man among them. In the heat of his zeal for the Church, after his conversion from dissenting principles, Mr. S. Wesley, in his controversial writings, often overstepped the bounds of Christian moderation. But in those unhappy times all parties ran into extremes.

Not long after finally quitting his connection with the Dissenters, he wrote the following poem on the death of the prince of Wales, inserted in Nichols's Select Collection of Poets, vol. vii, p. 98.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

When Ariosto, in the fields of light,
Look'd down and saw our under-worlds so bright,
Soon did he in our joys and triumphs share,
Soon knew of Este's and England's wondrous heir;
Resolved his vocal picture Fame should give,
And with his great forefathers make him doubly live.
And now he strikes some soft, some mighty string,
Soft as his own Italian virgins sing;
Divinely mix'd the great and good appear,
And all alike is scatter'd everywhere.
What should it mean? but need it twice be seen,
Each stroke, each line confesses—'Tis the queen.
Her face, as if she brought great James a boy,
Discovering in their turn great pain and joy.
Thus Semele with pangs and thunders strove,
And thought her life too cheap to give an heir to Jove.
What has he done? such dazzling lustre shined
Around her eyes, there's not one grace behind,
And still the royal father's not design'd.
Yet he recovers all, his pencil spread
A modest veil around his radiant head;
He shades what was too bright to be express'd,
And in his little image speaks the rest.

'Tis done: each look, each glance, must needs surprise;
His father's soul shines through his mother's eyes.
The planets in his composition strove,
And form'd him all of bravery and love.
Thus look'd great James, when he, in Dunkirk field,
Before hard fate retired, but could not yield;
Or when his thunders, at Batanea hurl'd,
Pale Neptune scared, and all his watery world.
He's finish'd all; now the great work is past,
Which fate has said, shall time and age outlast;

* From the Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxoniensis in clesissimum Principeu. Oxonii, 1688. K.

Each piece of his creation he review'd,
And knew their worth, and dared pronounce them good.

"Hail! child of miracles!" all rapt he cried;
"Hail! son of prayers, we thought too long denied.
I feel, I feel the rising God within:
There, there I see the glorious mystic scene:
In decent ranks each coming bliss appears,
And in their hands lead up the harness'd years.
Here he defends his father's mighty throne,
And there he conquers others of his own:
Here rides in triumph o'er the watery plain,
And vindicates his title to the main;
And there so thick the vanquish'd colors lie,
As if each soldier beat a company:
Here, where his arms have given Europe peace,
And rugged wars tumultuous glories cease;
I see his valiant brothers, yet to come,
Share in his triumphs, and attend him home.
I see thy loyal waters, Isis, moved
(For never English prince but Isis loved)
When he comes there: these venerable men,
Who met great James, how do they crowd again!
Again each cluster'd street and house prepare,
With flowers and hearts, t' attend great James's heir.
The lively youths their valor fain would try,
And almost wish for some new enemy,
Greater than him,* who but too quickly fell,
Whom they prepared to entertain so well.
Soft music plays; and yet a brighter scene,
And a new face of things, and a new world begin.
Rivers of honey and of nectar glide
Along the laughing fields, and by their side
Fair troops of happy, thoughtless lovers stray,
And look and smile their flowing hours away.
Kind peace and heavenly friendship here shall reign,
And bring the blissful, golden age again.
No cloudy forehead, no contracted brow,
No fear of all those wounds are bleeding now.
Almost I'd leave Elysium here to stay;—
But fate too soon recalls—I must away,—"
He said; when o'er the hills he saw the rising day:
Then in those flames, which joy like his express'd,
He mounts, and fills his seat among the blest.

SAM. WESLEY, A. B., of Exeter Coll.

In reference to the poems and other public expressions of feeling on the occasion of the birth alluded to in the above, a writer remarks:—

* Duke of Monmouth.

"We expect verses gratulatory upon the birth of the prince from both the universities, and also from the Society of Magdalen College, in a particular book by themselves." —*Ellis's Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 4, June 28, 1688.

"July 17, 1688.—A grand display of fireworks took place on the Thames, for an account of which see Ellis's Correspond., vol. ii, p. 52."—*Evelyn Diary*, this date.

When S. Wesley entered himself at Oxford, he had only two pounds five shillings, and no prospect of future supplies, except from his own exertions. However, he supported himself by publishing, and probably by assisting the younger students, till he took his bachelor's degree, without any preferment or assistance from his friends, but only five shillings. See his letter to his brother Matthew.

He now came to London, having increased his little stock to ten pounds fifteen shillings. He was ordained deacon in 1688, and obtained a curacy of twenty-eight pounds per annum, which he held one year; and was then appointed a chaplain aboard the fleet, where he had seventy pounds per annum. This appointment he held for only one year, during which time he began his poem on the Life of Christ,* which will be noticed in its proper place. He then came to London, and obtained another curacy of thirty pounds per annum, (see the above letter to his brother Matthew,) which he held two years, and which income, by his industry and writings, he raised to sixty pounds per annum.

He then married, had a son, (Samuel,) and he, his wife, and child, lived in lodgings, till, a year after, in 1691, he had the living of South Ormsby, in the county of Lincoln, given to him, worth about fifty pounds per annum. This, he affirms, was given to him without soliciting any person for it, without any expectation of it, or even so much as once thinking of it.—*Defense*, p. 3.

This, I believe, was the place of which Mr. John Wesley gave the following account:—

"My father's first preferment in the church was a small parish (South Ormsby) obtained for him by the marquis of Normanby. This nobleman had a house in the parish, where a woman who lived with him usually resided. This lady *would* be intimate with my mother, whether *she*

* Life of Christ, p. 30, in a note. Ed. 1693.

would or not. To such an intercourse my father would not submit. Coming in one day, and finding this intrusive visitant sitting with my mother, he went up to her, took her by the hand, and very fairly handed her out. The nobleman resented the affront so outrageously as to make it necessary for my father to resign the living." He left South Ormsby in 1696, or early in 1697, for in this year Thomas Raven succeeded him in the rectory. Indeed, there is no evidence of Mr. S. Wesley's hand-writing after 1696, in the register of this church. While he possessed the living of South Ormsby he had five children.

I have already hinted that while at college Mr. Wesley supported himself partly by publishing; and this is corroborated by Dunton, who says, "There is the rector of Epworth, who got his bread by the 'Maggots' I published." As this circumstance is but little known, I shall be more particular in my statement of it.

Mr. Wesley's intimacy in the family of Dr. Annesley was most likely brought about by his acquaintance with the famous eccentric bookseller, John Dunton, well known in the typographical history of England.

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine* thus speaks of him: "The principal part of Dunton's writings were intimately connected with the literary history of England and Ireland, (particularly the former;) no man in his day was, in some respects, more conversant on the subject, as will appear from his 'Life and Errors,' now republished; for in it will be found some particulars of almost every man who had even the humblest share in letters, from the author who wrote a book to him who read it, printed it, licensed its publication, bound it, and adorned it with engravings. All this kind of information our author, first as a bookseller, and next as a book-maker, of long standing in London, had the best means and opportunities of acquiring. Among other particulars of his life, Dunton gives an account of a voyage he made to Boston, in New-England, wherein he pays particular attention to the state of religion in the new colony, and especially to the means then employed for converting the native Indians to the Christian religion; a glorious undertaking, which, unfortunately for the cause of Christianity, was too soon laid aside. On his

* Vol. lxxxviii, part i, p. 292.

return from America, Dunton visited Holland, and some parts of Germany. Not long afterward he visited Ireland, of which he gives a lively and entertaining account of such parts of the country as fell under his observation. This account was first printed in his Conversations in Ireland. He landed in April, 1698, in Dublin; of which city, what is said is curious, as it serves to let us into the history of many of the inhabitants of that day." To give a list of this printer's works may scarcely be deemed admissible here; but there is one so exceedingly singular and curious that I cannot pass it by without notice, though one of the seven books he repented having printed. "Heavenly Pastime, or Pleasant Observations on all the most remarkable Passages throughout the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament, newly allegorized in several delightful Dialogues, Poems, Similitudes, and Divine Fancies. By John Dunton, author of the Sick Man's Passing-Bell. The second edition. London, printed for John Dunton, at the Black Raven, at the corner of Princes Street, near the Royal Exchange, 1685, 18mo." At the conclusion of this work he gives "a catalogue of fifteen extraordinary pleasant and useful books," of which he gives a copious analysis. The subjects of the "Heavenly Pastime" may be referred to in a note.*

* A very delightful New-Year's Gift, intituled, Heavenly Pastime; to which is added, 1. The miraculous manner of the production of our old grandmother Eve, with the supposed manner of Adam's first nuptial addresses to her, with the pleasant circumstance of their marriage. 2. You have an account of Eve's first addresses to Adam, and her industry in making a garment for her husband. 3. You have a pleasant account of Adam and Eve's winter suits, their lodging, and first building, with an account in what pretty manner they first invented a fire to warm them. 4. You have abundance of supposed dialogues, very full of delightful reading. The first is between Adam and Eve, and Eve and the serpent. The second dialogue is between Cain and Abel, Monster Sin, and Conscience. The third, between Abraham and Sarah, upon her laughing at the thought of her bearing children in her old age. The fourth, between Abraham and his dear and only son Isaac, before his father went to offer him up as a sacrifice. The fifth, between Isaac and Rebecka at their first meeting. The sixth, between Jacob and Rachel, upon his being willing to serve fourteen years to obtain her love. 5. A wonderful account how Pharaoh and all his host were drowned in the Red Sea. 6. A dialogue between Grim Death and the Flying Minutes. 7. Between Balaam and his Ass. 8. The Triumphs of Chastity, or a dialogue between Joseph and his mistress upon her tempting of him to uncleanness. 9. A dialogue between the wanton harlot and the debauched youth. 10. A dialogue between Samson and his beloved Delilah. 11. Between Ruth and Naomi, upon these words, "Nothing but death shall part thee and me." 12. Between David and Goliah, upon

On the 3d August, 1682, this gentleman espoused Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annesley, on which occasion young Wesley, then a pupil of Mr. Veal's, presented them with an epithalamium of ten verses, which Dunton has inserted in his Life and Errors, p. 78, 2d edit.; also Athenian Oracle, vol. i, p. 73. Another of whom, Susannah, the youngest, Mr. Wesley afterward married.—See above. Mr. Dunton has been called Mr. Samuel Wesley's near relative. But there was no other relation-

their first encounter. 13. Between Jonathan and David, including all the sweets of an entire friendship. 14. Between David, Uriah, and Bathsheba. 15. A choice dialogue fancied between King Solomon and the queen of Sheba, about the wonderful works of God throughout the whole creation; to which is added the glory and splendor of King Solomon's court, together with the queen of Sheba's glorious progress to it. 16. A dialogue between Jehu and wanton Jezabel. 17. Haman on the gallows, or a dialogue between Haman and Mordecai. 18. Between Adonibezek and one of the sixty kings he tormented under his table, supposed to be in the other world. 19. A dialogue between Job and his wife. 20. Between Isaiah and Hezekiah, relating to the fifteen years that was added to his life. 21. A dialogue between Nebuchadnezzar and the three children, called Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, that were cast into the fiery furnace. 22. Between Darius and Daniel, when he was cast into a den, to be devoured by roaring lions. 23. Between Jonah and the mariners in the storm, before he was swallowed up alive by a whale. 24. Between Zacharias and Elizabeth. 25. A fancied dialogue between rich Dives and poor ragged Lazarus. 26. A very affectionate dialogue between the returning prodigal and his loving father, together with choice meditations upon our Saviour's great compassion to the converted thief upon the cross. 27. A dialogue between Judas and the high priest, about betraying of Christ, together with Judas's doleful despair. 28. Between Nicodemus and the deceitful world, wherein the world promises glorious matters. 29. A dialogue between Pilate and his wife after he had condemned our blessed Saviour. 30. A choice dialogue between Jairus and his daughter, after her being raised from the dead, representing what ravishing sights probably her soul might behold during all the time her body lay dead in the grave. 31. A memento to hypocrites, or a dialogue between Ananias and Sapphira. 32. A strange dialogue between the devil and Simon Magus. 33. Between the dispossessed Damosel and her master, when Paul and Silas were, by a miracle, released out of prison. 34. Useful meditations upon Eutichus falling down dead, sleeping at a sermon. 35. An awakening dialogue between the mariners after St. Paul's shipwreck, with above fifty extraordinary pleasant dialogues and poems besides. By John Dunton, author of the Sick Man's Passing-bell. Price 2s. 6d., bound. Here is a proper specimen of a puffing* bookseller. The style of the book is singular; it is a sort of half blank verse, or what is called prose run mad.

The second article is The Complete Tradesman. The third edition, with large additions; wherein is now fully taught the Pleasant and Delightful Art of Money-catching. Price 1s. bound.

3. An Ingenious Discourse against Naked Breasts and Shoulders, Patches, Painted Faces, and Long Perriwigs. By Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner, in Oxfordshire. Price 1s. bound.

* See Nichol's ed. of Dunton's Life and Errors, p. xi of the Memoir.

ship between them but what is consequent on marrying two sisters.

Mr. Dunton being an adventurous publisher, Mr. Wesley employed him to print and publish his first work, the title of which is as follows:—"MAGGOTS, or Poems on several Subjects never before handled. By a Scholar. 18mo. London, 1685. John Dunton."

Mr. Wesley was only nineteen years of age* when he produced this work, entitled Maggots, thereby conveying the sense of what the book really contained, whimsical ideas, and in this acceptation it is used by Norris: "To pretend to work out a new scheme of thoughts with a maggoty, unsettled head, is as ridiculous as to think to write straight in a jumbling coach."—See *Johnson's Dictionary*. Dunton, in the Introduction to his Life and Errors, says, "Perhaps some will call it one of Dunton's Maggots, for having printed thirty of Wesley's writings, it would be strange if I should not by imitation become one myself. But it is far from being maggoty, for if a man must be called a maggot for starting thoughts that are wholly new, then farewell invention." I have been thus particular, because Palmer has been exceedingly severe on a book which was published anonymously; and when Wesley is challenged as the author, we find he neither attempts to deny nor defend it, but apologizes for these poems as "*boyish rimes* he wrote almost in his childhood," and to which reference has been already made. Dr. Southey, in his Specimens of the Early English Poets, speaks thus of the author, and of the Maggots: "His imagination seems to have been playful and diffuse; had he written during his son's celebrity, some of his pieces might perhaps have been condemned by the godly as profane." I confess I can find nothing in this, or any other of his publications, that strictly merits such a reflection, though it must be acknowledged there are several in which a want of delicacy is too apparent, and so indeed in many other writers of that day. But, to proceed with Dr. Southey's account of it: "In a lively and witty epistle to the reader, the author remarks, 'In the

* And such Mr. Wesley considered him, for in one of his letters concerning the disturbances at the parsonage, at Epworth, p. 181, he says, "The whole account would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton; but while I live I am not ambitious for anything of that nature."

next place, since it comes uppermost, I am to tell ye, *bona fidæ*, that is, in English, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that all are here my own *pure Maggots*, the natural issue of my own brain-pan, bred and born there.'" Dr. S. then gives, as specimens, "A Pindaric on the Grunting of a Hog," and "The King turned Thrasher." It is not necessary to enter largely into the subject of these juvenile productions; but if the reader is desirous of going in search of these Maggots, he may find them, not only in Dr. Southey's work, but in the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and, with several more, in the "Athenian Sports," published by Dunton. They are thus defended in the first paper of that work: "The way to elegance of style," says the writer, "is to employ the pen upon every subject, and the more trivial and barren, the more talent is required. This old Homer knew well, when he wrote a poem concerning a fight between Frogs and Mice, and some of our modern authors have sported themselves upon trifling subjects, such as, 'Upon the Leg of a Fly,' 'A Straw,' 'A Point,' nay, upon 'Nothing;' striving to show the *greatness* of their wit in the *smallness* of the subject. It was this that made a reverend brother spin two hundred verses out of a Cow's Tail—that made Wesley write in praise of a Maggot—De Foe sing a Hymn to the Pillory—and Swift tell a Tale of a Tub. The ingenuity of a husbandman is not tried by a soil that is fruitful to his hand, but by so manuring a barren soil as to make it fat and fruitful. Let me have noble thoughts from barren subjects, rather than useless ones from great; a small tree bearing a great deal of fruit, rather than a great tree with little but leaves. Give me an Iliad in a nutshell, for I hate 'a great cry and little wool.'"

To this work there was prefixed a portrait, to the knees, of a youth, (the author,) crowned with laurel, writing at a table; on his forehead a maggot, and underneath these verses:—

> In his own defense the author writes,
> Because when this foul maggot bites
> He ne'er can rest in quiet:
> Which makes him make so sad a face,
> He'd beg your worship or your grace,
> Unsight, unseen, to buy it.

"It is to be regretted," says Mr. Granger, who describes

this portrait,* (vol. iv, p. 329,) "that Mr. Samuel Wesley's vein of poetry was not exhausted when he published his *Maggots;* as he incurred the censure of Garth, in his 'Dispensary,' who severely lashes him in these lines:

> 'Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
> He had not rank'd with our *Ogilbys*.
> Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
> A *Codrus* should expect a *Juvenal!*"

This is as splenetic as it is unjust; and Mr. Wesley, in two lines, most amply turned the scorpion's sting upon its own head:—

> "What wonder *he* should Wesley *Codrus* call,
> Who dares surname *himself* a *Juvenal!*"

The learned reader will at once recollect that Garth alludes to Juv., Sat. iii, verse 203:—

> Lectus erat Codro,—&c.
> Nihil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? et tamen illud
> Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
> Ærumnæ cumulus, quòd nudum, et frustra rogantem,
> Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvebat.
>
> Codrus had but one bed,—&c.
> 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
> And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost;
> Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome,
> And found not one to feed or take him home.
>
> DRYDEN.

I see no lashing here: the fact of the poverty of Codrus, and the public neglect of him, is stated by Juvenal. If misfortune and public neglect of the merits of a poet be fit subjects for satire, not only Codrus, but Milton,—who got but five pounds for his Paradise Lost, the best poem ever written,†—and Edmund Spenser, who is said to have died

* A copy of this very scarce and curious portrait was published about ten years ago, by T. Rodd, No. 2, Great Newport-street, Long Acre, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

† Mr. John Milton sold his copy of Paradise Lost, April 27, 1667, to Mr. Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when one thousand three hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions was to extend beyond one thousand three hundred copies. The third edition was published in 1678; and Milton's widow, to whom the copyright then devolved, sold all her claims to Mr. Simmons for eight pounds! and Mr. Simmons transferred his whole right to Brabazon Aylmer for twenty-five pounds. Only three thousand copies of this incomparable work were sold in eleven years!

in a garret, and whose works are as far beyond everything that Garth wrote as the Peak of Teneriffe is beyond a mole-hill,—may all come in for a very large share. Besides, Juvenal appears more to lament the misfortune of Codrus than to find fault with him.

The judgment of De Foe, author of a poem, entitled, "The Reformation of Manners," was more candid to the man, while he justly lashed the profligacy of the times. [1 Ed. 1702, p. 57.]

> "Let him whose fate it is to write for bread,
> Keep this one maxim always in his head;
> If in this age he would expect to please,
> He must not cure, but nourish, the disease:
> Dull moral things will never pass for wit;
> Some years ago they might, but now 'ts too late.
> In vain the sober thing inspired with wit,
> Writes hymns and histories* from Sacred Writ;
> But let him blasphemy and bawdy write,
> The pious and the modest both will buy 't,
> Wesley, with pen and poverty beset,
> And Blackmore, versed in physic as in wit,
> Though this of JESUS, that of *Job* may sing,
> One bawdy play will twice *their* profits bring."

Mr. Wesley's poetic talents, of whatever order, were always employed in the cause of truth and moral purity. Garth, whose muse had a strong pinion, prostituted his talents in publishing versions of the most abominable parts of the vilest productions of Ovid. But he has gone to another tribunal.

The worst that his brother-in-law, Dunton, could say of Mr. Wesley, when he quarreled with him, was this:—

> "He loves too much the Heliconian strand,
> Whose stream 's unfurnish'd with the *golden sand*."

By this first publication, *Maggots*, he is not supposed to have gained much.† Mr. Wesley wrote many poetical pieces for Dunton while he was at college, for which he

* The History of the New Testament in verse, with cuts, by Samuel Wesley, 1701, of which we shall speak hereafter.

† The publishing price was probably not more than 6*d.* or 1*s.*; but now the book is so exceedingly scarce, that a guinea or twenty-five shillings is readily obtained for it. Thomas Marriott, Esq., bid a pound for it at the sale of Mr. Nassau's books, by Evans, in Pall Mall, but was outbid by a bookseller, who went to a higher price.—EDITOR.

was liberally rewarded. This he in effect acknowledges in a letter to Mr. Dunton, apologizing for a long silence.

"*Epworth, July* 24, 1697.

"DEAR BROTHER,—It has been neither unkindness to you, with whom I have traded and been justly used for many years, which has made me so long neglect answering your several letters; but the hurry of a removal, and my extraordinary business, being obliged to preach the visitation sermon at Gainsborough, at the bishop's coming thither, which is but just over. Besides, I would fain have sent you an *elegy* as well as an *epitaph*, but cannot get one to my mind; and therefore you must be content with *half* your desire. And if you please to accept this epitaph, it is at your service; and I hope it will come before you will need *another epithalamium.*

"I am, your obliged friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

—*Life and Errors*, p. 164.

The import of this letter was wholly misunderstood by the author of "Literary Anecdotes," when he observed that *elegies*, *epitaphs*, and *epithalamiums* were articles in which Dunton traded. The object of the letter was no matter of trade, but arose from the following circumstances: Mrs. Dunton, after an illness of "forty weeks," died on the 28th of May, 1697, and was buried with great pomp in Bunhill-fields burial ground. Mr. Dunton observes, that he put above twenty of his relatives in mourning on the occasion. The elegant tomb he erected is still standing. During his affliction for her loss, he wrote several letters to Mr. Wesley, her brother-in-law, requesting him to write an "elegy" to her memory, and an "epitaph" for her tomb. Owing to "extraordinary circumstances," Mr. Wesley's reply was delayed till the 24th of July, for which he apologizes, but incloses the "*epitaph*," saying, "you must be content with *half* your desire."* But Dunton, by this time, was actually paying his addresses to Sarah, the daughter of Madame Jane Nicholas, of St. Albans, to whom he was married before the close of the year. Mr. W., having probably heard of his attentions to this lady, *sarcastically* adds, "I hope it

* The *elegy* and the *epitaph* are both inserted in Dunton's Life and Errors, second edition, pp. 284–5.

will come before you need *another* epithalamium ;'" alluding to one he gave him on his *first marriage*, and to which we have already adverted.

In the beginning of the year 1690, John Dunton projected a paper, which was at first entitled, "The Athenian Gazette, or Casuistical Mercury, resolving all the nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious ;" but which, in a little time, "*to oblige authority*," he altered to the "Athenian Mercury." And the project was founded, as himself tells us, on Acts xvii, 21, "For all the ATHENIANS, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to TELL or to HEAR some new thing." The object of the work was to receive and answer all questions in all faculties and departments of literature. Mr. Dunton's account of this undertaking, and the persons employed in it, who were denominated "The Athenian Society," will not be unacceptable to the reader, as connected with the subject of these pages.

"When I had thus formed the design," says he, "I found that some assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on ; in regard the project took in the whole compass of learning, and the nature of it required dispatch. I had then some acquaintance with the ingenious Mr. Richard Sault, who turned *Malebranche* into English for me, and was admirably well skilled in the mathematics. To him I unbosomed myself, and he very freely offered to become concerned. So soon as the design was well advertised, Mr. Sault and myself, without any more assistance, settled to it with great diligence ; and Nos. 1 and 2 were entirely of Mr. Sault's composure and mine. The project being surprising and unthought of, we were immediately overloaded with letters. The Athenian Gazette made now such a noise in the world, and was so universally received, that we were obliged to look out after more members. The ingenious Dr. Norris very generously offered his assistance *gratis ;* but refused to become a stated member of Athens. He was wondrously useful in supplying hints.

"The undertaking growing every week upon our hands, the impatience of our querists, and the curiosity of their questions, which required a great deal of accuracy and care, did oblige us to adopt a third member of Athens ; and the Rev. Samuel Wesley being just come to town, all

new from the university, and my acquaintance with him being very intimate, I easily prevailed with him to embark himself upon the same bottom, and in the same cause. With this new addition, we found ourselves to be masters of the whole design; and thereupon we neither lessened nor increased our number."

Of the society itself, the "learned" Mr. Charles Gildon published a history, without his name, which was prefixed to the first volume of the Athenian Gazette, and is described by themselves to be the production of a "gentleman who got secret intelligence of their whole proceedings." It is thus advertised:—"History of the Athenian Society; giving an account of the novelty, advantage, first inventor, and occasion of this useful undertaking; the difficulties that attend it; the noble daring of the first author, with a particular account of the rest; the reasons why this society assumed the title of Athenian; the progress, methods, and performances of the society when established; a *prospect* of what the world is suddenly to expect from it, and likewise what it has reason to hope for hereafter; with a too favorable account of both the principles of its opposers, and the injustice of their endeavors:—to all which is prefixed an ode, made by Mr. Swift; as also several poems written by Mr. Tate, Mr. Mollens, Mr. Richardson, and others. These heads are all largely treated on in the forementioned History, which is prefixed to the first volume of the Athenian Gazette."

In the Athenian Gazette no names were given to the public. It was published every Tuesday and Saturday; consisted of a single folio; and the first number made its appearance on Tuesday, March 17, 1690, and closed Feb. 8, 1695–6. Each number was one penny. Thirty numbers, that is, sixty pages, made what was called a volume; and, stitched in marble paper, was sold for two shillings and sixpence; and the work was continued to the twentieth volume,* "when," says Mr. Dunton, "we took up, to give ourselves a little ease and refreshment; for the labors

* With this day's number, (No. 30, Feb. 8, 1695–6,) which concluded the nineteenth volume, John Dunton thought it right to discontinue his weekly publication, "as the coffee-houses had the Votes every day, and nine newspapers every week," and proposed to publish his Mercuries in quarterly volumes, "designing again to continue it as a weekly paper, as soon as the glut of news is a little over."

and travels of the mind are as expensive, and wear the spirits off as fast, as those of the body." I possess the first twelve volumes of this work, but have not seen the others.

The society was never composed of more than three members: Mr. John Dunton the projector, Mr. Richard Sault, and the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Their original articles of agreement, dated April 10, 1691, are still preserved in the Bodleian Library, executed by these three persons, namely:

Samuel Wesley, Clerk.
Richard Sault, Gent.
John Dunton, Bookseller.

Among the contributors to this undertaking were some of the first men of the nation, namely, Dr. Norris, Daniel De Foe, Mr. Richardson, Nahum Tate, poet-laureate, Dean Swift, the marquis of Halifax, Sir William Temple, Sir Thomas Pope, Blount, Sir William Hedges, Sir Peter Pett, Mr. Motteaux, &c. Occasionally, they published Supplements to the volumes, relating to foreign literature, of which they were a sort of general review.

Before this time the public journals were either restricted to the temporary politics of the day, or to angry discussions of an ecclesiastical nature; and it is but justice to say, that Dunton and his coadjutors have the merit of first giving them a literary turn.

Though there were never more than three members in this society, yet in the advertisement to the thirteenth number, it is stated, "We have now taken into our society a civilian, a doctor of physic, and a chirurgeon," one of whom is conjectured to be Matthew Wesley; and they therefore proposed answering all questions in those sciences. The latter, however, whoever they were, could be only assistants; for Messrs. Dunton, Sault, and Wesley were the proprietors, and, no doubt, divided the profits, which must have been considerable for the time. The name of Wesley, however, was never disclosed till Dunton published his Memoirs; and this profound secresy contributed much both to their credit and emolument.

In mentioning the name of Mr. Richard Sault, I am

necessarily led to notice a work which then made a great deal of noise in the world, and since that time both noise and mischief. I mean a pamphlet entitled, "The Second Spira, or a Narrative of the Death of the Hon. Fr. N——t, son to the late ——," published by John Dunton; and of which, he tells us himself, he sold *thirty thousand* copies in the short space of six weeks. It was republished by the late Mr. J. Wesley, in the Arminian Magazine for 1783, p. 24, &c.

The full title of this book, as printed in an advertisement at the end of No. 7, Tues., Jan. 10, 1692, of the Athenian Mercury, is the following:—

"The Second Spira, being a fearful example of an Atheist, who had apostatized from the Christian Religion, and died in despair at Westminster, Dec. 8, 1692; with an exact account of his sickness, convictions, discourses with friends and ministers, and of his dreadful expressions and blasphemies when he left the world: as also a Letter from an Atheist of his acquaintance, with his answer to it. Published for an example to others, and recommended to all young persons to settle them in their religion. By J. S. Sanders, a Minister of the Church of England, a frequent visitor of him during his whole sickness. Printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in the Poultry. Price 6*d*."

This was announced the preceding Saturday, Jan. 7, and on Jan. 17 the second edition is advertised in the same work. On the 24th, the third edition, with the Methodizer's Apology, "Wherein is now discovered to the world, the substance of every particular that he knows of, in relation to this narrative." On Jan. 31, we find the following advertisement:—"This is to give notice that the Methodizer of the Second Spira designs no second part of that narrative, he having given the world an account of the whole relation in those sheets he has already published. This is further to give notice, that the genuine copies of the forementioned Second Spira are only printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in the Poultry, with an Imprimatur affixed to them." In the same work for Feb. 4, the fourth edition is advertised; and on the 7th of the same month came an apology from R. Wooley, M. A., and John Dunton, giving the reasons why they believed the account to be genuine; but these are all founded on the respectability

of the author, Mr. R. Sault. I believe the pamphlet terminated in the fourth edition: a sort of supplement, by the same author, was published March 18, 1693, entitled, "A Conference betwixt a Modern Atheist and his Friend, printed in the same size with the Second Spira, that they might bind up together."

When I first saw this account, I believed it to be, what I ever thought and still think the first Francis Spira to be, a forgery; and a forgery of the most dangerous tendency, calculated only to drive weak persons, and those especially who are afflicted with morbid melancholy, into utter despair. I was ready, however, to grant, that if the stories were founded on any fact, the persons who were the subjects must have been in a state of derangement, as both accounts flatly contradict our Lord's assertion, "Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Matt. vii, 8.

That my judgment concerning the Second Spira was not wrong, I learn from John Dunton himself; who, in the work he entitles "John Dunton's Life and Errors," published by him in 1705, and since republished by Mr. Nichols, vol. i, p. 154, gives us the history of this work; for which it appears he had been frequently called to an account. He tells us that he received the account from the above Mr. Richard Sault, who told him that he "had received the memoirs, out of which he had formed the copy, from a divine of the Church of England, named Sanders;" and he pretended to confirm the truth of it by a letter and a preface from the same gentleman: but some suspicions were excited, as he could never give any particular account where Mr. Sanders lodged. Several clergymen who came to examine Mr. Dunton on the truth of the story, he introduced to Mr. Sault, who gave them the same relation; but took care not to commit himself by referring to names or places.

When this matter was sifted to the bottom, it was found that the story could be traced to no authentic source; and that it was wholly the contrivance of Mr. Sault, who, being a man often afflicted with morbid melancholy,* and its in-

* Dunton mentions his coming to his house the very picture of despair; and says, I heard several such broken speeches as these fall from him: "I am damned! I am damned!" After he was gone, Mrs. Dunton said "she was very much afraid he would do himself some mischief."

supportable companion, despair of God's mercy, wrote it as a picture of his own mind.

When the original memoirs came to be examined, which Mr. Sault pretended to have received from a divine of the Church of England, they were found to be in Mr. Sault's own hand-writing, but disguised. Mr. Dunton therefore declared his conviction that it was a forgery of Mr. Sault, and that he had not the slightest suspicion of the imposture till after the book was printed. And this he sets down as the first of the seven articles out of six hundred, which he heartily wished he had never committed to the press; and advises all who had purchased any of them to commit them to the fire.—P. 159.

In the second volume of his Athenianism, among the thirty-five projects therein contained, we find the following: "No. 13. The Methodizer; or Secret History of Mr. Sault, author of the Second Spira; with the Narrative of that Imaginary Wretch, and Dunton's Affidavit, clearing his innocence as to any sham or fraud in publishing of that narrative."

I wish this fact to be known to all religious people, and particularly to the Methodists.

Had Mr. Wesley been acquainted with John Dunton's account of the matter, most undoubtedly he never would have given the narrative of the Second Spira a place in the Arminian Magazine.

Mr. Sault removed to Cambridge, where he was in great repute for his skill in algebra. In his last sickness, his temporal necessities were supplied by the students; but he never once mentioned Second Spira, or appeared under any terrors with respect to his future state. He died in the early part of the year 1704, and was interred at St. Andrew's Church, in Cambridge.

In the Supplement to the fifth volume there is a letter to the Athenian Society from Dean Swift, dated Moor Park, Feb. 14, 1691, accompanied with an Ode of the amazing length of three hundred and seven lines. The high sense which he entertained of the unknown conductors of this undertaking will appear from the last two verses:—

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning, and our wit,
I sigh whene'er I think of it,

As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad, melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve this noble work,* so happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor, or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces, through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For when the animating mind is fled,
Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On Learning's high establish'd throne.
Censure, and pedantry, and pride,
Numberless nations stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government;
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest, in your short and happy reign;
And to all future mankind show
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I cannot exactly tell what part Mr. Wesley had in this work; but after carefully examining five of the original volumes, with their Supplements, I have been led to conclude that all the questions in divinity and ancient ecclesiastical history, most of those in poetry, with many of those in natural philosophy, were answered by him. The mathematical questions were, I suppose, all answered by Mr. Sault.

* The Athenian Gazette.

All communications to the Athenian Society were addressed to them at Smith's Coffee-house, George Yard, Stock's Market, (now called George Street,) adjoining the Mansion-house, in the city. Here the members occasionally met. One day some gentlemen, in a box at the other end of the room, had in their company an officer of the guards, who swore dreadfully. Mr. Wesley saw that he could not speak to him without much difficulty; he therefore desired the waiter to bring him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud, "Carry it to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths." The officer rose up in a fury; but the gentleman in the box laid hold of him, one of them crying out, "Nay, colonel! you gave the first offense. You know it is an affront to swear in his presence." The officer was thus restrained, and Mr. Wesley departed. Some years afterward, while Mr. Wesley was in London, attending convocation, on going through St. James's Park, a gentleman accosted him by an inquiry as to whether he recollected him. Mr. Wesley replied in the negative. The gentleman then recalled to his remembrance the scene at the coffee-house, and added, "Since that time, sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath, and everything that is offensive to the divine Majesty; and as I have a perfect recollection of you, I rejoiced at seeing you, and could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and you." A word spoken in season, how good is it!

The facts related respecting his connection with the Athenian Gazette, account for the way and means by which Mr. Wesley sustained himself, both in the university, and for some time after he left it; probably to the time in which he got the small rectory of South Ormsby. By his pen and genius he profited himself and society; and, had he not written too fast and too much, it would not be difficult to prove that he would not only have enriched, but adorned, all the paths of literature in which he walked. Of this we shall have ample evidences when we come to examine other productions of his pen.

It may be necessary to inform the curious reader that the old Athenian volumes being out of print, and becoming very scarce and dear, an entire collection of all the valuable questions and answers, intermixed with many cases in

divinity, history, philosophy, mathematics, &c., never before published, was printed in three volumes, 8vo., 1703–4, for Andrew Bell, in Cornhill, under the title of the Athenian Oracle: to these was afterward added a fourth volume, 1710. The second edition, as well as the first, must have had a considerable sale, as a copy before me, printed in 1728, is the third edition of this work. Dunton reckons Bell would clear above £1000 by the purchase of the copyright.

This second edition commences with a dedication, by Samuel Wesley, "To the Most Illustrious and Magnanimous Prince James, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c., and Chancelor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, &c.

"May it please your Grace,

"The Supreme Governor of the world having constituted your Grace a patron of learning as well as arms, the promoters of both think they have a natural title to your protection; this has imboldened me to lay the following sheets at your Grace's feet. The subject-matter of them is the marrow of arts and sciences, reduced into questions and answers, which have formerly met with good entertainment in the world. The rich treasures of learning they contain, and the agreeable and diverting method in which they are communicated, please and instruct the reader at once, without anything of that fatigue and irksomeness that attend many and large volumes. I would not have presumed to have inscribed your Grace's illustrious name to anything unworthy of your grandeur. And since so great a judge as the late Sir William Temple was pleased, not only to approve of the work, but to honor the Athenian Society, the authors of it, with frequent letters and curious questions, and to express his satisfaction in their answers, I hope your Grace will admit it as a good apology for my presumption in this dedication; considering that the book is now refined from everything that was censured as mean and trifling.

"Your Grace's most humble, most affectionate, and most devoted servant,

"S. W."[esley.]

No reader can peruse these volumes without profit; for although the authors submitted to answer questions of little or no importance, yet the work at large contains many things of great importance and value. When I was little more than a child, an odd volume of the Athenian Oracle, lent me by a friend, was a source of improvement and delight; and I now consult this work with double interest, knowing the well-nerved hand by which at least one-third of it was composed.

Mr. Wesley's other works shall be all examined in their order. We have already seen that Mr. Wesley had imbroiled himself with the Dissenters; partly by his separating from them, and partly by the publication of a letter, relative to their mode of education in their private academies. Their opposition was a source of calamity to him and his family for several years, and shall be noticed in its chronological occurrence.

The life of a learned man may be found in the history of his works. Mr. Wesley's pen was seldom idle; and being a rapid writer, and seldom waiting to polish or refine, his works became numerous. His brother-in-law, J. Dunton, said, "He used to write two hundred couplets a day; which were too many by two-thirds to be well furnished with all the beauties and graces of that art!" And to this opinion every judge of poetry must subscribe.

We have seen him at college in 1685, issuing his juvenile poems, under the title of "Maggots;" and in 1691, &c., engaged with his brother-in-law, Dunton, and others, in the Athenian Mercury.

In 1692 there was published by the Athenian Society "The Young Student's Library; containing Extracts and Abridgments of the most valuable Books printed in England, and in the Foreign Journals, from the year 1665 to this time, 1692. To which is added a new Essay upon all sorts of Learning; wherein the use of the Sciences is distinctly treated on. London: printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in the Poultry, 1692, fol., pp. 500." In this collection are two original pieces by Mr. Wesley himself, namely, the essay mentioned above, and also "A Discourse concerning the Antiquity and Original of the Points, Vowels, and Accents that are placed to the Hebrew Bible. In two Parts. The first, wherein the opinions of Elias Levita,

Ludovicus Capellus, Dr. Walton, and others, for the novelty of the Points, are considered, their evidences for the same examined, and the improbability of their conceit, that the Masoretes of Tiberius pointed the Text, is at large discovered from the silence of the Jews about it; their testimonies against it; the unfitness of the time, place, and persons of late assigned for the invention of the Points, from the nature of the Masora and of the Masoretic Notes on the verses, words, letters, points, vowels, and accents of the Old Testament. Their observations on all the kinds of the Keri el Ketib; the words written full or defective; the Ittur Sopherim, the Tikkun Sopherim, and the rest of the parts of the Masora; and from other considerations. In the second Part, the antiquity, divine original, and authority of the present punctuation is proved, by the testimony of Jews and Christians, the universal consent of all nations that receive the Scriptures; their quiet possession of the Text, as it is now pointed by prescription, from age to age. The vowels (an essential part of speech) oft expressed by punctuation only. The obscurity of the Scriptures without Points, which yet was commanded to be written very plainly. The Old Testament evidencing itself to be the word of God in and by the punctuation only. The anomalies thereof manifesting its antiquity. The promise of Christ, (Matt. v, 18,) that nothing shall be lost out of the Law and the Prophets; whereof the Points are so great a part. The manifest absurdity of the contrary opinion, and other considerations."

This Discourse occupies forty-eight folio pages, and is thus spoken of in Mr. De la Crose's Works of the Learned, in his book for January, 1692. He says, "It is written by a divine, a member of the Athenian Society, who has spent several years in the study of the Hebrew tongue, and shows a great deal of learning and piety in maintaining the antiquity of the point-vowels against Lewis Capel and his followers; he contends they are at least as ancient as Ezra." The work under consideration is thus spoken of also by Mr. Charles Gildon:—"The Young Student's Library contains the substance of above one hundred volumes, most in folio; but I cannot pass over the original piece of the Hebrew points, it being of that vast consequence that on it all the Christian faith depends; for if there were no

points, the certainty of Scripture is quite out of doors. It consists of thirteen sheets of paper, and bears this title [see above.] As for the performance of this divine, in this piece, the contents show that he has taken notice of all which can be raised against the opinion he defends; and the many years he has given himself to the study of the Hebrew and oriental tongues, as well as all the rabbinical learning, leave no doubt but that the performance is equal to the nobleness of the subject. And, according to my small judgment in that way, he has done it with a great deal of strength of judgment, force and evidence of argument, and profoundness of skill. It is to be wondered at, as well as complained of, that so many of our divines neglect the necessary study of the original text, in which this divine has employed several years; so great was his care and zeal for the honor of the Christian religion, and the good, not only of those souls under his charge, but also of all others who will make any improvement of his labors. And it were to be wished that the same great man would oblige the world with those other pieces of rabbinical learning which he mentions in these sheets; having, in these I now speak of, answered what has never been attempted in English."

In another place Mr. Wesley says, "If this Discourse about the original of the points, vowels, and accents, find acceptance and encouragement, I intend a distinct discourse upon the sacred original text of the Old Testament, in defense of its purity and perfection, as it is now enjoyed by the Protestant church; wherein I purpose to handle all those curiosities that are the subject of critical observation about the same; being very willing to defend our religion, and the rule of our faith, to the uttermost of my power."

In the preface to the above work it is stated, "The author of the Hebrew Punctuation has retired into the country, [South Ormsby,] where his necessary business will take up a great part of his time; yet whatever letters, objections, &c., shall be sent to him about his performance, if they be directed to our bookseller, they will come to his hands; and he will, notwithstanding his business, set apart so much time as to maintain what he had advanced, and to answer all objections whatever." An apology is made

for the work having been delayed by the long frost of six weeks, which hindered the printers.

In 1693 he published "The Life of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; a Heroic Poem, in ten books: dedicated to her most Sacred Majesty, Queen Mary; attempted by SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M., Rector of South Ormsby, in the county of Lincoln. Each book illustrated by necessary notes, explaining all the more difficult matters in the whole history. Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry. With sixty copper-plates." London: printed for Charles Harper, &c. 1693, fol.

This poem must have been several years in hand; for the author, as previously stated, says he "began this work in the Irish Seas, and has since completed it in several parts of England." See his note, page 30.

> "Accept this humble verse, my life's great task;
> 'Tis all I can, and more thou wilt not ask."
> Book xi, p. 251, l. 265, and the note, p. 68.

The work went through a second edition in 1697, "revised and improved, with the addition of a large map of the Holy Land, and a table of the principal matters." The plates, though anonymous, are said in the second edition to be done "by the celebrated hand of W. Faithorn." A few of them this artist might have done; but they are, in general, utterly unworthy of this eminent engraver. The work is preceded by commendatory verses from Nahum Tate, poet-laureate; L. Milbourne, T. Taylor, W. Pittis, H. Cutts, and P. Motteaux.

When a poet, no matter of what abilities, takes for the subject of his verse the sayings or acts of the Almighty, as recorded in divine revelation, he must of necessity fail, speak untruths, and sink below himself. Who can add to the dignity, importance, or majesty of the words of God by any poetical clothing? The attempt to do it is almost impious; and in the execution, how many words are attributed to God which he never spoke, and acts which he never did? Even the prose writers of the life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ have all failed, misrepresented facts and sayings, and (undesignedly) spoke many falsities. The life of our Lord was never found, and never will be found, but in the four evangelists; and the utmost that can

be done in this way is merely to harmonize their accounts. That as a theological and poetical production Mr. Wesley's Life of Christ has considerable merit, the sale of two editions of a large folio volume, in three or four years, is ample proof. And if we can give credit to the judgment and sincerity of his poetical recommenders, the work has scarcely its fellow. The poet-laureate, N. Tate, praises the work and the author to the utmost stretch of eulogium; and seems to lay his own ground-work of the version of the Psalms at Mr. Wesley's feet, and views him as the completer of the task which Milton left unfinished.

I shall extract a few of his verses, as the book will rarely be found in the hands of those who are most concerned in what relates to this singular family:—

TO MR. SAMUEL WESLEY, ON HIS DIVINE POEM OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

As when some prophet, who had long retired,
Returns from solitude with rapture fired,
With full credentials made securely bold,
To list'ning crowds does charmingly unfold
What angels hymn, in awful visions told;
With wondrous truths surprising every breast,
His sacred mission is by all confess'd:
So you, great bard, who lay till now conceal'd,
Compiling what your heavenly muse reveal'd,
No sooner quit the shade, but strike our eyes
With wonder, and our minds with ecstasies.

E'en we, the tribe who thought ourselves inspired,
Like glimm'ring stars in night's dull reign admired;
Like stars, a numerous, but a feeble host,
Are gladly in your morning lustre lost.
When we (and few have been so well inclined)
In songs attempted to instruct mankind,
From nature's law we all our precepts drew,
And e'en her sanctions oft perverted too;
Your sacred muse does revelation trace,
And nature is by you improved to grace.
What just encomiums, sir, must you receive,
Who wit and piety together weave!
No altar your oblation can refuse,
Who to the temple bring a spotless muse.
You with fresh laurels, from Parnassus borne,
Plant Sion's hill, and Salem's towers adorn;
You break the charms, and from profane retreats
Restore the muses to their native seats.

Our leading Moses* did this task pursue,
And lived to have the holy land in view;
With vigorous youth to finish the success,
Like Joshua, you succeed, and all possess.
Here pious souls, what they did long desire,
Possess their dear Redeemer's life entire:
Here, with whole Paradise Regain'd, they meet,
And Milton's noble work is NOW complete.

The rest of the poem is in the same style of eulogium; and I have quoted so much to show what was thought of the "Life of Christ" by no mean judges, when it first appeared. Posterity has not been so partial to the bard of Epworth.†

It is said that Mr. Pope had such a despicable opinion of this poem, and the other poetical works of Mr. Wesley, that in one of the earlier editions of the Dunciad he honored him with a niche in the temple of the "Mighty Mother" (Dulness.) He was placed by the side of a respectable companion, Dr. Watts:—

"Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library of Greece and Rome,
Well purged, and worthy *Wesley*, *Watts*, and *Brome*."

It is a fact, that in no edition published by Mr. Pope did these names ever occur. In one surreptitious edition they were printed thus: W—l—y, W—s, in book i, l. 126. But in the genuine editions of that work the line stood thus, as it does at present:—

"Well purged, and worthy *Withers*, Quarles, and Blome."

And this, in the London edition of 1729, is said to be the line as it stood in the original.

That Mr. Pope had too high an opinion of Mr. Samuel Wesley to make such a dishonorable insertion of his name in the Dunciad, there can be no doubt: he revered him for his piety, learning, and industry. There was even an intimacy between them; and Mr. Pope had such a high opinion of his learning and moral worth, that he earnestly

* Mr. John Milton.

† He did not escape censure in his own day. Dunton describes this poem as "intolerably dull;" and says, "As often as I take it up, it rather jades than gives life to my fancy."—EDITOR.

endeavored to serve him. This will be particularly evident from a letter which he wrote to Dean Swift, entreating him to use his influence with the clergy of his acquaintance, to get subscriptions for Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job. I shall give an extract of this epistle, which cannot fail to set the matter in the clearest point of view:—

——"This is a letter extraordinary, to do and to say nothing, but to recommend to you (as a clergyman and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and honest man. Moreover, he is about seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done to myself if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his 'Commentary on Job' among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among such as are believers or readers of the Scriptures. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labor of eight years of this learned man's life: I call him what he is, a learned man; and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly did his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favorer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old tory,* and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a whig, as I am." April 12th, 1730.

In the above words, "I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly did his poetry," Mr. Pope refers to Dean Swift's "Battle of the Books," in which are these words:—"Then Homer slew Sam. Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel." But this can be no discredit to Mr. Wesley; for many of our best English writers have been

* The epithets of whig and tory do not apply so appropriately to many of the most eminent of the clergy, between the years 1661 and 1748, as persons are apt to imagine, who, from mere report or popular prejudice, accustom themselves to deal them out against certain individuals. Let such persons try to class Sancroft, Atterbury, Tenison, Wake, and some others—not according to the political principles of those ministers of state who happened successively to be in power after their elevation to the episcopal dignity, but according to their own private opinions recorded in their writings—and they will find some difficulty involved in the attempt. If the reader will turn to pp. 812–815 of "Calvinism and Arminianism Compared," by Mr. James Nichols, he will perceive the application of this difficulty to the rector of Epworth, and will be amply rewarded for his trouble.

mentioned with disrespect in that work. Mr. Wesley spoke of his own performance with much modesty. "The cuts are good, the notes pretty good, the verses so so." And of it his eldest son Samuel spoke with sober commendation:—

> Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
> Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
> He sung how God the Saviour deign'd to expire,*
> With Vida's piety, though not his fire;
> Deduced his Maker's praise from page to page,
> Through the long annals of the sacred page.†

What was of most consequence to him, it was highly approved of by Queen Mary, to whom it was dedicated; who conferred on him the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, which, like that of South Ormsby, was "proffered and given, without his ever having solicited any person; without his ever expecting, or even once thinking, of such a favor."—*Answer to Palmer*, p. 3. And speaking again on the same subject, in defense of his poem, he adds, "I can assure him, I agree so far with those best judges he mentions, that I know it is very faulty;‡ but whether it be in itself so absolutely contemptible as he represents it, I desire may be left to more impartial judges. All I can say is, it was the best I had. I ran as the peasant did, with my hands full of water, and offered it to my prince, because I had no better present;§ and if it was not so clear as it

* Life of Christ.

† History of the Old and New Testaments.

‡ Mr. John Wesley observes, in a letter to a friend, "In my father's poem on the 'Life of Christ' there are many excellent lines; but they must be taken in connection with the rest. It would not be at all proper to print them alone." That he valued his father's poetry so much as to induce him to treasure portions of it up in his memory, appears from his correspondence. "Where," he inquires of Charles, "is your Elegy? You may say, as my father in his verses on Mr. Nelson—

> 'Let friendship's sacred name excuse
> The last effort of an expiring muse.'"
>
> *Works*, vol. vi, p. 682.—EDITOR.

§ There is an allusion to the story of Artaxerxes and Sinetas, told by Ælian, and reported at large in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure," vol. i, novel ix:—There was a certain Persian, called Sinetas, that, far from his own house, met King Artaxerxes, and had not wherewithal to present him: wherefore the poor man, because he would not neglect his duty, ran to a river called Cyrus, and taking both his hands full of water, spake to the king on this wise: "I beseech God that your majesty may evermore reign among us! As occasion of the place, and mine ability at this instant serv-

should have been, I hope that the haste will in some measure excuse it. Though there may be some parts of that poem, of which, I hope, I might say without vanity, neither myself nor my country have reason to be ashamed, yet I am as ready to acknowledge, as he and his friends are to assert, that the favors which our late blessed queen was pleased to bestow on me, after she had read my book, were as far beyond my expectation as my desert. They will not, however, envy me the honor of having scattered a few verses, and more tears, over her grave."—*Answer to Palmer*, p. 56.

The queen died Dec. 28th, 1694. "With a deep sense of religion upon her mind," says Burnet, "she lent all her influence to its support; and, rising above the narrow prejudices that actuated too many of its professors, she was for drawing Christians together by the cords of love, rather than for binding them in the chains of an ecclesiastical uniformity. As the legal guardian of the Church of England, the management of which the king devolved entirely upon her, she discovered much wisdom and prudence; filling up the preferments at her disposal with men of moderate principles, who were devoted to the duties of their profession. In these concerns, Tillotson, the most amiable of prelates, was her chief confidant; and had their lives been prolonged but a few years, the Church would have been spared the disgrace that was heaped upon her by the furious spirits in the next reign. The death of Tillotson, which happened about five weeks before that of the queen, was a most serious loss both to the Church and the nation." In the beginning of March, 1695, Mr. Wesley published his "Elegies on Queen Mary, and on Archbishop Tillotson," eight sheets folio, both written in the highest strains of eulogy. In that on the queen, he represents the martyr

eth, I am come to honor your majesty, to the intent you may not pass without some present, for which cause I give unto you this water. But if your Grace had once encamped yourself, I would go home to my house for the best and dearest things I have; and peradventure the same shall not be much inferior to the gifts which others do now give you." Artaxerxes, delighted with this act, said unto him, "Good fellow, I thank thee for this present; the same is as acceptable to me as the best gift in the world: First, Because water is the best of all things; Secondly, Because the river out of which thou didst take it is called Cyrus. Wherefore I command thee to come before me when I am at my camp." And he ordered his eunuchs to take the water, and put it in a cup of gold, &c.

Charles stooping from heaven to receive her thither; and Palmer sarcastically adds, "he could do no less than pay this piece of ceremony, and regale her in the highest manner for taking possession of her father's throne, and filling it better than he did himself." The queen's character may be seen in stanza x:—

> Sure she was form'd by Heaven to show
> What undissembled piety could do,
> To what a height religion might be raised;
> (She hears not now, and therefore may be praised.)
> Would Virtue take a shape, she'd choose to appear,
> And think, and speak, and dress, and live like her.
> Zeal without heat, devotion without pride,
> Work without noise, did all her hours divide;
> Wit without trifling, prudence without guile,
> Pure faith, which no false reasonings e'er could spoil,
> With her, secured and blest our happy Isle.
> One harsh, old-fashion'd truth to court she brought,
> And made it there almost believed again;
> Her practice show'd her judgment thought
> That princes must be saved like other men.
> No single world could her great soul employ,
> Earth her diversion was, but heaven her joy.
> If aught with that her thoughts could share,
> 'Twas her ungrateful subjects' care.
> Our hovering fate she saw, and stepp'd between,
> Deserving all her great forefathers claim'd,
> The faith's defender more than named,
> More than in title the MOST CHRISTIAN QUEEN.
>
> *Elegy*, p. 8, ver. xii.

Great and good as both the queen and the archbishop were, both the characters are sadly overdrawn, and their praises are extended even beyond poetic license. But the poems cannot bear the imputation of flattery, as both the sovereign and the prelate were dead, and none succeeded them who were at all likely to show favor to the poet of Axholme.

These, and some other of his early productions, excited the ridicule of the wits, and made him the subject of such an occasional squib as the following, from Dunton:—

> "Poor harmless Wesley, let him write again;
> Be pitied in his old heroic strain;
> Let him in reams proclaim himself a dunce,
> And break a dozen stationers at once."

His son, Samuel Wesley, very fairly retorted upon him in the poem, entitled, "Neck or Nothing," when he put the following lines into Dunton's mouth:—

> "Have I alone obliged the press,
> With fifteen hundred treatises,
> Printers and stationers undone—
> A plagiary in every one?"
>
> 12mo. edit., p. 261.

In Carlisle's "Topographical Dictionary," the rectory of Epworth is said to be valued in the king's books at £28. 16*s.* 8*d.* The parish contains five thousand five hundred acres, and the church is dedicated to St. Andrew. Mr. Wesley, speaking of the whole Isle of Axholme, states the population to be near ten thousand, "among whom," says he, "there is but one Presbyterian, and one Papist to balance him."

In 1698, Mr. Wesley published "A Sermon preached before the Society for the Reformation of Manners," 8vo. This also I have not seen.

Since the first edition of these Memoirs was published, I have met with the printed "Letter concerning the Religious Societies," written in 1699, and also an original letter in the hand-writing of Archbishop Sharp, which, both from the subject and the date, is supposed by some to have been written to Mr. Wesley. I had intended to give only the substance of Mr. Wesley's letter; but upon a review of it, I think the document so important, that I am sure my readers will be thankful to have the whole of it introduced. It is an able and satisfactory defense of the societies which were afterward formed by his excellent sons, the Rev. John and Charles Wesley. The letter appears at first to have been addressed to a private individual, and afterward printed for the benefit of the public. It is as follows:—

A LETTER CONCERNING THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

"Sir,—Having in conversation accidentally mentioned those religious societies which have been for some time erected in and about the cities of London and Westminster, and of late in some other places, you were pleased to desire a more particular account concerning them, of their orders and manner of life, and what my thoughts were as to what we then heard objected against them.

"I must confess I have had the curiosity to make a particular inquiry about them, and the informations I have received have been from such persons as I think I may entirely depend upon for the truth of them, and what I have from them I here very briefly give you, referring them for a longer account to Mr. Woodward's little book on that subject.

"In the first place, I find many persons are in the same mistake which you were once in, and confound these religious societies with the societies for reformation, though they are quite different as to their institution and immediate ends, and, for the most part, as to the persons of which they are composed. The immediate business of the societies for reformation is, to assist the civil magistrates in putting the laws in execution against profaneness and immorality, and consist of sober persons of any persuasion among Protestants, though most of them, as far as I can observe, of the Church of England: but religious societies, as we call them for distinction from the other, are composed of such as meet together wholly upon a religious account, to promote true piety in themselves and others, and are all of them strict members of the Church of England, none being admitted or suffered to continue, who are not constant communicants: many of these, indeed, are likewise engaged in the business of the reformation, and so on the other side; but this is only accidental, and these two are distinct bodies of men one from the other.

"I cannot tell whether I can give you a better character of those persons who compose these religious societies, and their design and employment in them, than what Tertullian and other ancient writers have left us of the first Christians, in the best and purest ages of the church: I am sure I cannot speak more truth of them in fewer words.

"'They often meet together,' say the ancients of those first Christians, 'ad confœderandam disciplinam; and to pray and sing hymns to Christ as God.' 'We assemble ourselves,' says Tertullian, 'to the repetition of the Holy Scriptures; we support our faith by religious discourse; we excite our hope, we fix our confidence, we increase our knowledge, by the exhortations of our teachers; we gather a stock for the poor according to every man's ability, which we expend, not in riotous feasting, but in helping the indi-

gent, and orphans, and aged, and those who are persecuted for the cause of God.'

"This is their design and employment in their meetings; and for the methods whereby they regulate them, they appear to be chosen with all Christian prudence; but they are too large to be here inserted, and therefore I must again refer you to Mr. Woodward's book for a full account of them.

"The main thing for which I am concerned, is to give you my reasons why I believe such societies as these, if further propagated, would be so far from being any injury to the Church, as may be the opinion of some persons who either may not fully understand them, or are prejudiced against them, that I think I can make it appear they would be of great advantage to it.

"I know few good men but lament that, after the destruction of monasteries, there were not some societies founded in their stead, but reformed from their errors, and reduced to the primitive standard. None who have but looked into our own Church history can be ignorant how highly instrumental such bodies of men as these were to the first planting and propagating Christianity among our forefathers. 'Tis notorious that the first monks wrought honestly for their livings, and only met together at the hours of prayer, and necessary refection, as do most of those in the eastern countries to this day: and those who read the exemplary piety of the old British monks, and what indefatigable pains they took, and what hazards they ran, in the conversion of our heathen ancestors, as well as how stoutly they withstood the early encroachments of Rome, cannot but entertain an extraordinary opinion of them, and will be apt to judge charitably of their great austerities and ascetic way of living, though, perhaps, we may be in the right, when we think they were in some things mistaken. However, this is certain, that a great part of the good effects of that way of life may be attained without many of the inconveniences of it, by such societies as we are now discoursing of, which may be erected in the most populous towns and cities, without depriving the commonwealth of the service and support of so many useful members.

"It will be owned a desirable thing that we had among

us some places wherein those who are religiously disposed might have the liberty for a time of a voluntary retirement; that they might escape the world, and *vacare Deo et sibimet ipsis*. This was once practiced, with great applause of all good men, by Mr. Farrar, of which we have an account in Mr. Herberts's life, and a larger (as I have heard) in Bishop Hacket's life of Bishop Williams; and the same has been lately attempted by Mr. S——. But if this should not be practicable, at least generally, by men of trade and business, though of never so devout inclinations, I see nothing that could come nearer it than these religious societies. The design of that excellent person, Archbishop Cranmer, to have founded so many collegiate churches out of the broken monasteries, to consist of some laity, as well as clergy, seems to have had something in it of the same nature (though in a higher degree) with that of these Christian societies now erected, namely, to make a stand for religion and virtue, so many redoubts against an encroaching world, where any might receive counsel and advice, who addressed themselves unto them; but since we were not so happy to have this accomplished, why may not these societies in some measure supply the want of them? For if they were once erected in the most considerable towns and populous villages, or, where one was not large enough, out of more neighboring villages united, they might be able notably to assist the rural deans, where there are any, and in some measure supply their want where there are none; and would not this disarm that objection against diocesan episcopacy, which is brought from the extent of its jurisdiction?

"However, if this be ultra crepidam, it is certain that this would hold of parish priests, and they would, as some have already done, soon find extraordinary advantages by it. There are a great many parishes in this kingdom, which consist of several thousands, some of some myriads of souls: now, what one man, or two, or three, is sufficient for such a multitude? what strength to visit them? what memory, unless very extraordinary, to retain but their names? Those who have but one or two thousand, will find their cares heavy enough, especially now they have neither the catechists of the ancients to assist them, nor those clerks which are mentioned in the rubric, and seem

to have been designed for that end, at the reformation: and may not we say of these great numbers, as the disciples did to our Saviour when they saw the multitude, From whence shall we buy bread that these may eat? But would not these things be rendered much more easy to the careful pastor, when such considerable bodies should act [in subordination to him, and with direction from him] to promote those great ends, for which he has so solemnly dedicated himself to God? They would be as so many churchwardens, or overseers, or almost deacons under him, caring for the sick and poor, giving him an account of the spiritual estate of themselves and others; persuading parents and sureties to catechise their children, and fitting them for confirmation; discoursing with those who have already left the Church, to bring them back to it, or who are tempted to leave it, in order to preserve them in it; the effect whereof we may guess by the contrary, there being, it is likely, ten who are persuaded to leave the Church by their neighbors, to one who is immediately wrought upon by the dissenting teachers. This assistance would in all probability conduce as much to the health of the minister's body, by easing him of many a weary step and fruitless journey, as to the great satisfaction of his mind, in the visible success of his labors. In short, it seems a necessary consequence, both from what success the design has already had, and from the very nature of it, that, if it went forward in such manner and with such limitations as are proposed, it would be so far from injuring the Church, that these several societies would be so many new bulwarks against its enemies, would give it daily more strength, and beauty, and reputation, and, it may be, more than many wish to see it ever have.

"And for the state, they might also be not inconsiderably serviceable to it, and highly promote loyalty and obedience, as well as all other parts of religion and virtue.

"There is hardly any considerable design but may be carried with much greater success by united bodies of men than by single persons. We see it in trades every day; and why should we not learn from those who are wise in their generation? We see what a wide progress heresy and infidelity have made by their poisonous clubs and combinations: the very players are formed into companies, or

they could not be half so mischievous to religion and morality. The Church of Rome owes, perhaps, her very subsistence, at least most of the progress she has made of late years, to those several societies she nourishes in her bosom: why may we not learn from enemies? and what better way than to fight with their own weapons? at least, why may not we have congregations to propagate good manners, as they have one to propagate their ill faith?

"Nay, it must be owned there have been some devout persons among them, who, by this very method of forming lesser religious societies in towns and villages, as well as the greater cities, have done great things toward the reformation of manners, and promoting piety and virtue. The noble and pious Monsieur de Renty, in France, was of the number: he employed much of his time in this happy exercise, particularly at Caen, where he settled many societies of devout persons, to meet weekly, and consult about the relief of the poor, and preventing offenses against God, which succeeded to admiration: he did the same among tradesmen, both at Paris and Tolouse, whom he brought constantly to go to prayers, sing psalms, read books of devotion, and discourse of their spiritual concerns one with another; and used all his interest with gentlemen of his acquaintance to erect petty societies of the same nature even in lesser villages, where they had any influence over the inhabitants. And why should we not transplant any excellent fruit into our own soil, and get all the good we can from persons of all communions?

"Public assemblies in the church, though constantly and devoutly attended by the members of these societies, yet must be owned to be improper, on several accounts, for those excellent ends which they propose in their stated meetings. 'Tis not there proper to discourse of many things which fall under their care, nor is there any room for Christian conversation, if it were decent to practice it. Pious discourse must be owned as necessary as it is a delightful employment to all good Christians; and yet what more generally and shamefully neglected, and even by the accursed rules of civility exploded out of the world? This practice, that late excellent person, Dr. Goodman, has endeavored to retrieve, and has recommended it in so charming a manner in his Winter-evening Conference, that he

would not have failed of making many converts to it, had there been virtue enough left in the world to make use of his directions. Now, if this religious discourse be lawful and commendable where it is accidental, or among a few persons only, I would fain to know how it should come to be otherwise, when it is stated and regulated, and among a greater number? Is it any more a conventicle than any other meetings? Is there any law that it offends against? Is it any greater crime to meet and sing psalms together, than to sing profane songs, or waste hours in impertinent chat or drinking? Indeed, one would almost wonder how a design of this nature should come to have any enemies; nor can I see any reason why good men should be discouraged from joining in it by those hard words, faction, singularity, and the like, when all possible care is taken to give no just offense in the management of it.

"The design of these societies, as I am satisfied by considering the first founder, and the encouragers of them, and their rules as well as practice, is, by no means to gather churches out of churches, to foment new schisms and divisions, and to make heathens of all the rest of their Christian brethren, which would be as indefensible in itself, as dangerous and fatal in its consequences, both to themselves and others: so far are they from this, that they have brought back several to the Church who were divided from it; but their aim is purely and only to promote, in a regular manner, that which is the end of every Christian, the glory of God, included in the welfare and salvation of themselves and their neighbors; and if any rational method could be proposed, besides those they have already pitched upon, to guard against these possible inconveniences, there is no doubt but they would embrace it. Though, after all, how there can possibly be any occasion of schism, any crevice for it to creep in at, where nothing is done but in subordination to the lawful ministry, and by direction from it, and where one of the very bonds of the society is the constant frequenting of public prayers and communions, while on the other side there is no visible private interest to serve, no faction to flatter or humor, I must confess I am not sharp-sighted enough to discern, and dare challenge any instance of a schism anywhere occasioned, in such circumstances, ever since the birth of Christianity.

"It cannot be denied but that there may and will be some persons in these societies of more heat than light, more zeal and warmth than judgment and discretion; but where was ever any body of men without some of such a character? They are of like passions with other men, and why may not they expect the same allowances? But since the very rules of their institution do strictly oblige them to the practice of humility and charity, and to avoid censoriousness and spiritual pride, the common rocks of those who make a more than ordinary profession of religion, I see not what human prudence can provide any further in this matter.

"I had like to have forgot one considerable advantage of these religious societies, if they should once come to be more common among us, and that is, that out of them it would be easy to form societies for reformation; for persons must be first truly and deeply concerned for religion themselves, before they are likely to be so concerned for others as to be willing to sacrifice all to make them better. That there is need of a general reformation of manners has not been denied even by those who have had the most need of it themselves; and that the governors, both in church and state, do most earnestly desire it, we can no less doubt, without the highest affront to both, when they have, by so many repeated acts, solemnly declared as much to the nation. That a firm combination of good men is the best way to bring this design to a good issue, we may more than guess by what has been already done by such methods; and for all the objections which have been brought against those who have embarked in this pious and generous undertaking, I believe there is no unprejudiced person who has read the right reverend bishop of Gloucester's defense of them, but is fully satisfied that they have but very little weight, and are there fairly answered. And as it is known that the late archbishop was a hearty friend of them and their design, so his most reverend successor has given them a just and noble commendation in his letter to the bishops of his province, wherein he requires them 'to press the clergy of their respective dioceses to invite their churchwardens, and other pious persons among the laity, to join with them in carrying on the reformation of manners.' After which he adds, 'We may very reasonably expect

the happy effects of such a concurrence, from the visible success of that noble zeal wherewith so many about the great cities do promote true piety and a reformation of manners.' Thus far our most reverend metropolitan: and since that time, the same design has been publicly espoused and recommended by several others of the highest character. And, indeed, if the general reformation of men's manners be ever effected by the terror of the laws without execution, or those laws be ever effectually executed by the straggling endeavors of a few good men, who charge singly against such infernal hosts of infidelity and lewdness,—if anything considerable herein be accomplished, unless by such a combination, I shall own myself happily mistaken; but whether I am or no, the event will teach posterity. I shall conclude this long letter with the remarkable words of the excellent author of the Whole Duty of Man, in his Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety, at the close of the twentieth chapter.

"'That scandal,' says he, 'which we have brought upon our religion, as it was not contracted by the irregularities of one or two persons, but by associated and common crimes, so neither will it be removed by a few single and private reformations. There must be combinations and public confederacies in virtue, to balance and counterpoise those of vice, or they will never recover that honor which she acquired by the general piety of her professors.' He goes on: 'In those primitive days, there was such an abhorrence of all that was ill, that a vicious person was looked upon as a kind of monster or prodigy, and like a putrefied member cut off, as being not only dangerous, but noisome to the body: but, alas! the scene is so changed, that the Church is now made up of such as she would then have cast out; and 'tis now as remarkable an occurrence to find a good Christian, as it was then to see a bad.'

"I shall add no more, but that it was well the worthy author concealed his name, when he published such disobliging truths; at least, if he had been now living, he would scarce have escaped the censure of forwardness, and a zeal not according to knowledge.

"Sir, I am your obliged friend,

"Samuel Wesley."

The letter of Archbishop Sharp, to which reference has been made, is as follows:—

"REV. SIR,—I had the favor of yours, which that I did not answer sooner you might impute to the many affairs of sundry kinds (some of them small enough, but unavoidable) which do still take up our time.

"It is a nice case you write about, and I dare not take upon me to give any directions in it.

"I myself have always been averse to such sort of confederacies or combinations, whether of clergy or others, as are now on foot everywhere, whether they be those called religious societies, or those of a later standing, which go under the name of societies for reformation; as doubting whether they be legal in themselves, (though, with submission, I think it may bear a dispute whether they come under those conventicles that are forbid in the twelfth and seventy-third canons,) and apprehending, likewise, that some time or other we may feel ill consequences from them. And for these reasons I refused my subscription the last year to that book which was writ for the recommending these societies, though I was earnestly, by letters from two of the bishops, pressed to join my hand with theirs.

"But though these be my private sentiments, I find many of the bishops of another mind. Some of them look upon these societies for reformation to be of mighty use. And considering how remiss the magistrates generally are in executing the laws against profaneness and immorality, they think there is no other way to retrieve that zeal for religion which is everywhere lost among us, and to promote a reformation of manners, but by such a joint endeavor of well-disposed persons; and accordingly they do what they can to promote societies in their respective dioceses. Others of the bishops go not so far, but content themselves to endeavor the regulating and keeping them within bounds when they are voluntarily entered into.

"The truth is, the societies of London have been so industrious in spreading their books, and the success they have had (as they say) in this way has made such a noise everywhere, that the whole nation almost hath taken the alarm. And so eagerly in many places are the minds of

the people set upon these new methods, that it may justly be doubted whether it be in the bishop's power to stifle or suppress these societies, though he should use his utmost endeavors to do it.

"Add to this that many of the clergy take encouragement to enter into these societies from a passage of my Lord of Canterbury's Circular Letter, which was sent the last year to the bishops of his province, though it is certain in that passage he did not intend the setting up such formal associations, under rules and articles, as are now formed in many places. The passage is in the fourth paragraph of the letter, where he says, 'It were to be wished, that the clergy of every neighborhood would agree upon frequent meetings to consult for the good of religion, &c. * * * And these meetings might still be made a greater advantage to the clergy in carrying on the reformation of men's lives and manners, by inviting the churchwardens of their several parishes, and other pious persons among the laity, to join with them in the execution of the most probable methods that can be suggested for those good ends. And we may very reasonably expect the happy effects of such a consequence, from the visible success of that noble zeal wherewith so many about the cities of London and Westminster do promote true piety,' &c.

"I have transcribed thus much out of that printed letter for fear you should not have it by you.

"Upon these considerations I am thus far come into these projects, that I tell my clergy, when any of them apply to me about this matter, (as very lately some of them have done,) that as for their meeting together, as they have convenience of neighborhood, for the promoting religion and reformation in their parishes, it is a thing I would advise them to; but as to the societies for reformation that are now on foot in several places, they are new things, and for which there is no foundation in our laws and canons, and we do not know what consequences they may in time produce; and therefore I dare not be the author or adviser to any one, either clergyman or layman, to embark in these projects. Nevertheless, being sensible that a great many wise and good men do approve of these societies, I will not think the worse of any man for engaging in them, nor shall these societies meet with any discouragement from

me so long as they keep within the bounds which the laws of the land and of the Church have prescribed.

"Letters to this effect I have writ to some of my clergy who consulted me. But I must confess, I came not to this degree of compliance but after a great deal of discourse with several of the bishops. What my lord bishop of Carlisle will think fit to do in the present case of the chancelor, must be left to his own prudence, which I know is very great. I must confess, I dare not advise him: only this I believe I may say, that I think he will have gained a good point if he can prevail with Mr. Chancelor to quit his dissenting associates. And if he be resolved on a society for reformation, let only such be taken into it as are hearty Churchmen.

"I beg my hearty service to his lordship, with abundance of good wishes of his long life and happiness. The same be pleased to accept yourself, from,

"Sir, your very affectionate servant,

"Jo. Ebor."

"*Feb.* 27, 1699."

"I send you herewith a print, which I received out of my diocese, abundance of them being sent down thither."*

As the foregoing letters advert to the societies for reformation, I would just remark, that the late Rev. John Wesley preached a sermon before the Society for the Reformation of Manners, to the early editions of which

* That the archbishop's letter refers to the "religious societies" advocated by the rector of Epworth is not to be disputed; but that the letter was addressed to Mr. Wesley, in reply to his remarks upon them, is matter of doubt. Had the *date* been affixed to Mr. Wesley's letter, and the *address* been appended to that of the archbishop, it would have been more satisfactory. 1. The manner in which the archbishop opens his letter shows that it is a reply to a "*case*" submitted for consideration, rather than a fair and formal discussion of the subject of Mr. Wesley's epistle. 2. His lordship speaks of numerous references to him on the same topics; and this, among others, might be intended to show the applicant how to act, who appears to have been more in suspense than Mr. W.; the latter, in fact, being decided on the subject. 3. In the archbishop's letter, his correspondent is referred to the archbishop of Canterbury's Circular, lest he should *not have it by him;* whereas Mr. Wesley quotes from the same letter, which is evidence of his having it in his possession. 4. The archbishop requests his "hearty service to his lordship with abundance of good wishes," intimating the letter, to which he gives the reply, to be as closely connected with the *palace* or the *castle*, as with the *rectory*.—Editor.

he appended the following:—"N. B. After this society had subsisted several years, and done unspeakable good, it was wholly destroyed by a verdict given against it in the Court of King's Bench, with three hundred pounds damages. I doubt a severe account remains for the witnesses, the jury, and all who were concerned in that dreadful affair."

The next in point of time is, "The Pious Communicant rightly prepared; or a Discourse concerning the Blessed Sacrament;" wherein the nature of it is described, our obligation to frequent communion enforced, and directions given for due preparation for it, behavior at and after it, and profiting by it. With prayers and hymns suited to the several parts of that holy office. To which is added, "A short Discourse of Baptism. By Samuel Wesley, A. M., Chaplain to the most Honorable John Lord Marquis of Normanby, and Rector of Epworth, in the Diocese of Lincoln." London: printed for Charles Harper, 1700, 12mo., upward of 280 pages, including preface.

To this work was annexed a double Appendix; of which, in the preface, he speaks thus:—"The former relating to our religious societies, whose rules and orders have been published and defended by Dr. Woodward in his late book upon the subject, and my lord bishop of Bath and Wells in the life of Dr. Horneck: their whole design appeared to me to be so highly serviceable to Christianity, that I could not but take this opportunity to recommend them. And the latter, [Appendix,] which relates to baptism, will be granted not unnecessary, when several (I hope) well-meaning persons, especially in those parts where I live, are unsatisfied about it. Likewise, I have added the great Hallel, or paschal hymn, which was usually sung by the Jews at their passover, and by our Saviour and his apostles at the institution of this sacrament."

In this work I find very little to praise besides the pious intention. It has the general character, and indeed the faults, of those works generally termed "The Week's Preparation before the Sacrament," which are all infinitely below what any one may find in the Communion Service, in the Book of Common Prayer. The arguments in this work are neither happily chosen, nor conclusive; and the objections not well answered. It is the most imperfect

of all the literary works of the rector of Epworth which I have seen.

The great Hallel, or paschal hymn, which Mr. Wesley has appended, had its name from the word הַלְלוּיָהּ *hallelujah*, "Praise ye Jehovah;" and consisted of the following psalms: cxiii, cxiv, cxv, cxvi, cxvii, and cxviii. These six psalms were always sung at every paschal solemnity; and this great Hallel they sung on account of the five great benefits referred to in it. 1. The exodus from Egypt, Psalm cxiv, 1: "When Israel went out of Egypt," &c. 2. The miraculous division of the Red Sea, ver. 3: "The sea saw it, and fled." 3. The promulgation of the law, ver. 4: "The mountains skipped like rams." 4. The resurrection of the dead, Psalm cxvi: "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." 5. The passion of the Messiah, Psa. cxv, 1: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," &c.

Why should not these psalms be said or sung at every sacramental occasion? Is not the example of our Lord and his apostles a sufficient warrant? And would not this circumstance bring us a little nearer to the primitive form of celebration? The psalms themselves are highly excellent; and many parts of them peculiarly appropriate.

I shall conclude my observations by introducing Psalm cxvi, as a specimen of these paschal hymns, as versified by the rector of Epworth:—

1. O God, who when I did complain
Did all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love!

2. Since thou a gentle ear didst give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thine aid.

3. Pale Death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass'd round;
Anguish, and wo, and hellish pain,
Too soon, alas! I found.

4. Then to the Lord of life I pray'd,
And did for succor flee:
O save in my distress, I said,
The soul that trusts in thee!

5, 6. How good and just! how large his grace!
How easy to forgive!
The simple he delights to raise,
And by his love I live.

7. Then, O my soul, be still, no more
With anxious thoughts distress'd!
God's bounteous love does thee restore
To wonted ease and rest.

8, 9. My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from stumbling free,
Redeem'd from death and deadly fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee.

10. When nearest press'd, I still believed,
11. Still gloried in thy aid;
Though when by faithless men deceived,
All, all are false, I said.

12. To him what offerings shall I make,
Whence my salvation came?
The cup of blessing* now I'll take,
13. And call upon his name.

14. Those vows which in my greatest straits
Unto the Lord I made,
Shall now be at his temple gates,
Before his people paid.

15. That life which thou, O Lord, didst save,
From raging tyrants free,
16. That ransom'd life thy bounty gave,
I dedicate to thee.

17. My heart and voice at once I'll raise,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
With loud and grateful songs† of praise,
I'll call upon thy name.

18. Yes, all those vows which in my straits
Unto the Lord I made,
Shall now be at his temple gates,
Before his people paid.

19. His priests shall mix their hymns with mine,
His goodness to record;
And all Jerusalem shall join,
With me, to praise the Lord.

His next publication was, "An Epistle to a Friend concerning Poetry." London, printed for Charles Harper,

* Ποτήριον σωτηρίου. † Θυσία αἰνέσεως.

1700: 32 pp., folio. It is a poem containing nearly eleven hundred lines. In this production he shows considerable knowledge of his subject, of which he takes a comprehensive view. It contains several excellent verses, but, like most of his other productions, appears to have been written in great haste, and not to have been revised with sufficient care and attention. In the preface he states its design, and mentions, with considerable emotion, the strong tendency to infidel principles which then prevailed in the minds of several literary men. This preface furnishes additional evidence of the low state of religion in the country, before his two excellent sons, and coadjutor, Whitefield, entered upon their ministerial labors. He observes: "The direct design of a great part of this poem is to serve the cause of religion and virtue; for I cannot, with patience, see my country ruined by the prodigious increase of infidelity and immorality, nor forbear crying out with some vehemence, when I am giving warning to all honest men to stand up in the defense of it, when it is in greater and more imminent danger than it was formerly from the Spanish Armada. If things go on as they now are, we are in a fair way to become a nation of atheists. It is now no difficult matter to meet with those who pretend to be lewd upon principle. They attack religion in form, and would turn the very Scriptures against themselves, and labor hard to remove a Supreme Being out of the world; or if they do vouchsafe him any room in it, it is only that they may find fault with his works, which they think, with that blasphemer of old, might have been much better ordered, had they themselves stood by and directed the architect. They will tell you the errors of nature are everywhere plain and visible; or as one of their own poets:

'Here she 's too sparing, there profusely vain.'

What would these men have, or why cannot they be content to sink single into the bottomless gulf, without dragging so much company with them? Can they grapple Omnipotence, or thunder with a voice like God? Could they annihilate hell indeed, they might be tolerably happy, more quietly rake through the world, and sink into nothing. The cowards will not believe a God, because they dare not; for wo be to them if there be one, and consequently

any future punishments! From such as these I desire no favor, but that of their ill word; as their crimes must expect none from me, whose character obliges me to declare an eternal war against vice and infidelity, though at the same time heartily to pity those who are infected with it. If I could be ambitious of a name in the world, it should be that I might sacrifice it in so glorious a cause as that of religion and virtue. If none but generals must fight in this sacred war, when there are such infernal hosts on the other side, they could never prevail without one of the ancient miracles. If little people* can but discharge the place of a private sentinel, it is all that is expected from us. I hope I shall never let the enemies of God and my country come on without firing, though it were but to give the alarm; and if I die without quitting my post, I desire no greater glory. I had no personal pique against any whose characters I may have given in this poem, nor think the worse of them for their thoughts of me. I hope I have everywhere done them justice, and, as well as I could, have given them commendation where they deserve it."

The following lines are a fair specimen of our author's manner in this poetical production. They exhibit a correct view of the style and manner of two of our most celebrated and ancient bards:—

> "Of Chaucer's verse we scarce the measures know,
> So rough the lines, and so unequal flow;
> Whether by injury of time defaced,
> Or careless at the first, and writ in haste;
> Or coarsely, like old Ennius, he design'd,
> What after-days have polish'd and refined.
> Spenser more smooth and neat, and none than he
> Could better skill of English quantity;
> Though by his stanza cramp'd, his rhymes less chaste,
> And antique words affected, all disgraced;
> Yet vast his genius, noble were his thoughts,
> Whence equal readers wink at lesser faults."

The following is a sketch of the extraordinary poetical abilities of Dryden, and contains strong, but just reflections on the licentious character of many of his productions.

* Samuel Wesley was low in stature; this phrase, therefore, "little people," must be literally understood as applying to himself. In referring to his correspondence with Palmer, we find the latter remarking, "We are not to be bullied by little Wesley."—EDITOR.

The extract is the more valuable on account of the information it gives respecting the motives by which Mr. Wesley was actuated in presenting to the world his different poetical pieces:—

"Of matchless Dryden, only Dryden's skill
Could justly say enough,—of good or ill.
Envy must own he has our tongue refined,
And manly sense with tenderest softness join'd;
His verse would stones and trees with soul inspire,
As did the Theban and the Thracian lyre;
His youthful fire within, like Etna, glows,
Though venerable age around his temples snows.
If from the modern or the ancient store
He borrows aught, he always pays them more.
So much improved, each thought so fine appears,
Waller or Ovid scarce durst own them theirs.
The learned Goth hath scour'd all Europe's plains—
France, Spain, and fruitful Italy he drains,
From every realm and every language gains:
His gains a conquest are, and not a theft;
He wishes still new worlds of wit were left.
* * * * * * *
I envy not great Dryden's loftier strain
Of arms and men, design'd to entertain
Princes and courts, so I but please the plain.
Nor would I barter profit for delight,
Nor would have writ like him: like him to write,
If there's hereafter, and a last great day,
What fire's enough to purge his stains away?
How will he wish each lewd applauded line,
Which makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,
Had been as dull as honest Quarles', or mine!*
With sixty years of lewdness rest content!
It may 'nt be yet too late, O yet repent!
Even thee our injured altar will receive;
While yet there's hope, fly to its arms and live!
So shall for thee their harps the angels string,
And the returning prodigal shall sing;
New joys through all the heavenly host be shown,
In numbers only sweeter than thine own."

In other places of the same poem, speaking of pauses, he says,—

"The little glimpse that Dryden gives, is more
Than all our careless writers knew before;

* The six preceding lines are introduced by Samuel Wesley, jun., into the elegy on his father's death, and inserted in the Arminian Mag., vol. i, p. 143, as well as in the subsequent pages.—EDITOR.

He finds examples, we the rules must make,
Though who without a guide may not mistake?

'Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull:
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.'
Dryden's Riddle.

If we that famous riddle can untie,
Their brightest beauties in their pauses lie,
To admiration varied; next to these
The numbers, justly order'd, charm and please;
Each word, each happy sound, is big with sense;
They all deface, who take one letter thence."

Speaking of Blackmore,—

"Even envy Blackmore's subjects must confess
Exact and rare, a curious happiness,
Nor many would the fable better dress;
Each page is big with Virgil's manly thought,—
To follow him too near 's a glorious fault.
He dared be virtuous in the world's despite;
While Dryden lives, he dared a modest poem write."*

Mr. Wesley being asked whether Milton or Waller were the best poet, replied, "They are both excellent of their kind: Milton is the fullest and loftiest; Waller the neatest and most correct poet we ever had. But yet I think Milton wrote too little in verse, and too much in prose, to carry the name of *best* from all others. Milton's description of the pandemonium, the battles of the angels, his creation of the world, his digression of light, in his Paradise Lost, are all inimitable pieces, and even that antique style which he uses seems to become the subject, like the strange dresses wherein he represents the old heroes. The description of Samson's death, the artificial and delicate preparation of the incidents and narrations, the turn of the whole, and, more than all, the terrible satire on women, in his discourse with Delilah, are undoubtedly of a piece with his other writings. His elegy on his friend that was drowned, and especially a fragment of The Passion, are incomparable. However, I think him not so general a poet as some we

* Such a poem as this may be supposed to have suggested Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" at all events, his lordship had the example before him in the poetical epistle of the rector of Epworth, as well as the work of others; and if the noble bard had been guided by a sense of justice, rather than by the spirit of revenge, his poem, like that of his predecessor, would have contained more of criticism, and less of invective.—EDITOR.

have formerly had, and others still surviving."—*Athenian Oracle*, vol. i, p. 476.

In the year 1704 he published "The History of the Old and New Testament, attempted in verse, and adorned with three hundred and thirty sculptures, engraved by J. Sturt." 3 vols., 12mo., 1704.

This is a useful work for young persons, as the rhyme may assist the memory, particularly in chronological details. Some years ago it was reprinted in Manchester, but without the plates.

Mr. Wesley published three editions of this work; the first in 1701; then with the Old Testament in 1704; and again, in 1717. The last edition is thus spoken of in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. ix, p. 603: "I happen to possess The History of the New Testament; attempted in verse, and adorned with one hundred and fifty-two sculptures, by Samuel Wesley, M. A., &c. The third edition. Printed by R. B., for Thomas Ward, 1717. It forms one volume, 12mo., and is addressed, *sans* date, to the marchioness of Normanby, in a prosaic but flattering dedication, in which the author mourns over the loss of his most generous patroness, 'our late queen, of blessed memory,' but rejoices that the marchioness survives. It seems a work perfect in itself, and discovers no traces of the Old Testament. It is, as all such works must be, mere pap, or milk and water, and could not expect 'the estimation of the learned;' yet, to give it its due, the engravings are pretty enough, much better than such things generally are, and by no means so execrable as Mr. Badcock represents those in the Dissertation on Job."—*J. Brown.* In the preface to the reader, he says, "I have but little to say concerning this small present which I here make thee. 'Tis some account of the intervals of my time, which I wish had never been worse employed. There are some passages here represented, which are so barren of circumstances, that it was not easy to make them shine in verse; though they could not be well omitted without breaking the thread of the history. As for these, I hope that old excuse will be allowed me, Ornari res ipsa negat, &c. But there are others where I have more liberty, wherein it is my own fault if I have not succeeded better. On the whole, if aught that's here may be useful to any good Christian, and

tend to promote piety, I shall be better pleased than if I could have composed a book on any other subject, worthy to be dedicated in the Vatican; for I hope I am got on the right side of the world, and am as indifferent to it, as it can be to me."

Mr. Brown speaks well of the engravings as executed by Sturt, of whom some account is given in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1824. John Sturt was born April 6, 1668. He engraved the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny. But his best work was his Common Prayer Book, published by subscription in 1717: it is a large 8vo., engraven very neatly on one hundred and eighty-eighty silver plates, in two columns. Prefixed is a bust of George the First. The lines on the king's face are expressed by letters, and contain the Lord's Prayer, Commandments, Creed, Prayer for the Royal Family, and the Twenty-first Psalm, but so small as not to be legible without a magnifying glass. "Perhaps," says Mr. Dibdin, "the sacred parts of our Liturgy were never so unpicturesquely introduced." He engraved an elegy on Queen Mary in so small a size that it might be set in a ring or locket. This last wonderful feat, which was announced in the Gazette, was performed in 1694. Sturt, grown old and poor, was offered a place in the Charter-house, which he refused, and died about the age of seventy-two.

In 1703 his letter, already mentioned, concerning the education of the Dissenters in their private academies, was printed, but without his consent or knowledge, many years after it had been written, to oblige a particular friend. This friend was Mr. Robert Clavel, the bookseller of St. Paul's Church Yard, a person of great respectability. Dr. Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, used to call him "the honest bookseller." He had an extensive trade, and prior to this time had been master of the Company of Stationers. (See *Life and Errors*, p. 207.) The title is as follows: "A Letter from a Country Divine to his Friend in London, concerning the Education of the Dissenters in their Private Academies, in several Parts of this Nation. Humbly offered to the Consideration of the Grand Committee of Parliament now sitting. London: printed for R. Clavel, at the Peacock in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1703." A very small 4to., containing only fifteen pages.

Mr. Wesley, as has been more than once intimated, never intended this letter for the public eye. His own words are :—"What I wrote was only a private letter to a particular friend, which I had not the least thoughts of his making public, but when I saw it first in print, was as much surprised as the Dissenters themselves could be; for I easily foresaw most of the consequences of it. And I think what I did was very little more than was done by Mr. Bonnel, who entered a much severer character of his fellow-academics in his private writings, which afterward became sufficiently public; and this answers all his topics of railing, though he and his party should continue to brand me with ingratitude to the end of the world."—*Reply*, p. 153.

A short analysis of this letter may be necessary, as it was the foundation of a long and painful controversy, which produced little profit or honor to the contending parties. Some of the ground will necessarily be touched, which has already been partially trod; but sameness shall be avoided as much as possible.

In behalf of Mr. Wesley, it may be well argued, that as he never designed the letter should be published, so he intended the Dissenters as a body no kind of harm, and the gentleman who published it betrayed the confidence of his friend, and evidently designed to call the attention of government, in the most sinister way, to the case of the Dissenters, and subject them to a state persecution. In this letter, Mr. W. apologizes for writing against a body among whom he was educated, to whom his ancestors belonged, and from whom he had received many personal favors; declares that he had no personal enmity against the people whose party he had left; that he honored some of them, pitied others, and hated none, p. 3; purposes to relate whatever was most material in the methods used by the Dissenters to propagate a ministry in opposition to the Established Church; what kind of schools and colleges they had established, to supersede the necessity of going to our universities; how these were maintained; what sort of principles were there taught, and what sort of arguments were used to confirm their pupils in their dissent, and to prevent any from going over to the communion of the Church, p. 4. He next introduces a sketch of his early history thus: "Being born of dissenting parents, my father

dying early, while I was at a country school, and almost fit for the university, I was taken notice of by that party, and, without my mother's application or charges, sent by their direction to London, in order to be entered at one of their private academies, and so for their ministry. Dr. G., who then lived somewhere near town, and had the care of one of the most considerable of those seminaries, had promised me my tuition, in expectation of which I came to London, on the 8th of March, 1678; but on my arrival found him newly deceased, on which I was continued some time longer at a grammar-school, from whence my master would have had me gone to the university, having there provided a handsome subsistence for me; but the fore-mentioned party offering my relations greater advantages, I was disposed of by them at one Mr. V. [Veal] of Stepney, who there kept a private academy, having the sum of £30 per annum settled upon me by way of an exhibition, which was raised, with much more, by collections and subscriptions at a certain dissenting congregation. There I remained for the space of about two years, in which time my tutor read to me a course of logic and ethics; but being prosecuted by the neighboring justices, he broke up his house, and quitted that employ; not long before which I had £10 per annum more allowed me, which whence gathered I knew not, but was disposed of by Dr. O. [Owen,] whom I waited upon a little after with my thanks for that favor, and was received very civilly by him, encouraged in the prosecution of my studies, and advised to have a particular regard to critical learning, p. 5.

"When this tutor [Mr. Veal] left off, I was recommended to another, one Mr. M. [Morton] of Newington Green, formerly fellow of Wadham College in Oxford, I think; for he was a great acquaintance of Bishop W. [Wilkins;] an ingenious and universally learned man, but his chiefest excellency lay in mathematics. There I continued two years more, with my former exhibitions; and my age increasing, I began now to make some more observations of things than while with my first tutor; and the more I saw into what was about me, the more, I confess, I disliked it, and began to doubt whether I was in the right," p. 6.

Mr. Wesley's character of his tutor should not be passed by:—"For my tutor himself, I must and ever will do him

that justice to assert, that whenever the young men had any discourse of the government, and talked disaffectedly or disloyally, he never failed to rebuke and admonish them to the contrary; telling us expressly, more than once, that it was none of our business to censure such as God had set over us; that small miscarriages ought not to be magnified, nor severely reflected on, there never having been a government so exact or perfect but had some of those Nævi in it. And further, he cautioned us against lampoons or scandalous libels against superiors, and that from the immorality, as well as danger, of being the authors or dispersers of them."—*Ibid.* After having given a list of the different dissenting academies in England,* their tutors, and remarkable pupils, he returns to Mr. Morton's academy, where he had been last, and which he says stood one of the longest in England, for which he gives the following reason:—"We having many gentlemen of estate, who paid well, our tutor designing what he thought the glory of God, more than his own private profit, proposed no more but just to save himself harmless: and if, therefore, he had little for some, he valued it not, so as 'twas barely made up by others; whence we had new ministers sent out, and ordained by the presbyters."—P. 9.

In the next page we learn something of the usage and fate of this excellent man, Mr. Morton:—"But though we had long weathered it out, the shocks at length came so fiercely, our tutor could not stand it: he had once before been excommunicated, and a *capias* issued out against him, on which he was taken, but while in custody of an officer, before he was actually committed to prison, the officer, in whose house he lay, accidentally died during his stay there; on which, there being none to detain him, he returned home again, attributing the thing, as is usual with that sort of people, to a particular providence: he was now in danger of a second *capias*, on which he used the mediation of my Lady R. to get some respite, and sent her sister several times to London House, on the same errand. My lord of L., as we were told, promised him all reasonable favor if he would leave that place and employment,

* He estimates the numbers in these academies scattered throughout England, if all united, to equal about half in one of our universities.—*Reply*, p. 37.

which he could not suffer him in, so much to the detriment and prejudice of the Established Church, and affront to the laws and universities; on which he absconded some time at a friend's, absenting himself from us, and leaving the senior pupils to instruct the junior." What execrable times were these, when the good, the pious, the learned, and the peaceable had no protection for person or property, if they differed at all from the time-serving principles of those in power! On all sides, it was an age of bigotry, superstition, and political oppression; and if the Dissenters were to blame, the Church was not to be praised. Mr. Wesley's observation on the unexpected death of the officer who had taken the good Mr. Morton, does small credit to his religion as a Christian, or his feelings as a man: "attributing the thing, as is usual with that sort of people, to a particular providence!" To what else could it be attributed? The man himself is blameless, according to Mr. W.'s own account, a pattern of all excellence, a thorough friend to the government, and inculcating on all his pupils the most conscientious respect and obedience to the laws, and to all that were in authority over them. This persecuted man, about a year after this, emigrated to New-England, and became vice-president of Harvard College. H died 1697, aged seventy. Had the Church and the state continued such as they were then, the nation had never risen to that state of moral and political excellence in which it is now found. The Dissenters also have preserved their proportion in the scale of amelioration.

Mr. Wesley gives next a circumstantial account of the manner in which he acquired the conviction that it was his duty to leave the dissenting communion, and unite himself to the Established Church, and to enter the university, adding, "though I know not how to get thither, or live there when I come." He was offered employment among the Dissenters, either in a gentleman's house, or chaplain to an East India ship; but having thoroughly made up his mind, "I went," says he, "in the name of God, and entered there the —— of August, in the year 1683, a servitor of E. [Exeter] College. Here I tarried, though I met with some hardships I had before been unacquainted with, till I was of standing sufficient, and then took my bachelor's degree; and not being able to subsist

there afterward, came to London during the time of my lord bishop of London's suspension by the high commission, and was initiated into deacon's orders by my lord bishop of R. [Rochester] at his palace at B., [Bromley,] August 7th, 1688; and on the 24th of February following, in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, was ordained by the lord bishop of L. a priest of the Church of England, in whose communion, as I have lived now comfortably and happily these six years past, so I hope to continue in it all my life, and by the grace of God to die in the same." —P. 13.

Thus ends this letter, after which a page and eight lines of Appendix are added, giving some account of the exceptionable books which were read by some young gentlemen in the Dissenters' academies. This should be understood as applying only to the academy of Mr. Morton, for he states distinctly, in the Reply to Palmer, p. 137, that he saw no improper books at Mr. Veal's academy.

This letter gave the Dissenters great offense; and well it might, for it was incautiously written; but it was soon answered anonymously in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Defense of the Dissenters' Education." Mr. Wesley, having entered on the controversy, was now urged by his diocesan to proceed, who, he says, "both spoke to me, and sent to me, to write my defense, and reviewed part of it before it was printed;" accordingly, to defend his original letter, Mr. Wesley published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Defense of a Letter concerning the Education of Dissenters in their private Academies; with a more satisfactory Account of the same, and of their Morals and Behavior toward the Church of England: being an Answer to the *Defense of the Dissenters' Education.* By Samuel Wesley;" with this remarkable motto:—

——— Noli irritare crabrones!

"The Kirk's a vixen; don't anger her."

London, 4to., 1704, pp. 64; besides eight of title, preface, and contents.

This publication, which I have several times had occasion to quote, only served to widen the breach; for Mr. Palmer, who appears to have been the anonymous author of

the "Defense of the Dissenters' Education," soon published what he termed "A Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behavior of the Dissenters toward the Church of England." A man of Mr. Wesley's disposition was not likely to sit quiet under the severe reflections cast on him by Mr. Palmer in the above pamphlet, especially when his diocesan* still urged him on, and offered, says he, "to assist me with some materials for the doing it." Wherefore he immediately meditated an answer; but this was delayed for some time. The rage of party took advantage of his narrow circumstances, and he was suddenly thrown into Lincoln Castle for a paltry debt. This was petty malice; and he amply retorted on his persecutors in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Reply to Mr. Palmer's Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behavior of the Dissenters toward the Church of England. By SAMUEL WESLEY." London, 1707, 4to., about 155 pages; besides sixteen of title, preface, and contents; with a motto taken from John Fox, and one from De Foe. The latter I shall transcribe:—

"How long must we see the reproaches of our Establishment, and the insult of the laws, and be bound to silence, and to say nothing for peace' sake? How long must their false prophets and dreamers of dreams abuse us, and we be obliged to hold our peace?"—*De Foe's Review*, vol. iii, No. xliii.

This work appears to have been partly written in Lincoln Castle, as the following words in the preface seem to imply:—"I am to ask his (Mr. Palmer's) pardon for the delay of my answer, which I hope he will the more easily grant, because he is not ignorant of the occasion. I have often thought of his kind admonition in his first book, p. 20, 'of what I was likely to lose by the Dissenters' resentment of my letter,' &c. Some people have an untoward faculty of keeping their words with the utmost exactness, whenever they make a left-hand promise; and there are some sort of debts they'll never compound for, but be sure to pay them to the uttermost farthing.

"I shan't trouble him (the reader) with any melancholy stories of the treatment I have lately met with, but shall

* Reply to Palmer, p. 154.

refer it to a higher tribunal than that of any earthly judicature." And in the beginning of the ninth chapter of the work, (p. 144,) he says, "I am now come to Mr. Palmer's last chapter, which I wish I had been at long before; for I must confess I don't much admire this work which I am forced to in my own just defense; and think, if I were at liberty, I could employ myself something better." And in p. 68: "Welcome a jail once more, rather than take their dirty road to preferment." Mr. Palmer did not reply.

I have been thus particular, because Dunton frequently adverts to this controversy, and intimates that it was undertaken by Mr. Wesley "in hopes of a bishopric." In giving the character of the ministers who conformed, he remarks, "I shall add my old friend Mr. Samuel Wesley, who was educated upon charity in a private academy, if we may take his own word for it in his late pamphlet, which was designedly written to expose and overthrow those academies. One would have thought that either gratitude, or his own reputation in the world, and among his relations, and his best friends, might have kept him silent; though when a man is resolved to do himself a mischief, who can help it? But it is certainly so. *Apostata est osor sui ordinis.* Mr. W. has read much, and is well skilled in the languages; he is generous and good-humored, and caresses his friend with a great deal of passion, so long as his circumstances are anything in order, and then he drops him; and I challenge the rector of Epworth (for he is not yet 'my lord,' nor 'his grace') to prove I injure him in this character. I could be very maggoty with this conforming Dissenter, but, except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell till we meet in heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for, human frailties excepted, I believe Sam. Wesley a pious man."

After these observations we should hardly have expected anything more; but when he comes to give Mr. Palmer's character, he again adverts to it thus: "There has a controversy fallen out of late between him and the dignified Mr. Samuel Wesley, concerning the private academies, wherein he has fully vindicated those nurseries of piety and good learning from the scandal and imputation which Mr. Wesley endeavored to throw upon them. Mr. Wesley's first piece, addressed to the parliament then sitting,

was a most unkind satire upon himself; the world had not known him unless he had thought fit to make himself public. I am afraid Mr. Wesley's vein has almost spent itself: the dregs came the last. Whether his last libel be worthy of an answer, Mr. Palmer is the best judge, and that province belongs to him. However, it plainly appears that Mr. Wesley's taxing their morals and behavior, &c., was a malicious falsehood, published on purpose to curry favor with the *high-flyers*, and to enlarge his preferment."

I should remark, that by the "last libel," Dunton alludes to Mr. Wesley's second tract, "A Defense," which came out the year preceding "his Life and Errors," in which even the very printer comes under his lash, who, he says, "has no spot on his character, except it be printing that infamous pamphlet."

In a poem, entitled, "The Dissenting Doctors," referring to Palmer, and to this controversy, he writes,—

> "Were Wesley but impartial, he would own
> His learned 'Answer' lash'd him to the bone.
> A better 'Vindication' none could write,
> Nor any satire show us half that wit.
> Strict sense appears in the most careless line,
> And in the most exact the graces shine."
> *Life and Errors*, pp. 163–4, 380, 724. 2d ed.

As the matter of Mr. Wesley's imprisonment has been misunderstood, if not misrepresented, I shall soon lay the whole account before the reader.

Whether this controversy were carried on any further I know not; I give below the titles of all the pieces I have seen on the subject;* and as far as I have gone with the

* The pamphlets, written pro and con on this controversy, were the following :—

1. A Letter from a Country Divine to his Friend in London, concerning the Education of the Dissenters in their Private Academies in several Parts of this Nation. Humbly offered to the Consideration of the Grand Committee of Parliament for Religion, now sitting. London, 1703, 4to., pp. 15. The country divine was Mr. S. Wesley.

2. A Defense of the Dissenters' Education in their Private Academies, in an Answer to Mr. W——y's disingenuous and unskillful Reflections upon 'em; in a Letter to a Noble Lord. London, 1703, sm. 4to., pp. 24. This was by Mr. Palmer.

3. A Defense of a Letter concerning the Education of Dissenters in their Private Academies, with a more full and satisfactory Account of the same, and of their Morals, and Behavior toward the Church of England; being an Answer to the Defense of the Dissenters' Education. By Samuel Wesley. London, 1704, 4to., pp. 54.

controversy, I must own I have received no edification from it. Mr. Wesley most certainly uses great dexterity in fencing with and foiling his adversary. But on both sides party spirit has a superabundant prevalence. Mr. Wesley was ill used by several of that party, and he appears too often to attribute the unchristian and cruel treatment he received from them to the whole body, and to intimate that dissenting principles must necessarily produce such wicked effects.

Mr. W. was an unqualified admirer of Charles the First, considered him, in the fullest sense, a martyr, and was often intolerant to those who differed from him in this opinion. He exposed the Dissenters; and did it the more effectually, because, being bred up among them, he knew their order, discipline, political opinions, &c. But he always gets too much into generals from particulars, and charges the body with the vices of the few.

Their mode of defense was not calculated to soften his asperity, nor correct his misapprehension; and they disgracefully stooped to personal injuries that they might avenge themselves on one whom they considered a de-

4. A Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behavior of the Dissenters toward the Church of England; in Answer to Mr. Wesley's Defense of his Letter concerning the Dissenters' Education in their Private Academies. And to Mr. Sacheverel's injurious Reflections upon them. London, 1705, 4to., pp. 115.

5. A Reply to Mr. Palmer's Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behavior of the Dissenters toward the Church of England. By Samuel Wesley. London, 1707, 4to., pp. 155.

6. Presbyterian Loyalty, in two Letters, one directed to Mr. Palmer, Author of the Vindication of the Loyalty, &c., of the Dissenters; the other to a Tacking Member of Parliament, giving some Account of the History of Dissenters' Loyalty, &c. Part I, in Answer to Mr. Palmer's fifth Chapter of his Vindication of the Dissenters' Behavior toward Authority; in which there is some Account of the Presbyterian Plot of making James, Duke of Monmouth, King of England. By a Friend of the Tackers. London, 1705, 4to., pp. 24. (Signed Philarene.)

7. Presbyterian Loyalty, in two Letters; one directed to Moderate Churchmen; to which is annexed, the Ballad of the Cloak, or the Cloak's Knavery. The other to a Tacking Member of the late House of Commons, giving an Account of the History of Dissenters' Loyalty to the Martyrdom of King Charles the First. Part II, in Answer to Mr. Palmer's fifth Chapter of his Vindication of the Dissenters' Behavior toward Authority. With an Elegy on King Charles the First, reprinted. By a Friend of the Tackers. London, 1705, 4to., pp. 32. (Signed Philalethes.)

One of the most singular circumstances in this paper was, that Mr. Samuel Palmer, the warm defender of the Dissenters, actually abandoned them, and conformed to the Church of England! Perhaps won over by his antagonist's arguments.

tractor of the brethren, and an apostate from the true faith.

The same subjects canvassed then would scarcely admit of discussion now. A spirit of liberality and tolerance now exists, and is happily cultivated, which, in great part of the seventeenth century, was little known. Through the mercy of God the nation has now more light and more religion; though there are still individuals to be found, on both sides, who, had they the power, would stir up old feuds, and banish sweet repose from the hearts and houses of the pious, the peaceable, and the loyal. Neither the name nor peculiar creed of Churchman nor Dissenter is essential to salvation. He alone deserves the title of Christian who wishes well to the human race, and labors to promote, according to his power and influence, the best interests of mankind. No man professing godliness should forget to imitate Him "who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." Mr. Wesley did not keep this constantly in mind, and of this he himself seems to be conscious from an observation at the close of this controversy, (see *Reply*, p. 144:) "If," says he, "in the heat of controversy, I should unadvisedly have used any expressions, in this or any other of my writings, that either may reflect too severely on a whole body of men among whom I doubt not but there are many who fear God, and have a zeal for him, though I think it is not according to knowledge, or which have not been agreeable to the spirit of Christianity, and the example of my great Master, I do heartily, very heartily, ask pardon, both of God and them, as I desire the same for my greatest enemies. And having written this, and again and again reviewed and weighed it, I am not much concerned for the consequence of it as to this world, but shall conclude as our Church does one part of our litany, 'In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,—good Lord, deliver us.'"

To pursue the literary life of Mr. Wesley any further at present would take us too far out of the direct line of his domestic relations.

While Mr. S. Wesley attended his curacy in London, about 1690 or 1691, for the date is not exactly known, he

contracted an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage, with Miss Susannah Annesley, youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley, LL. D., an eminent Nonconformist divine, nobly related; for he and Arthur Annesley, earl of Anglesey and lord privy seal to Charles the Second, were brothers' children. The excellence of Miss Annesley's mind was equal to the eminence of her birth; but her history is too important to be included even in that of her husband, and requires a separate place. She was such a helpmate as Mr. Wesley required; and to her, under God, the great eminence of the subsequent Wesley family is to be attributed. They had nineteen children, of whom only their eldest son Samuel appears to have been born previously to their removal to South Ormsby in Lincolnshire, which was about the year 1690.

The Rev. William Azlach was Mr. Wesley's predecessor at South Ormsby. According to the register of that church, Mr. Azlach was buried on Jan. 19th, 1690. That Mr. W. succeeded him, appears from an entry in Mr. W.'s hand-writing, dated Aug. 26th of this year; and we shall see that his daughter Susannah, first of that name, was baptized in South Ormsby Church, on March 31st, 1691.

He continued in this rectory till about the end of 1696; for the Rev. Thomas Raven, rector, succeeded him in 1697.

South Ormsby is a small but neat village, about nine miles from Horncastle, eight from Louth, and six from Alford.

An intelligent friend who visited the place, and inspected the church and register for me, thus describes it: "It has the pleasant aspect common to most villages which skirt the park surrounding a gentleman's seat. The church is ancient, and is situated on a small eminence with trees about it, and overlooks the rectory-house, which is built on lower ground adjoining the church-yard. They are close to the border of the park, and not far from the hall. The whole scene, from a turn in the public road, a short distance from the house, is pleasingly picturesque, even to the person who cares nothing for the name of Wesley."—*A. G. Jewitt.*

In Mr. Wesley's time, however, his own situation at the parsonage seems by no means enviable, as far as he describes it in his poem:—

"In a mean cot composed of reeds and clay,
Wasting in sighs the uncomfortable day;
Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
Devouring by degrees the neighboring shores."

Yet, amid all the changes to which he was subject, he exclaims,—

"Let earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
Nor can unhappy be, while heaven is mine."*

Mr. Wesley began the world under many disadvantages: he had himself no property; and Dr. Annesley's family was probably much reduced, so that he could give little with any of his daughters. Elizabeth had married John Dunton, so often already mentioned. His eccentricities were such as to bring him into frequent embarrassments. What help his father-in-law's family could afford him, I suppose he had; and besides this, he had borrowed considerably from Mr. Wesley, so that when he was thrown into prison for debt by others, Mr. Wesley, he acknowledges, was his chief creditor; which debt he never repaid. And although Dunton was, at Mr. Wesley's first setting out in the world, one of his principal friends, yet through his generosity in return, he suffered much in his circumstances.†

* Life of Christ, p. 20, line 750, &c.

† One thing is to be perceived in Mr. Wesley's spirit, in the midst of his exercises, and that is—he never forgot his God. His "Prayer for one in affliction and want" will show the character of his addresses to God:—

"O God! who art infinite in power, and compassion, and goodness, and truth; who hast promised in thy Holy Word that thou wilt hear the prayer of the poor and destitute, and wilt not despise his desire; look down, I beseech thee, from heaven, the habitation of thy holiness and glory, upon me, a miserable sinner, now lying under thy hand in great affliction and sorrow, who fly to thee alone for help and comfort. I am weary of my groaning,—my heart faileth me,—the light of my eyes is gone from me,—I sink in the deep waters,—and there is none to help me; yet I wait still upon thee, my God. Though all the world forsake me, let the Lord still uphold me, and in him let me always find the truest, the kindest, the most compassionate, unwearied, almighty friendship; to him let me ease my wearied soul, and unbosom all my sorrows!

"Help me, O Lord, against hope to believe in hope. Grant that I may not be moved with all the slights and censures of a mistaken world. Let me look by faith beyond this vale of tears and misery, to that happy place which knows no pain, or want, or sorrow, as being assured that there is an end, and my expectation shall not be cut off. I know, O Lord, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses, but that he who has the most here, as he brought nothing with him into this world, so he shall carry nothing out. I bless thee that thou hast not given me my portion among those who have received all their consolation here, whose

From the year 1691 to 1700 he met with various misfortunes and trials. He had, it is true, expectations of preferment; and had Queen Mary lived, he would certainly have risen in the Church, as it appears she had firmly purposed.

For a time he had the friendship of the marquis of Normanby, afterward duke of Buckingham, who made him his chaplain, and is said to have recommended him for an Irish bishopric. The duke of Marlborough was also his friend; and, for his poem on the "Fate of Europe," gave him the chaplaincy of Colonel Lepell's regiment: but the Dissenters, his inflexible enemies, had interest enough at court, and with the leading men of the nation, to prevent his preferment, and deprive him of the chaplaincies which he had honestly obtained.

portion is in this life only. Neither let me expect those blessings which thou hast promised to the poor, unless I am really poor in spirit, and meek and humble. I know nothing is impossible with God, and that it is thou alone who givest power to get riches, and that thou canst, by thy good providence, raise me from this mean condition whenever thou pleasest, and wilt certainly do it if it be best for me, and therefore submit all unto thy wise and kind disposal. I desire not wealth, or greatness: give me neither extreme poverty, nor do I ask riches of thee, but only to be fed with food convenient for me. I desire earnestly to seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, well hoping that in thy good time, food, raiment, and all other things that be needful, shall be added unto me. I believe, O Lord, that thou who feedest the ravens, and clothest the lilies, wilt not neglect me (and mine;) that thou wilt make good thy own unfailing promises, wilt give meat to them that fear thee, and be ever mindful of thy covenant. In the mean time, let me not be querulous, or impatient, or envious at the prosperity of the wicked, or judge uncharitably of those to whom thou hast given a larger portion of the good things of this life, or be cruel to those who are in the same circumstances with myself. Let me never sink or despond under my heavy pressures and continued misfortunes. Though I fall, let me rise again, because the Lord taketh me up. Let my heart never be sunk so low that I should be afraid to own the cause of despised virtue Give diligence, and prudence, and industry, and let me neglect nothing that lies in me to provide honestly for my own house, lest I be worse than an infidel. Help me carefully to examine my life past; and if, by my own carelessness or imprudence, I have reduced myself into this low condition, let me be more deeply afflicted for it; but yet still hope in thy goodness, avoiding those failures whereof I have been formerly guilty. Or if for my sins thou hast brought this upon me, my unthankfulness for thy mercies, or abuse of them, help me now with submission and patience to bear the punishment of my iniquity. Or if by thy wise providence thou art pleased thus to afflict me for trial, and for the example of others; thy will, O my God, not mine, be done! Help me, and any who are in the same circumstances, in patience to possess our souls, and let all thy fatherly chastisements advance us still nearer toward Christian perfection. Teach us the emptiness of all things here below, wean us more and more from a vain world, fix our hearts more upon heaven, and help us forward in the right way that leads to everlasting life," &c.—EDITOR.

In the midst of all his troubles he had an invariable friend in the justly celebrated Dr. John Sharp, archbishop of York,* and grandfather to the late Granville Sharp, Esq., the first man whose call awakened the drowsy and guilty British nation to the wrongs of Africa.

The archbishop acted to Mr. Wesley the part of a most tender father and beneficent patron. The latter frequently poured his complaints into his bosom; and they were received with tenderness and affectionate commiseration: and the bounty of the archbishop of York was frequently poured on the necessities of the distressed rector of Epworth. Of these benefits Mr. Wesley had a due and deep sense; and his manly gratitude kept pace with his obligations.†

* Dunton states, (Life, p. 361,) that "King William, having heard how useful Dr. Sharp was as minister of St. Giles, bestowed on him the archbishopric of York."—EDITOR.

† Mr. Wesley was not the only person who enjoyed his lordship's bounty. The following anecdote, published by P. Hoare in his life of Dr. Sharp, is highly interesting:—

It was his lordship's custom to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus going to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before the carriage, a decent looking young man came up to him, and, with a trembling hand and faultering tongue, presented a pistol to his lordship's breast, demanding his money. The archbishop, with composure, turned about, and looking steadfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir!" with great agitation, cried the youth, "No words—'tis not a time—your money instantly." "Hear me, young man," said the archbishop, "and come on with me. You see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am named Sharp, and am archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind; tell me what money you want, and who you are; and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this ——; and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "O sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not stay; fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue besides my own can tell." "Well, sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honor, if you will in a day or two call on me at ——, what I have now given shall be made up that sum."

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the archbishop, and assured his lordship his words had left impressions on his mind which nothing could ever efface.

Nothing transpired of him for a year and a half, or more; when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The bishop ordered the stranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his lordship was, but had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk, almost breathless, on the floor; recovering, he requested his lordship for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; grati-

By the kindness of Miss Sharp, the only surviving branch of this ancient and very eminent family, I have been put in possession of letters written by Mr. Wesley to the archbishop, from the year 1700 to 1707, which filled up a considerable gap in his history, and afford a number of curious particulars, which have never been before the public. These come in properly in this place; and from the first we shall see the difficulties with which this good man had to struggle, and the cause of his consequent embarrassments.

"For the most Rev. father in God, the lord archbishop of York, at Bishop Thorp.

"My Lord,—I have lived on the thoughts of your grace's generous offer ever since I was at Bishop Thorp; and the hope I have of seeing some end, or at least mitigation, of my troubles, makes me pass through them with much more ease than I should otherwise have done. I can now make a shift to be dunned with some patience; and to be affronted, because I want the virtue of riches, by those who scarce think there is any other virtue.

"I must own I was ashamed, when at Bishop Thorp, to confess that I was three hundred pounds in debt, when I have a living of which I have made two hundred pounds per annum, though I could hardly let it now for eightscore.

"I doubt not but one reason of my being sunk so far is, my not understanding worldly affairs; and my aversion to law, which my people have always known but too well. But I think I can give a tolerable account of my affairs, and satisfy any equal judge that a better husband than

tude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions. O my lord—(tears for awhile prevented his utterance)—'tis you, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here is that fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven, and all its blessings, be your present and everlasting reward! I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your lordship knows him, I am sure. His name was ——. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor, and intestate. What was his is become mine; and, by your astonishing goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."—See also, *Arminian Magazine*, vol. viii, p. 159.

myself might have been in debt, though, perhaps, not so deeply, had he been in the same circumstances, and met with the same misfortunes.

"'Twill be no great wonder that when I had but fifty pounds per annum for six or seven years together, nothing to begin the world with, one child at least per annum, and my wife sick for half that time, that I should run one hundred and fifty pounds behindhand; especially when about a hundred of it had been expended in goods, without doors and within.

"When I had the rectory of Epworth given me, my lord of Sarum was so generous as to pass his word to his goldsmith* for one hundred pounds, which I borrowed of him. It cost me very little less than fifty pounds of this in my journey to London, and getting into my living, for the broad seal, &c.; and with the other fifty pounds I stopped the mouths of my most importunate creditors.

"When I removed to Epworth I was forced to take up fifty pounds more, for setting up a little husbandry when I took the tithes into my own hand, and buying some part of what was necessary toward furnishing my house, which was larger, as well as my family, than what I had on the other side the county.

"The next year my barn fell, which cost me forty pounds in rebuilding, (thanks to your grace for part of it;) and having an aged mother, who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her, she cost me upward of forty pounds more, which obliged me to take up another fifty pounds. I have had but three children born since I came hither, about three years since; but another coming, and my wife incapable of any business in my family, as she has been for almost a quarter of a year; yet we have but one maid-servant, to retrench all possible expenses.

"My first-fruits came to about twenty-eight pounds; my tenths near three pounds per annum. I pay a yearly pension of three pounds out of my rectory to John of Jerusalem. My taxes came to upward of twenty pounds per annum; but they are now retrenched to about half. My collection to the poor comes to five pounds per annum; besides which, they have lately bestowed an apprentice upon me,

* Such was the denomination of bankers in that day. See Ellis's Correspondence.

whom, I suppose, I must teach to beat rime. Ten pounds a year I allow my mother to help to keep her from starving. I wish I could give as good an account for some charities, which I am now satisfied have been imprudent, considering my circumstances.

"Fifty pounds interest and principal I have paid my lord of Sarum's goldsmith. All which together keeps me necessitous, especially since interest money begins to pinch me; and I am always called on for money before I make it, and must buy everything at the worst hand; whereas, could I be so happy as to get on the right side of my income, I should not fear, by God's help, but to live honestly in the world, and to leave a little to my children after me. I think, as 'tis, I could perhaps work it out in time, in half a dozen or half a score years, if my heart should hold so long: but for that God's will be done!

"Humbly asking pardon for this tedious trouble, I am your grace's most obliged and most humble servant,

"S. WESLEY.

"*Epworth*, 10*r* [*Dec.*] 30, 1700."

There are a few things in this letter which require explanation, and some of them refer to certain curious facts in ecclesiastical history.

1. Among Mr. Wesley's expenses we find getting the broad seal was one. This was on his being presented to the rectory of Epworth; for as that living belongs to the crown, the gift to him required the broad seal affixed as his title: and the fees, &c., of office were even at that time considerable; but now more so, as in addition to them there is a heavy stamp duty.

2. He mentions removing to Epworth from the other side of the county. This was from South Ormsby, which is in the wapentake of Ladbrough, in the opposite side of the county from Epworth, and about eight or ten miles from the Humber. This living he appears to have received from the marquis of Normanby, afterward duke of Buckingham; and the manner in which he lost it we have already seen.

3. He speaks of his aged mother. This was the relict of his father, John Wesley, some time vicar of Whitchurch, in Dorsetshire; from which he was ejected by the cruel

Act of Uniformity. Persecuted and driven about from place to place during his life, he could make no provision for his family; and his widow, who survived him many years, was obliged to depend on fortuitous charity; and, in her latter days especially, on the little help, ten pounds per annum, which she received from her son Samuel; who, according to the above account, was in very straitened circumstances himself.

It must be owned that Mr. Wesley's attachment to the Church must have been strong indeed, and founded on conscientious principles, when he clave to it with all his heart, at the risk of all he possessed; while he had continually before his eyes the horrible consequences of those cruel laws, and relentless high-church bigotry, that deprived his parents of a morsel of bread, brought his father to an untimely grave, and reduced his widowed aged mother to a state of the most abject poverty.

4. He tells the archbishop that his first-fruits came to £28, that is, he had to pay £28 in lieu of the first-fruits; which mean the profits of all spiritual promotions for one whole year. These were at first given to the pope; but were taken from him by the Statute of Coventry, anno 6 Hen. IV., A. D. 1404, and annexed to the crown anno 25 Hen. VIII., A. D. 1533, under which act Mr. Wesley paid them. But they were given from the crown to the poor clergy, anno 2, 3 Annæ, A. D. 1703, about two or three years after the time of which Mr. Wesley here speaks; and still continue to be appropriated in the same way.

5. His tenths, he tells us, came to £3 per annum. The tenths were a "yearly rent, or pension, amounting to the value of a tenth part of all the revenues, rents, farms, tithes, offerings, emoluments, and all other profits, as well spiritual as temporal, belonging to any archbishopric, bishopric, parsonage, vicarage, or other benefice, or promotion spiritual, to be yearly paid for ever to the king." These also had been claimed by the pope, but were annexed to the crown by the statute anno 26 Henry VIII., A. D. 1534. But they were, with the first-fruits, given by the crown to augment the livings of the poor clergy, by the statute anno 2, 3 Annæ, A. D. 1703.

6. He also mentions paying a pension of £3 yearly out

of his rectory to John of Jerusalem. This was the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, to which the lands formerly belonging to the Knights Templars had been given by the statute *De Juris Templariorum*, made anno 17 Edw. II., A. D. 1323, when the above order was suppressed in England. The whole order had been suppressed by Pope Clement V., in a general council at Vienna, A. D. 1312. At the suppression of the monasteries all the possessions of St. John of Jerusalem, in England and Ireland, were given to the king, by the statute anno 32 Henry VIII., A. D. 1541. What therefore each church, &c., paid to this order was after this paid to the king; and as the rectory of Epworth had paid to the value of £3 to that house, this was the sum which the kings of England continued to receive from that rectory.

7. What he meant by *beating rime* I could not satisfactorily explain in the former edition of this work. I am now convinced, from the following verses, in his poem concerning poetry, that the word *rime* was misspelt, (l. 219.)

> "But meanly why do you your fate deplore,
> Yet still write on? Why do a thousand more,
> Who for their own, or some forefather's crime,
> Are doom'd to wear their days in *beating rhime*?"

It is probable, therefore, that he uses the phrase for *making verses*. Of this phraseology I have not met with any other example in any author; but it is evidently a metaphor taken from *beating hemp* or *flax*, thus breaking the *reedy* part, in order to separate the *fibres* from it. Some there have been, who were obliged to *beat* their brains for *rhyme*, as others were to *beat hemp*, in order to separate the *silky fibre* from the *reed*.

The preceding letter had made a strong impression on the mind of the archbishop in his favor; who, willing to serve him in every possible way, not only spoke to several of the more charitably disposed nobility in his behalf, but had actually endeavored to get a brief for him, and had made an application to the House of Lords to this effect. The countess of Northampton, to whom the archbishop had mentioned Mr. Wesley's case, had generously sent him £20. For these and other favors, from and through the archbishop, he expresses himself in a very feeling and

energetic manner in the following letter, which, with that which immediately follows it, I cannot persuade myself to withhold from the reader:—

"*Epworth, May* 14, 1701.

"My Lord,—In the first place, I do, as I am bound, heartily thank God for raising me so great and generous a benefactor as your grace, when I so little expected or deserved it.

"And then return my poor thanks to your lordship; though but a sorry acknowledgment, yet all I have, for the pains and trouble you have been at on my account. I most humbly thank your grace that you did not close with the motion which you mentioned in your grace's first letter; for I should rather choose to remain all my life in my present circumstances than so much as consent that your lordship should do any such thing; nor, indeed, should I be willing on my own account to trouble the House of Lords in the method proposed; for I believe *mine* would be the first instance of a *brief for losses by child-bearing* that ever came before that honorable house.

"Had your grace been able to have effected nothing for me, the generosity and goodness had been the same; and I should have prayed for as great a heap of blessings on your grace and your family. But I can do no more now I have such considerable assistance by your grace's charitable endeavors. When I received your grace's first letter, I thanked God upon my knees for't; and have done the same I believe twenty times since, as often as I have read it; and more than once for the other, which I received but yesterday.

"Certainly, never did an archbishop of England write in such a manner to an isle-poet: but it is peculiar to your grace to oblige so as none besides can do it. I know your grace will be angry, but I can't help it: truth will out, though in a plain and rough dress; and I should sin against God, if I now neglected to make all the poor acknowledgments I am able."

After several other matters, of a more private nature, he mentions the great kindness of the countess of Northampton; and says, he must divide what she has given him,

"half to my poor mother, with whom I am now above a year behindhand; the other ten pounds for my own family. My mother will wait on your grace for her ten pounds: she knows not the particulars of my circumstances, which I keep from her as much as I can, that they may not trouble her."

The following letter, written four days after the above, is both singular and characteristic:—

"*Epworth, May* 18, 1701.

"My Lord,—This comes as a rider to the last, by the same post, to bring such news as I presume will not be unwelcome to a person who has so particular a concern for me. Last night my wife brought me a *few* children. There are but *two* yet, a boy and a girl, and I think they are all at present: we have had four in two years and a day, three of which are living.

"Never came anything more like a gift from heaven than what the countess of Northampton sent by your lordship's charitable offices. Wednesday evening my wife and I clubbed and joined stocks, which came but to *six shillings,* to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the *ten pounds;* and at night my wife was delivered. Glory be to God for his unspeakable goodness!

"I am your grace's most obliged and most humble servant, S. Wesley."

About this time, 1701, a remarkable anecdote occurs in the life of the rector of Epworth. I shall give it in the words of his son, Mr. John Wesley, as I had it from himself.

"Were I," said he, "to write my own life, I should begin it *before I was born,* merely for the purpose of mentioning a disagreement between my father and mother. 'Sukey,' said my father to my mother, one day, after family prayer, 'why did you not say *amen* this morning to the prayer for the king?' 'Because,' said she, 'I do not believe the prince of Orange to be king.' 'If that be the case,' said he, 'you and I must part; for if we have two kings, we must have two beds.' My mother was inflexible. My father went immediately to his study; and, after spending some time with himself, set out for London, where, being

convocation man for the diocese of Lincoln, he remained without visiting his own house for the remainder of the year. On March 8th in the following year, 1702, King William died; and as both my father and mother were agreed as to the legitimacy of Queen Anne's title, the cause of their misunderstanding ceased. My father returned to Epworth, and conjugal harmony was restored."

Mr. Wesley observes, that his father was *convocation man* that year. To the generality of readers this word requires explanation.

Convocation, in our Church history, signifies an assembly of the clergy, for a consultation of matters ecclesiastical, in time of parliament. And as the parliament consists of two distinct houses, so does this: the one called the *upper house*, where the archbishops and bishops sit severally by themselves; the other, the *lower house*, where all the rest of the clergy are represented by their deputies or proctors, consisting of all the deans and archdeacons; of one proctor for every chapter, and two for the clergy of every diocese; in all one hundred and forty-three divines, namely, twenty-two deans, fifty-three archdeacons, twenty-four prebendaries, and forty-four proctors of the diocesan clergy. The convocation is summoned by the king's writ, directed to the archbishop of each province, requiring him to summon all bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c. In this convocation the clergy exercise jurisdiction for the Church, in making of canons; but these must have the king's assent. And they have the power of examining and censuring all heretical and schismatical books and persons; but an appeal lies to the king in chancery, or to his delegates, and the whole powers are limited by statute 25 Hen. VIII., cap. 19.

The clergy, in their attendance on the convocation, have the same privileges as members of the House of Commons, in freedom from arrest.

Mr. Wesley attended these convocations for three years, at the expense to himself of fifty pounds per annum. It appears that he might have avoided this expense, as he was censured for taking this office upon him, which ill accorded with the narrowness of his domestic circumstances.

I have already observed, in the account given of Mr. John Wesley, of Whitchurch, Mr. Samuel Wesley's father,

that every genuine minister of the gospel considers himself a missionary; and that when he receives his commission from the Head of the church, he knows that it in effect says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." About this time Mr. Wesley appears to have had his mind seriously impressed with the miserable state of the heathen, and with a strong desire to go to them, and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. He had mentioned his desire in a general way to Archbishop Sharp, and given him some hints concerning proposals which he had made, probably to the Society for the Propagation of Christianity in Foreign Parts, and to some members of the administration.

It appears that the archbishop had desired an account of the whole scheme; and he sent him the following paper, which is unfortunately without a date, but is in his own handwriting, and is subscribed by the archbishop: —

"The scheme I had laid, if I went to the East Indies, and which by God's grace I shall yet prosecute if I go thither, and am enabled to do it, was not confined to one place or nation, but aimed at a more general service to Christianity.

"My design consisted of three parts; the first relating to our own people, the native English and their subjects, which I am told at one of our colonies are numerous; the second to other Christian churches, whether out of the Roman communion, or members of it; the third, to the heathen.

"1. As to *our own*. I would make a particular inquiry into the state of Christianity in all our factories and settlements, from St. Helena to the further eastern countries; traveling where I could myself, either by land or sea; and where that could not be done, fixing a correspondence, which I should have the convenience of doing from Surat, it being a mart for so many nations. I would inquire into the number of our people, their morals, and their ministers. It should be my faithful endeavor to revive the spirit of Christianity among them, by spreading good books, bringing them to catechising, or any other means, as I should be directed from hence, or as God should enable me.

"2. As to other Christian churches. First, those who

are of the Roman communion. I would endeavor to fix a correspondence with the church of Abyssinia; or, if it was thought fit by my superiors, even to try if I could pierce into that country myself. However, in the second place, I could personally inquire into the state of the poor Christians of St. Thomas, who are scattered over the Indies; and settle a correspondence between them and the Church of England.

"As to the Romanists, I might probably light on some opportunity to convey some of our books among them, translated into the language of the countries where they are; and even as far as China, (where we have a considerable factory,) whereby the Jesuits' half-converts might be better instructed in the principles of our religion, or made more than *almost* Christians.

"3. For the Gentoos. I would see if I could learn the Hindostan language; and when I once got master of their notions, and way of reasoning, endeavor to bring over some of their Bramines or Bannians, and common people, to the Christian religion; the government, I suppose, being not very strict as to those matters.

"I know I am not sufficient for the least of these designs, much less for all together. But as 'twould be well worth dying for to make some progress in any of 'em, so I would expect the same assistance as to kind, though not to degree, which was granted of old to the first planters of the gospel. Nor would I neglect, but humbly and thankfully receive, any instructions from my superiors or others, my acquaintance and correspondents both here and in the Indies, in order to accomplish the end of my mission.

"This seems to be a different design from settling all together at some one of our particular factories, all of which the East India Company are to provide for. But whether it deserves encouragement from the corporation, must be left to their piety and wisdom. As likewise whether her majesty [Queen Anne] might not be prevailed upon to encourage, by her royal favor, a design of this nature; the French king sending so many missions into those parts.

"However, if one hundred pounds per annum might be allowed me, and forty I must pay my curate in my absence, either from the East India Company or otherwhere, I should be ready to venture my life on this occasion, pro-

vided any way might be found to secure a subsistence for my family in case of my decease in those countries."

The event proves that Mr. Wesley's plan was not adopted, at least as far as he himself was personally concerned in it; but perhaps some of the subsequent operations of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge in the East were not altogether unindebted to the hint thrown out in this paper.

The plan was such as the British Church and government might have easily put into execution; and for personal courage, spirit, and missionary zeal, probably a fitter instrument than Samuel Wesley could not then have been readily found. One hundred pounds for himself, and forty for a curate, was a very moderate request; and he no doubt supposed that the income of the rectory might be sufficient to support his family during his absence.

The same spirit that would have carried the father to Abyssinia, India, and China, afterward carried his son across the Atlantic to preach the gospel to the different tribes of American Indians; and has urged his sons and successors in the ministry to carry the glad tidings of Christ crucified to America, the West India Islands, West and South Africa, to New South Wales, to Van Diemen's Land, to New-Zealand, the Island of Ceylon, and the Peninsula of India. In the Wesley family the seeds of missionary zeal were early sown; they vegetated slowly; but are now producing an abundant harvest to the glory of the God of missionaries, whose salvation shall be revealed to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Wesley not having got on the right side of his income as yet, was grievously troubled with his old creditors, some of whom appear to have been implacable and unmerciful; he was obliged in consequence to take a journey to London, to endeavor to raise some money among his friends. In a letter to the archbishop, dated August 7, 1702, he mentions several sums which he received from eminent persons: the dean of Exeter, £10; Dr. Stanley, £10; archbishop of Canterbury, £10 10*s.*; "and even my lord marquis of Normanby, by my good lady's solicitations succeeding your grace's, did verily and indeed, with his own hand, give me twenty guineas, and my lady five. With these and other sums I made up about sixty pounds,

and came home joyful enough, thanked God, paid as many debts as I could, quieted the rest of my creditors, took the management of my house in my own hands, and had ten guineas left to take my harvest."

The reader will recollect why Mr. Wesley mentions so particularly, and with surprise, the gift of twenty guineas from the marquis of Normanby—the insult offered to his mistress, whom Mr. Wesley handed out of his house; in consequence of which he was obliged to resign the living of South Ormsby, which had been given or procured for him by that nobleman. (See p. 97, *ante*.)

The following question appears in the Athenian Oracle; and I am inclined to think, from the subject matter, that it applies to the Rev. S. Wesley and his patron the marquis.

Question. I am a chaplain in a certain family, which is not so regular and religious as I could wish it. I am forced to see misses, drinking, gaming, &c., and dare not open my mouth against them. I would gladly be satisfied what is the duty of a chaplain in this or other cases, and how far he is obliged to take care of the morals of the family he lives in? Your answer may be of use to a great many besides myself; for I cannot believe that to say grace, and read prayers (now and then, when my patron is at leisure,) is all the duty of a chaplain.

Answer. The pulpit is a privileged place, where, as custom has given you authority to speak, so you may with prudence moderate your discourse, as either to accomplish a reformation, or at least acquit yourself, and discharge your own duty. Righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come, if reasoned upon as they were almost seventeen ages since, may find a second Felix. The pulpit (as we said before) is the most (sometimes the only) proper place to convince strangers of their faults, but private retirements are convenient for friends and familiars. These are rules of latitude: but all the world is reducible to one of them, and the practice is indispensable.—*Athenian Oracle*, vol. i, p. 542.

That the marchioness of Normanby should have used her endeavors with the marquis to get Mr. Wesley this donation is not to be wondered at, for the above reason; and the marquis himself, though highly incensed for the time, had good sense enough to see that the minister of

God had done only his duty in the matter which had given his lordship so much displeasure. And that the marchioness continued to assist the necessities of the rector of Epworth, is evident from the dedication of his third edition of the New Testament to her ladyship, in which, as has been observed, though he mourns over the loss of his late patroness, the queen, he yet "rejoices that the marchioness survives."

In the same letter a very grievous and distressing occurrence is thus related. After mentioning the joy he felt on being enabled to discharge so many small debts, in consequence of which he was permitted to take his own harvest, he adds,—

"But he that's born to be a poet must, I am afraid, live and die so, (that is, poor,) for on the last of July, 1702, a fire broke out in my house, by some sparks which took hold of the thatch this dry time, and consumed about two-thirds of it before it could be quenched. I was at the lower end of the town to visit a sick person, and thence to R. Cogan's. As I was returning they brought me the news. I got one of his horses, rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books were saved; for which God be praised, as well as for what he has taken. They were all together in my study, and the fire under them. When it broke out she got two of the children in her arms, and ran through the smoke and fire; but one of them was left in the hurry, till the other cried for her, and the neighbors ran in and got her out through the fire, as they did my books, and most of my goods; this very paper among the rest, which I afterward found, as I was looking over what was saved.

"I find 'tis some happiness to have been miserable; for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes, that this scarce made any impression upon me. I shall go on, by God's assistance, to take my tithe; and, when that's in, to rebuild my house, having at last crowded my family into what's left, and not missing many of my goods.

"I humbly ask your grace's pardon for this long, melancholy story, and leave to subscribe myself

"Your grace's ever obliged

"and most humble servant,

"S. Wesley."

It is rather singular that on the sheet of paper on which this letter is written, he had begun a letter to the archbishop in the last month, having just written these words,—

"*Epworth, July* 25, 1702.

"My Lord,"

Not having time then to proceed, this sheet lay ready in his study for his further entries; and was saved out of the fire with the rest of his books and papers, the fire having consumed about four square inches of the lower corner of the fly-leaf. On this burned paper was the above letter written. It lies before me, a monument of God's mercy in preserving from so near a death his wife and children. The stains of the water that helped to quench the burning are still evident on the paper. It was in the following year that the founder of the Methodists was born.

Mr. Wesley speaks of the fire being occasioned "by some sparks which took hold of the thatch." The house was of such materials as rendered it exceedingly liable to damage by fire. It was a very humble dwelling; and I am enabled to lay before the reader a perfect description of the whole building, from the most authentic source; a survey taken June 19, Anno Regni Jacobi, D. Gr. 4 and 40, A. D. 1607, that is, in the fourth year of King James's reign in England, and fortieth in Scotland.

Epworth Rectoria. A Survey or Terrier of all the Possessions belonging to the Rectorie of Epworth, made and taken by the viewe Perambulation and Estimate of the Minister, Churchwardens and sidesmen and others, inhabitants, these being nominated and appointed by William Folkingham, gent., General Surveyor of Church gleabs and possessions within the Diocese of Lincoln, by virtue of a Commission decreed by the Revd. Father in God, William, L. Bishoppe of Lincoln, in execution of the Canon on that behalf established.

Imprimis. The Horne Stall, or Scite of the Parsonage, situate and lyenge betweene the field on the East, and Lancaster Lane on the West; and abuttinge upon the Heigh Street on the South, and of John Maw (sonne of Thomas) his tenement, and a Croft on the North: and contayns by Estimation 3 Acres.

Item. One Hemp Kiln that hath been usealeie occupied for the Parsonage ground, adjoyning upon the South.

Item. Within the said Bounds are conteined the PARSONAGE HOUSE, consisting of 5 Baies, built all of timber and plaister, and covered with straw thache, the whole building being contrived into three stories, and disposed in 7 cheife Rooms, viz.: A Kitchinge, a Hall, a Parlour, a Butterie, and three large upper rooms; besydes some others of common use; and also a little garden empailed, betweene the stone wall and the South, on the South.

Item. One Barn of 6 Baies, built all of timber and clay walls, and covered with straw thache; and out shotts about it, and one free house therebye.

Item. One Dovecoate of Timber and Plaister, covered with straw thache, &c.

As the rest of this terrier refers to the glebe lands belonging to the rectory, it is unnecessary to transcribe it. Only one thing may be noticed, that about twenty-seven acres that originally belonged to this rectory are not now to be found, as the boundaries in the description are no longer capable of being ascertained.

Such was the parsonage house at Epworth, which by this fire was nearly consumed; and which, in a few years afterward, was totally burned down, and rebuilt at Mr. Wesley's own expense; which house remains to the present day, in all respects greatly superior to the preceding.

The archbishop to whom this account was sent, came forward both with his purse and his influence, as on former occasions; and this produced the following letter, drawn up in the true spirit of gratitude, and in language at once deeply pious, and highly dignified:—

"*Epworth, Mart.* 20, 1703.

"MY LORD,—I have heard that all great men have the art of forgetfulness, but never found it in such perfection as in your lordship: only it is in a different way from others; for most forget their *promises*, but your grace those *benefits* you have conferred. I am pretty confident your grace neither reflects on nor imagines how much you have done for me; nor what sums I have received by your lordship's bounty and favor; without which I had

been, ere this, moldy in a jail, and sunk a thousand fathom below nothing.

"Will your grace permit me to show you an account of some of them?

	£	s.	d.
From the marchioness of Normanby	20	0	0
The lady Northampton (I think)	20	0	0
Duke of Buckingham and duchess, two years since .	26	17	6
The queen*	43	0	0
The bishop of Sarum	40	0	0
The archbishop of York, at least	10	0	0
Besides lent to (almost) a desperate debtor . .	25	0	0
	184	17	6

"A frightful sum, if one saw it altogether; but it is beyond thanks, and I must never hope to perform that as I ought till another world; where, if I get first into the harbor, I hope none shall go before me in welcoming your lordship into everlasting habitations; where you will be no more tired with my follies, nor concerned at my misfortunes. However, I may pray for your grace while I have breath, and that for something nobler than this world can give; it is for the increase of God's favor, of the light of his countenance, and of the foretastes of those joys, the firm belief whereof can only support us in this weary wilderness. And, if it be not too bold a request, I beg your grace would not forget me, though it be but in your prayer for all sorts and conditions of men; among whom, as none has been more obliged to your grace, so I am sure none ought to have a deeper sense of it than

"Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,
"S. Wesley."

In May, 1705, there was a contested election for the county of Lincoln. Sir John Thorold, and a person called "the Champion," Dymoke, the late members, were opposed by Colonel Whichcott and Mr. Alb. Bertie. Mr. Wesley,

* Samuel Wesley, jun., does not overlook the benefactions which the queen bestowed on his father, for in his Poems he says of her,—

"In deserts wild the prophet's sons she fed,
And made the hungry ravens bring them bread."
12mo. edit., p. 142.

supposing there was a design to raise up Presbyterianism over the Church, and that Whichcott and Bertie were favorable to it, (in consequence of which the Dissenters were all in their interest,) espoused the other party; which happening to be unpopular and unsuccessful, he was exposed to great insult and danger; not only by the mobs, but by some leading men of the successful faction. There is before me a long account of these shameful transactions, in two letters written to Archbishop Sharp, from which I shall extract only a few particulars:—

"I went to Lincoln on Tuesday night, May 29th; and the election began on Wednesday, 30th. A great part of the night our Isle people kept drumming, shouting, and firing of pistols and guns under the window where my wife lay; who had been brought to bed not three weeks. I had put the child to nurse over against my own house: the noise kept his nurse waking till one or two in the morning. Then they left off; and the nurse being heavy to sleep, overlaid the child. She waked; and finding it dead, ran over with it to my house, almost distracted; and calling my servants, threw it into their arms. They, as wise as she, ran up with it to my wife; and before she was well awake, threw it cold and dead into hers. She composed herself as well as she could, and that day got it buried.

"A clergyman met me in the castle yard, and told me to withdraw, for the Isle men intended me a mischief. Another told me he had heard near twenty of them say, 'If they got me in the castle yard, they would squeeze my guts out.' My servant had the same advice. I went by Gainsbro', and God preserved me.

"When they knew I was got home, they sent the drum and mob, with guns, &c., as usual, to compliment me till after midnight. One of them passing by on Friday evening, and seeing my children in the yard, cried out, 'O ye devils! we will come and turn ye all out of doors a begging shortly.' God convert them, and forgive them!

"All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my wife's spirits. For my own, I feel them disturbed and disordered; but for all that, I am going on with my Reply to Palmer; which, whether I am in prison or out of it, I

hope to get finished by the next session of parliament, for I have now no more regiments to lose.

"S. Wesley.

"*Epworth, June 7th*, 1705."

As I totally disapprove a minister of the gospel entering into party politics, and especially into electioneering affairs, I cannot but blame Mr. Wesley for the part he took in these transactions; for, even according to his own showing, he acted imprudently, and laid himself open to those who waited for his halting, and who seemed to think they did God service by doing him a mischief; because they knew him to be a high Churchman, and consequently an enemy to their religious system. He was in their power; under pecuniary obligations to some principal men among them; and he was often led to understand, by no obscure intimations, that he must either immediately discharge those obligations, which he required time to enable him to do, or else expect to be shortly lodged in Lincoln Castle. These were not vain threats: they had already contrived to strip him of his chaplaincy to Colonel Lepelle's regiment; and how much further they proceeded the following letter to the archbishop of York will tell:—

"*Lincoln Castle, June 25th*, 1705.

"My Lord,—Now I am at rest, for I am come to the haven where I've long expected to be. On Friday last, [June 23,] when I had been in christening a child at Epworth, I was arrested in my church-yard by one who had been my servant, and gathered my tithe last year, at the suit of one of Mr. Whichcott's relations and zealous friends, [Mr. Pinder,] according to their promise, when they were in the Isle before the election. The sum was not thirty pounds; but it was as good as five hundred. Now they knew the burning of my flax, my London journey, and their throwing me out of my regiment, had both sunk my credit and exhausted my money. My adversary was sent to, when I was on the road, to meet me, that I might make some proposals to him. But all his answer (which I have by me) was, that 'I must immediately pay the whole sum, or go to prison.' Thither I went, with no great concern for myself; and find much more civility and

satisfaction here than in *brevibus gyaris* of my own Epworth. I thank God, my wife was pretty well recovered, and churched some days before I was taken from her; and hope she'll be able to look to my family, if they don't turn them out of doors, as they have often threatened to do. One of my biggest concerns was my being forced to leave my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them, and to preserve them. My wife bears it with that courage which becomes her, and which I expected from her.

"I don't despair of doing some good here, (and so long I shan't quite lose the end of living,) and, it may be, do more in this new parish than in my old one; for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no sermon at the minster. And I'm getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can; and shall write to London next post, to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge, who, I hope, will send me some books to distribute among them.

"I should not write these things from a jail if I thought your grace would believe me ever the less for my being here; where, if I should lay my bones, I'd bless God, and pray for your grace.

"Your grace's very obliged and most humble servant,
"S. WESLEY."

It was not likely that a tale so afflictive as the preceding should leave the pious heart of the good Archbishop Sharp unaffected. He wrote to Mr. Wesley, on the 30th, a kind letter, stating his sympathy, and what he had heard against him; especially as to his great obligation to Col. Whichcott, &c. This letter he immediately answers; gives a satisfactory exposé of all his affairs; his debts, and how they were contracted; at the same time showing that the reports which had reached the ears of his grace were perfectly false, and adduces proof; and concludes this part of his letter with pathetically entreating his grace "not to be in haste to credit what they report of me, for really lies are the manufacture of the party; and they have raised so many against me, and spread them so wide, that

I am sometimes tempted to print my case in my own vindication."

I shall give another extract from this letter, which satisfactorily accounts for the way in which his heavy debts were contracted, and how his consequent embarrassments arose :—

"*Lincoln Castle, July 10th*, 1705.

"My Lord,——Then I am not forgotten, neither by God, nor your lordship.——My debts are about £300, which I have contracted by a series of misfortunes not unknown to your grace. The falling of my parsonage barn, before I had recovered the taking my living; the burning great part of my dwelling house about two years since, and all my flax last winter; the fall of my income nearly one half, by the low price of grain; the almost entire failure of my flax this year, which used to be the better half of my revenue; with my numerous family, and the taking this regiment from me, which I had obtained with so much expense and trouble, have at last crushed me, though I struggled as long as I was able. Yet I hope to rise again, as I have always done when at the lowest; and I think I cannot be much lower now."

Party spirit, especially in political matters, is the great disgrace and curse of England. This spirit knows no friend; feels no obligation; is unacquainted with all dictates of honesty, charity, and mercy; and leaves no stone unturned to ruin the object of its hate. We have elections by law no more than once in seven years; and the mischief that is then done to the moral character of the nation is scarcely repaired in the succeeding seven. All the charities of life are outraged and trampled under foot by it; common honesty is not heard, and lies and defamation go abroad by wholesale. The rascal *many* catch the evil reports which the opposed candidates and their committees spread of each other, and the characters of the best men in the land are wounded and lie bleeding, till slow-paced oblivion cancels the remembrance of the transactions which gave them birth. Even now, when the nation is improved in its morals to an astonishing degree, these evils live in mighty vigor and gigantic form. What, then, must they

have been more than a hundred years ago, when the nation was torn by civil and religious factions, and when a man knew not his own kindred but as they were arranged with him under his own creed, and the banner of his party?

Mr. Wesley and his family had already suffered much through the rage, and I may add malice, of the political party, the interests of which his conscience would not permit him to espouse. And he had his reasons; he knew the party, their views, and their designs; and he had counted the cost, for he well knew the penalty annexed to his opposition. They were not content with loading him with obloquies, and casting him into prison, but proceeded further to destroy his family, by drying up the sources whence they derived the necessaries of life! The following letter to the archbishop gives terrible proof of this implacable malevolence:—

"*Lincoln Castle, Sept. 12th*, 1705.

"My Lord,—'Tis happy for me that your grace has entertained no ill opinion of me, and wont alter what you have entertained without reason. But it is still happier that I serve a Master who cannot be deceived, and who, I am sure, will never forsake me. A jail is a paradise in comparison of the life I led before I came hither. No man has worked truer for bread than I have done, and few have lived harder, or their families either. I am grown weary of vindicating myself; not, I thank God, that my spirits sink, or that I have not right of my side, but because I have almost a whole world against me, and therefore shall in the main leave my cause to the righteous Judge."

He goes on to mention two points in which he was cruelly misrepresented, as if certain evils done to him had come by accident, or were done by himself. What particularly concerns the present Memoir is the following:—

"The other matter is concerning the stabbing my cows in the night since I came hither, but a few weeks ago; and endeavoring thereby to starve my forlorn family in my absence, my cows being all dried by it, which was their chief subsistence; though I hope they had not the power to kill any of them outright.

"They found out a good expedient, after it was done, to turn it off, and divert the cry of the world against them; and it was to spread a report that my own brawn did this mischief, though at first they said my cows ran against a sythe and wounded themselves.

"As for the brawn, I think any impartial jury would bring him in not guilty, on hearing the evidence. There were three cows all wounded at the same time, one of them in three places: the biggest was a flesh wound, not slanting, but directly in, toward the heart, which it only missed by glancing outward on the rib. It was nine inches deep; whereas the brawn's tusks were hardly two inches long. All conclude that the work was done with a sword, by the breadth and shape of the orifice. The same night the iron latch of my door was twined off, and the wood hacked in order to shoot back the lock, which nobody will think was with an intention to rob my family. My house-dog, who made a huge noise within doors, was sufficiently punished for his want of politics and MODERATION; for the next day but one his leg was almost chopped off by an unknown hand. 'Tis not every one could bear these things; but, I bless God, my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in the writing, or than I believe your grace will be in reading them. She is not what she is represented, any more than me. I believe it was this foul beast of a worse than Erymanthean boar, already mentioned, who fired my flax by rubbing his tusks against the wall; but that was no great matter, since it is now reported I had but five pounds' loss.

"O my lord! I once more repeat it, that I shall some time have a more equal Judge than any in this world.

"Most of my friends advise me to leave Epworth, if e'er I should get from hence. I confess I am not of that mind, because I may yet do good there; and 'tis like a coward to desert my post because the enemy fire thick upon me. They have only wounded me yet, and, I believe, CAN'T kill me. I hope to be at home by Xmas. God help my poor family! For myself, I have but one life; but while that lasts, shall be your grace's ever obliged and most humble servant,

"S. WESLEY."

He speaks of his friends advising him to leave Epworth; and this will explain, perhaps, the following question proposed to the Athenian Society, most probably by Mr. Wesley himself, with a view to meet the eyes of his friends.

Question. "A beneficed clergyman, being indebted to seven creditors, who will not accept of such payments as his circumstances enable him to make, is constrained to absent from his living, to avoid a prison. Ought he to resign the living, since he cannot personally attend it; or can the bishop lawfully deprive him of it, an able curate being kept upon the place?"

Answer. "He ought, first, to consider with himself whether his own extravagance or folly has not reduced him to such extremities, there being not many instances where a man keeps a good reputation, that his creditors will be so violent as these are here represented; but however he finds it, he is not, we think, obliged immediately to resign; since, though he cannot at present attend it in person, he may, perhaps, hereafter be in better circumstances. We humbly conceive his ordinary is not obliged to deprive him; nor can it fairly be done, if there be one who takes good care of his people in his absence; for should things come to the worst, a sequestration of the profits of the living might in time satisfy his creditors, and he himself might serve the cure, if it were not more advisable to get a chaplain's post at sea, or in the army; the readiest way to recover his shattered fortune."—*Athen. Oracle*, vol. iv, p. 318.

As it was evident his sufferings were occasioned by the malice of those who hated both his ecclesiastical and state politics, the clergy, and several who were well affected to the government, lent him prompt and effectual assistance, so that in a short time more than half of his debts were paid, and all the rest in a train of being liquidated. These things he mentions with the highest gratitude in the following letter to the archbishop of York:—

"*Lincoln Castle*, 7*r.* [Sepr.] 17, 1705.

"My Lord,—I am so full of God's mercies that neither my eyes nor heart can hold them. When I came hither, my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife's at home scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings,

because she had nothing else to relieve me with; but I returned them, and God soon provided for me. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed. But they are all known to Him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness; and I beg your grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for his blessing upon them.

"This day I have received a letter from Mr. Hoar,* that he has paid ninety-five pounds, which he has received from me. He adds that 'a very great man has just sent him thirty pounds more;' he mentions not his name, though surely it must be my patron. I find I walk a deal lighter; and hope I shall sleep better now these sums are paid, which will make almost half my debts. I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks; but I can pray heartily for my benefactors; and I hope I shall do it while I live, and so long beg to be esteemed your grace's most obliged and thankful humble servant,

"SAM. WESLEY."

I find no account of Mr. Wesley's liberation from Lincoln Castle, where he had now been for about three months: but I suppose it took place shortly after this, and that he was with his family at Christmas. He appears to have got on in life much more pleasantly than before; and the evil which his enemies intended him was turned to his advantage; the wrath of man praised God, and the remainder of it he restrained. I meet with no more complaints in his correspondence, which, with the archbishop of York, appears to have been interrupted till the year 1707, when it was resumed on merely clerical business.†

I have already had occasion several times to refer to the poem on the battle of Blenheim, which was written in 1705, and procured him a chaplainship in the army. This poem I had not seen in print, when the first edition of this work was presented to the public. Since then, it has been sent to me by my respected friend the Rev. James Everett.

* Query. Is the gentleman who published the life of George Sharp, and the anecdote of the archbishop and highwayman, a descendant of this Mr. Hoar?—EDIT.

† Seventy-five years afterward we find his son, John Wesley, preaching in the castle yard and court house, previous to which he had not visited the city for fifty years.

It is a folio pamphlet of twelve pages, "dedicated to the Right Honorable Master Godolphin, by Samuel Wesley, M. A., London, printed for Charles Harper, 1705." It contains five hundred and twenty-six lines. But a corrected and enlarged copy, designed probably for a second edition, and written out in his best hand by Mr. Wesley himself, and sent to the archbishop of York, now lies before me, and may be finally lost, if not inserted in the Memoirs. It contains five hundred and ninety-four lines, is entitled, "Marlborough, or the Fate of Europe," and will be found in an Appendix at the close of this volume, No. I.

This long poem would admit of much illustration; but as the transactions it records are all in common history, the reader can find little difficulty in furnishing himself with the necessary elucidations. Instead, therefore, of a tissue of notes, I shall give a general account of the battle, which Mr. Wesley has so largely sung:—

The battle is frequently called in our histories the battle of Hockstet; and also the battle of Blenheim or Pleytheim. Hockstet is a fortified town of Germany, on the north side of the Danube, about twenty-nine miles south-west of Ulm, and ten west by south of Donawert.

Blenheim is only a village in the late circle of Bavaria, on the north of the Danube, about three miles east of Hockstet, and thirty north-east of Ulm.

This famous battle was fought Aug. 13, 1704, between the French and Bavarians on the one side, commanded by Marshal Tallard and the elector of Bavaria; and the Allies on the other, commanded by the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy. The armies were nearly equal; the French had about sixty thousand veteran troops, and the Allies about fifty-two thousand. The English, Imperialists, Dutch, and Danes, of which the allied army was composed, were among the bravest of men, and had been accustomed to conquer. The French troops were those whom their great monarch had led on to frequent victory; and had seldom been broken in the field, or showed their backs to an enemy.

Owing to some gross errors committed by Marshal Tallard, of which the duke of Marlborough knew well how to avail himself, the French and Bavarians were defeated with the loss of nearly forty thousand men. Thirteen

thousand were made prisoners, among whom were one thousand two hundred officers. Ten French battalions were entirely cut to pieces; thirty squadrons of horse and dragoons were forced into the Danube, most of whom were drowned. Marshal Tallard, owing to the imperfection of his sight, for he was extremely short-sighted, mistaking a battalion of the Hessians, who fought in the pay of England, for his own troops, rode among them and was taken prisoner. Among the prisoners were several of the French nobility:—the marquis De Montperaux, general of the horse; De Seppeville, De Silly, and De la Valiere, major-generals; Monsieur De la Massiliere, St. Pouange, De Legendais, and several others of distinction.

The Allies gained above one hundred pieces of cannon, twenty-four mortars, one hundred and twenty-nine colors, one hundred and seventy-one standards, seventeen pair of kettle drums, three thousand six hundred tents, thirty-four coaches, three hundred laden mules, two bridges of boats, fourteen pontoons, twenty-four barrels, and eight casks of silver.

They lost 4,485 men killed, 7,525 wounded, and 273 lost or made prisoners; in all 12,283.

By this battle the elector of Bavaria lost all his dominions, and the king of France the bravest of his armies; and by it the German empire, previously tottering to its centre, and trembling on the brink of total ruin, was freed from the French, and suddenly restored to its political consequence. It is not to be wondered at that the great hero under whose skill and management this important battle was gained should be loaded with honors and emoluments by those in whose service he had conquered. The emperor of Germany made him a prince of the empire, and assigned him Mindelsheim, in Suabia, for his principality. This dignity Queen Anne not only permitted him to accept, but gave him the honor and manor of Woodstock, and the hundred of Wootton to him and his heirs for ever; and caused a palace to be built for him in Woodstock, called Blenheim House; which stands equally a monument of his victories, of British munificence, and of the skill of the artist by whom it was constructed.

The poem itself has passed its day of criticism; to attempt now to review its merits and defects would be lost

labor. It abounds in both: it has many verses which contain beauties of the very first order; and it has others which are both lame and tame, and even worse than prose. But its principal defects are, its great length, which is not sufficiently diversified with either fiction or incident to make it impressive, or even entertaining; and the very inadequate description of a battle which was fought with extraordinary obstinacy on both sides, and especially on the part of thirteen thousand French troops which were posted in Blenheim, and which all the power of the Allies could not dislodge, though they returned again and again to the attack, and sacrificed a majority of their infantry before this paltry village. Even when Marshal Tallard and the elector of Bavaria were defeated, the brave troops which occupied the village kept their ground; and when, after the total route of the French and Bavarian lines, they were left without succor, and there was not a general officer to conduct their retreat, they seemed to capitulate like a strong garrison, rather than surrender themselves prisoners of war. Had not Mr. Wesley's prejudices against the French been carried to the highest pitch, his muse must have found in the conduct of these brave troops a subject equal to the highest flight of her strongest pinion.

When the duke of Marlborough visited his illustrious prisoner, Marshal Tallard, after the battle, the marshal paid him the highest compliment, by saying, "My lord, you have conquered the bravest army in the world:" which compliment the duke but ill repaid by answering, "I hope your excellency will except those by whom they were vanquished." What a subject for the heroic muse! An army, among the bravest in Europe, led on by commanders worthy of their high trust, who were out-generaled and totally defeated by the only generals and troops in the universe which were capable of the fact. Here British glory might have been relieved and emblazoned by French bravery.

There is but one couplet in this poem on which I shall make any remark. The poet, describing the French park of artillery, says,—

> "A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke
> Their master's last and only reason spoke."
>
> *Lines* 229, 230.

This is an allusion to the motto which Louis XIV.

placed on his brass ordnance, *Ultima ratio Regum*, "The last argument of Kings;" or more compressedly, "The logic of Kings." Rightly paraphrased thus: *Sic volo; sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas.* "Thus I will; thus I command; and my will shall stand in the place of reason and justice." I have seen some of these very cannon, with this inscription. This was a logic to which the French have often resorted; and a logic with the rules of which the other powers of Europe are not unacquainted.

In December, 1709, complaint was made to parliament of two sermons published by Dr. Henry Sachaverel, rector of St. Saviour, Southwark, as containing positions contrary to the principles of the revolution, the present government, and the Protestant succession. He was accordingly impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, in the name of all the Commons of England. The eyes of the whole kingdom were turned upon this extraordinary trial, which lasted three weeks. Many of my readers will remember the famous speech which the doctor delivered on his defense; but few, perhaps, are aware that the celebrated speech he delivered on that occasion was composed by Samuel Wesley, the rector of Epworth, as his son John informs us in his History of England, vol. iv, p. 75: "When the Commons (says he) had gone through their charges, the managers for Sachaverel undertook his defense with great art and eloquence. He afterward recited a speech himself, which, from the difference found between it and his sermons, seems evidently the work of another." And then in a note says: "It was wrote by the rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire.—J. W." Bishop Atterbury has been generally supposed to have penned this defense, because the doctor, in his will, left him a legacy of £500. But my readers may be sure that the Rev. John Wesley would never have spoken in such unqualified terms, had he not been assured of the fact as here stated.

That I may dismiss Mr. Wesley's poetry at once, there is a piece, of exquisite merit, entitled "Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator," which was made either by him or his daughter, Mrs. Wright, or by both conjointly, which I shall introduce into the Appendix to this volume, (see No. II,) but will here make a few general remarks.

1. The hymn is attributed to Eupolis, an Athenian comic

poet, who flourished in the eighty-eighth Olympiad, four hundred and twenty-eight years before the incarnation of our Lord. He was killed in a naval engagement between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians; and his death was so much lamented at Athens, that they made a law that no poet should evermore bear arms. He is said to have written about twenty-four comedies, of which the names only are extant, and may be found in Fabricius's Bibl. Græc., vol. i, p. 761. He is mentioned several times by Horace, and once by Persius.

A work called Sententia, printed at Basil, 1560, 8vo., has been attributed to him. Of the present poem I shall speak more particularly at the conclusion.

2. This poem or hymn is preceded by a dialogue between Plato and Eupolis; but neither it nor the hymn has ever yet been given complete to the public. In the present copy, there are eighty-four whole lines which have never been in print before; and the dialogue is here, for the first time, given entire.

3. The original dialogue and hymn now lie before me; and were written partly by Mr. Samuel Wesley himself, and partly by another hand, supposed to be his daughter, Mrs. Wright. The dialogue is in the hand-writing of Mr. Wesley, and all those lines marked with sections; all the rest is in the hand-writing of the person already mentioned.

4. In those verses supposed to be written by Mrs. Wright there are frequent alterations and emendations in her father's hand; but there is nothing of this kind in the verses written by him. Hence, one might be led to conclude that the former was the author of this beautiful hymn; but that several alterations were made in it by her father, who has added to the amount of thirty-four lines, which are here marked with sections. Yet the profound and frequent classical allusions argue the hand of a first-rate scholar, and seem to be far beyond what might be reasonably expected from any female of that time.

5. The lines printed here for the first time, and which are eighty-four in number, are distinguished by small asterisks.

6. I have added a series of notes on the more difficult expressions and allusions, which otherwise might embarrass common readers.

7. In the critique offered, I join, without noticing Mrs. Wright, the general voice in attributing the hymn to the rector of Epworth.

After taking so much pains with the poem, as the notes will testify, and producing it entire, which was never done before, some of my readers will naturally expect that I should either insert or refer to the Greek original. Could I have met in Greek with a hymn of Eupolis to the Creator, and the fragment of an unpublished dialogue of Plato, I should have inserted both with the greatest cheerfulness, and could have assured myself of the thanks of all the critics in Europe for my pains. That such a Greek original exists, and that the above is a faithful translation from it, is the opinion of most who have seen the poem; and some of Mr. Wesley's biographers have adduced it, "as being one of the finest pictures extant of Gentile piety;" and further tell us, "this hymn may throw light on that passage of St. Paul respecting the heathen, Rom. i, 21, &c.: 'When they knew God, they glorified him not as God. Wherefore God gave them up,' &c. Their polytheism was a punishment consequent upon their apostasy from God." I believe those Gentiles never apostatized from the true God, the knowledge of whom they certainly never had, till they received it by divine revelation.

Knowing that the writers from whom I have quoted the above were well educated and learned men, and feeling an intense desire to find out this "finest picture extant of Gentile piety," I have sought occasionally, for above thirty years, to find this original, but in vain. I have examined every Greek writer within my reach, particularly all the major and minor poets; but no hymn of Eupolis, or of any other, from which the above might be a translation, has ever occurred to me. I have inquired of learned men whether they had met with such a poem. None had seen it! After many fruitless searches and inquiries, I went to Professor Porson, perhaps the most deeply learned and extensively read Greek scholar in Europe, and laid the subject and the question before him. He answered, "Eupolis, from the character we have of him, is the last man among the Greek poets from whom we could expect to see anything pious or sublime concerning the divine nature: but you may rest assured that no such composition is extant

in Greek." Of this I was sufficiently convinced before; but I thought it well to have the testimony of a scholar so eminent, that the question might be set at rest.

The reader, therefore, may rest assured that Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator is the production of the head and heart of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth; that it never had any other origin, and never existed in any other language. It may be considered as a fine, and, in general, very successful, attempt to imitate a Greek poet, who was master of the full power and harmony of his language, and had imbibed, from numberless lectures, the purest and most sublime ideas in the philosophy of Plato. The character of the Platonist is wonderfully preserved throughout the whole; the conceptions are all worthy of the subject; the Grecian history and mythology are woven through it with exquisite art; and it is so like a finished work from the highest cultivated Greek muse, that I receive the evidence of my reason and research with regret, when it assures me that this inimitable hymn was the production of the Isle-poet of Axholm. Should any of my readers be dissatisfied with the result of my inquiries, and still think that Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator exists in Greek, and will go in quest of this Sangreal, he shall have my best wishes for the good speed of his searches, and, when successful, my heartiest thanks.

"But if the Hymn of Eupolis be a forgery, what becomes of the veracity, not to say honesty, of Mr. Samuel Wesley?" I answer, it is no forgery; it is nowhere said by him that it is a translation of the Greek original; nor does it appear that he had any intention to deceive. Two words in the title are proof sufficient. "The (supposed) occasion," and, "part of (a new) Dialogue." He covered his design a little, to make his readers search and examine. Some of them have not examined, and therefore said of the poem, that it is a fine specimen of Gentile piety, which he never even intended. From the many oblique references to the history of his own times, and from the apparent accommodation of ancient facts to that history, I am led to think the author had a double design: 1. To try how far pure Platonic ideas could be applied in the praises, and in describing the perfections, of that God who has revealed himself to mankind; and, secondly, to give a useful lesson

to his own times, relative to that restless spirit of republicanism which had leveled the major part of this kingdom. On this second consideration, it would be easy to form a useful critique on the whole poem, the grand moral of which is: "God is the fountain and author of all good; he governs the world by a wise and gracious providence; his wisdom is so perfect that he cannot err; his goodness is so great that he can do nothing evil; as he is infinitely merciful, he must always be kind. Subjection to his providence, under all dispensations, is true wisdom; and to rebel against his government is folly and madness. Kingly government is from himself; but he permits tyrants to become the scourge of an ungrateful and disobedient people.

> "To tyrants made an easy prey,
> Who would not godlike kings obey:
> Tyrants and kings from Jove proceed;
> *Those* are permitted, *these* decreed."

I have spent a long time on this poem, because I believe it to be, without exception, the finest on the subject in the English language. It possesses what Racine calls the *genie createur*, the genuine spirit of poetry. Pope's Messiah is fine, because Pope had Virgil's Pollio before him, and the Bible. Mr. Wesley takes nothing as a model; he goes on the ground that the praises of the one Supreme had not been sung; he attempts what had not been done by any poet before the Platonic age, and he has no other helps than those furnished by his poetic powers and classical knowledge. It is not saying too much to assert, the man who was the author of what is called "Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator," had he taken time, care, and pains, and had not been continually harassed with the *res angusta domi*, would have adorned the highest walks of poetry. But to him poverty was the scourge of knowledge; and he fully experienced the truth of that maxim of the Roman satirist, from which I have quoted the above three words:—

> Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
> Res angusta domi. Juv. Sat. iii, ver. 164.
>
> Rarely they rise by Learning's aid, who lie
> Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.

But he spent his time in something better than making verses; he was a laborious and useful parish priest; and

educated a numerous family of males and females, who were a credit to him and to their country. But more of this in its place.

I have already mentioned a letter written by his brother Matthew to him, from which I have given an extract, with some short observations, and promised Mr. S. Wesley's reply. The letter is without a date; but this seems a proper place to introduce it. It contains a connected series of domestic facts, from his own pen, which cast some light upon that part of his history which is past, as well as on that which is yet to be produced.

It is written in a serio-jocose style, and is supposed to be communicated by a third person, who, having seen the letter of Mr. Matthew Wesley, handed the same to his brother Samuel, "that he might know what the left-handed part of the world said of him." The letter is headed, *John o' Styles' Apology against the Imputation of his ill Husbandry.* The reader will recollect that the main charge brought by Surgeon Wesley against his brother was this, that "although he had a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactions, yet he had made no provision for his numerous progeny;" "that this was a black account," &c.; and he calls him to "repentance, and to study the doctrine of restitution, that from a serious consideration of these things, he might prepare for the kingdom of heaven," &c. The pretended narrator goes on:—

"When I had read this to my friend, John o' Styles, I was a little surprised that he did not fall into flouncing and bouncing, as I have too often seen him do on far less provocation, which I ascribed to a fit of sickness he had lately had, and which I hope may have brought him to something of a better mind. He stood calm and composed for a minute or two, and then desired he might peruse the letter, adding, that if the matter of fact therein were true, and not aggravated or misrepresented, he was obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, and ask pardon at least of his family, if he could make them no other satisfaction. If it were not true, he owed that justice to himself and his family, to clear himself, if possible, of so vile an imputation. After he had read it over, he said he did not think it necessary to enter into a detail of the history of his whole life, from sixteen to upward of seventy, in order to the vindication

of his conduct in all the particulars of it: but the method he chose, which he hoped would be satisfactory to all unprejudiced persons, would be to make some general observations on those general accusations which have been brought against him; and then to add some balance of his incomes and expenses ever since he entered on the stage of life.

"He observes, that all his indictment consists of generals, wherein fraud almost always lurks, and it is next to impossible for the clearest character to free itself entirely from it.

"The sum of the libel may be reduced to the following assertions: 1. That John o' Styles is worse than an infidel, and therefore can never go to heaven; which, 2dly, he aims at proving—because he provides not for his own house; as notorious instances of which he adds, in the 3d place, That in pursuit of his pleasures he had produced a numerous offspring; and has had a long time a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactors, but yet has made no provision for those of his own house; which he thinks, in the last place, a black account, let the cause be folly or vanity, or his own irregular passions.

"*Answer.* If God has blessed him with a numerous offspring, he has no reason to be ashamed of them, nor they of him, unless perhaps one of them; and if he had but that single one, it might have proved no honor or support to his name and family. Neither does his conscience accuse him that he has made no provision for those of his own house; which general accusation includes them all. But has he none, nay, not above one, two, or three, to whom he has (and some of them at very considerable expenses) given the best education which England could afford, by God's blessing on which they live honorably and comfortably in the world? some of whom have already been a considerable help to the others, as well as to himself; and he has no reason to doubt the same of the rest, as soon as God shall enable them to do it; and there are many gentlemen's families in England, who by the same method provide for their younger children. And he hardly thinks that there are many of greater estates but would be glad to change the best of theirs, or even all their stock, for almost the worst of his. Neither is he ashamed of claiming some

merit in his having been so happy in breeding them up in his own principles and practices; not only the priests of his family, but all the rest, to a steady opposition and confederacy against all such as are avowed and declared enemies to God and his clergy; and who deny or disbelieve any articles of natural or revealed religion, as well as to such as are open or secret friends to the great rebellion; or to any such principles as do but squint toward the same practices; so that he hopes they are all staunch high-church, and for inviolable passive obedience; from which if any of them should be so wicked as to degenerate, he can't tell whether he could prevail with himself to give them his blessing; though, at the same time, he almost equally abhors all servile submission to the greatest and most overgrown tool of state, whose avowed design it is to aggrandize his prince at the expense of the liberties and properties of his free-born subjects. Thus much for John o' Styles' ecclesiastical and political creed; and, as he hopes, for those of his family. And as his adversary adds, that 'at his exit they could have nothing in view but distress; and that it is a black account, let the cause be folly or vanity, or ungovernable appetites;' John o' Styles answered: He has not the least doubt of God's provision for his family after his decease, if they continue in the way of righteousness, as well as for himself while he has been living. As for his folly, he owns he can hardly demur to the charge; for he fairly acknowledges he never was, nor ever will be, like the children of this world, who are accounted wise in their generation, in doting upon this world, courting this world, and regarding nothing else: not but that he has all his life labored truly both with his hands, head, and heart, to provide things honest in the sight of all men; to get his own living, and that of those who have been dependents on him.

"As for his vanity, he challenges an instance to be given of any extravagance in any single branch of his expenses, through the whole course of his life, either in dress, diet, horses, or recreation, or diversion, either in himself or family.

"Now if these, which are the main objections, are wiped off, what becomes of the black account, or of the worse than infidelity, which this Severus Frater et Avunculus

Puerorum has in the plenitude of his power (as he takes upon himself to have the full power of the keys) urged, to exclude those who, for want of equal illumination, or equal estates, think or act differently from himself, out of the kingdom of heaven?

"As for the plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactions, which he likewise mentions; as to the latter of them, the person accused answered, that he could never acknowledge as he ought the goodness of God, and of his generous benefactors, on that occasion; but hopes he may add, that he had never tasted so much of their kindness if they had not believed him to be an honest man. Thus much he said in general, but added as to particular instances, he should only add a blank balance, and leave it to any after his death, if they should think it worth while, to cast it up according to common equity, and then they would be more proper judges whether he deserved those imputations which are now thrown upon him.

"*Imprimis.* When he first walked to Oxford he had in cash	£2	5	0
"He lived there till he took his bachelor's degree, without any preferment or assistance, except one crown	0	5	0
"By God's blessing on his own industry, he brought to London	10	15	0
"When he came to London, he got deacon's orders, and a cure, for which he had, for one year	28	0	0
"In which year, for his board, ordination, and habit, he was indebted £30, which he afterward paid	30	0	0
"Then he went to sea, where he had for one year £70, not paid till two years after his return	70	0	0
"He then got a curacy at £30 per annum for two years, and by his own industry in writing, &c., he made it £60 per annum .	120	0	0

"He married, and had a son; and he and his wife and child boarded for some years in or near London without running into debt.

"He had then a living* given him in the country, let for £50 per annum, where he had five children more;† in which time, and while he lived in London, he wrote a book,‡ which he dedicated to Queen Mary, who for that reason gave him a living in the country,§ valued at £200 per annum, where he remained for nearly forty years, and wherein his numerous offspring amounted with the former to eighteen or nineteen children.

"Half of his parsonage-house was first burned, which he rebuilt: some time after, the whole was burned to the ground, which he rebuilt from the foundations; and it cost him above £400, besides the furniture, none of which was saved; and he was forced to renew it.

"About ten years since‖ he got a little living adjoining¶ to his former; the profits of which very little more than defrayed the expenses of serving it, and sometimes hardly so much; his whole tithe having been in a manner swept away by inundations, for which the parishioners had a brief, though he thought it not decent for himself to be joined with them in it.

"For the greater part of these last ten years he has been closely employed in composing a large book,** whereby he hoped he might have done some benefit to the world, and in some measure amended his own fortunes. By sticking so close to this, he has broken a pretty strong constitution, and fallen into the palsy and gout. Besides this, he has had sickness in his family for most of the years since he was married.

"His greater living seldom cleared above eightscore pounds per annum, out of which he allowed £20 per annum to a person†† who had married one of his daughters.‡‡ Could we on the whole fix the balance, it would

* South Ormsby.

† Susannah, Emilia, Annesley, Jedediah, and Susannah the second.

‡ The Life of Christ. § Epworth.

‖ It is said by Dr. Whitehead that he got the living of Wroote in 1723: but it appears from the letter to the chancelor, (p. 254,) that it was 1725. If so, this letter must have been written but a few months prior to his death. Only twenty lines of this letter are in his own hand-writing. Mrs. Wesley has continued it to the end of the second paragraph on p. 194; and Mr. John Wesley has finished it as the principal amanuensis. For here it is evident, to use his own words, "time had shaken him by the hand, and death was not far behind."

¶ Wroote. ** Dissertationes in Librum Jobi.

†† Mr. Whitelamb. ‡‡ Mary Wesley.

easily appear whether he had been an ill husband, or careless and idle, and taken no care of his family. Let us range on the one side his income, and on the other his expenses, while he has been at the top of his fortunes, taking them at the full extent.

	£		£
"His income about £200 per annum for near forty years	8000	"Expended in sickness for above forty years . . .	——
		"Expenses in taking his livings, repairing the houses, &c.	160
		"Rebuilding part of his house the first time	60
		"Rebuilding the whole house	400
		"Furnishing it	——
		"Eight children born and buried	——
		"Ten* (thank God!) living, brought up, and educated	——
		"Most of the daughters put out to a way of living . .	——
		"To three sons† for the best education I could get them in England	——
		"Attending the convocation three years	150

"Let all this be balanced, and then a guess may be easily made of his sorry management.

"He can struggle with the world, but not with Providence; nor can he resist sickness, fires, and inundations."

In his family exigencies Mr. Wesley was frequently obliged to borrow money; but such was his character for probity, honor, and punctuality, that he could command it wheresoever it was to be had. There was a man of considerable property in Epworth, who was in the habit of lending out money at thirty-five and forty pounds per cent. Mr. Wesley was obliged sometimes to borrow from this usurer; and although this man was devoured by the *auri sacra fames*, yet such was his esteem for an upright character, that in no case did he ever take from Mr. W. more than legal interest for the use of his money.

* The ten then alive were Samuel, Emily, Mary, Ann, Susannah, John, Mehetabel, Matthew, Charles, and Kezziah.

† Samuel, John, and Charles, these were the three.

I need not tell the reader that the letter is a most complete and happy confutation of his brother's charges, and of those who have felt inclined to repeat them; and when we consider his expenses, and the numerous family he brought up, we may be well surprised how, with so small an annual income, he was able to meet and cover such great demands. He had spared neither pains nor cost on the education of his children. I have seen letters from most of them, full of mind and strong sense; and the writing, especially that of the females, remarkably correct and elegant. As to the three sons, Samuel, John, and Charles, we know the men and their education by their works. Some of the daughters were by no means inferior to the sons.

From the preceding letter we see that his Church and state principles were of the highest order; and that he was nevertheless an enemy to arbitrary power. Of the former, his whole life gave proof; of the latter, we have an instance in his refusal to read the declaration of King James II. in favor of Popery. It may be necessary here to state, that the king, by the advice of Judge Jeffries, had instituted a standing court of delegates, called "the Ecclesiastical Commission," the numbers of which were nominated by himself, and consisted indifferently of Protestants and Catholics. James, in furtherance of his design for the subversion of the established religion, and by virtue of the dispensing power decreed to him by the judges, issued his royal declaration, April 4th, 1687, having in the preceding February granted a like act of grace to his Scottish subjects. This requisition was so generally repugnant to the great body of the clergy, that only about two hundred complied with it.

The parliament resented this as a high violation of the laws; yet the Dissenters took no warning, but embraced and defended the declaration under King James; and one would almost stand amazed at their assurance, in accusing the clergy and universities of betraying the rights of the subject to that unfortunate prince, when all the world knows, that if they had not stood in the gap which the Dissenters had made, though they did this with imminent hazard of all they had, by refusing to submit to the "Ecclesiastical Commission," or read the illegal declaration, neither we

nor the Dissenters should, in all probability, long ere this, have had any rights left to dispute about; but Popery and absolute power had swallowed all, and effectually decided the controversy between us.

Mr. Wesley, in his Reply to Palmer, p. 23, says, "Whatever guard the clergy and universities then had, it did not hinder them from being outed of their freeholds in considerable numbers, whereof I was a witness when at Oxford; and almost all the ministers in England were within a few days of being suspended or deprived for not reading the declaration, which I have heard was publicly set up in a gold frame in one of the Dissenters' meeting houses. About the time of King James's declaration for indulgence, I know where there was a meeting of most of the dissenting ministers in and near London, to consult about it, and of their behavior in so nice a juncture. The main debate was, whether address or not, with thanks for the declaration. Some were against it, but the most were for it. The main reasons given against it were, that it would be an injury to the Establishment, and was only designed to introduce Popery. It was warmly answered, that the Church of England must now look to that herself, since she had formerly persecuted the Dissenters. On the whole, it was carried by the majority, for addressing; and they did address accordingly, and disposed their people to do the same, the effects whereof were sufficiently notorious to our own nation, and to all Europe."—*Reply*, pp. 63, 64.

His son John has been heard to state, that at first his father was very much attached to the interests of James; "but when," said old Mr. Samuel Wesley, "I heard him say to the master and fellows of Magdalen College, lifting up his lean arm, 'If you refuse to obey me, you shall feel the weight of a king's right hand,' I saw he was a tyrant; and though I was not inclined to take an active part against him, I was resolved from that time to give him no kind of support." With this anecdote I was favored by the reverend and venerable Thomas Stedman, late vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, to whose friendly and important communications these Memoirs are in various places much indebted.

To the circumstances above related, his son refers in the verses addressed to his aged father, and published in vol. i, of the Arminian Magazine, p. 141:—

"No worldly views the real convert call;
He sought God's altar when it seem'd to fall;
To Oxford hasten'd, even in dangerous days,
When royal anger struck the fatal place.
When a *king's hand stretch'd out* amazed they saw,
And troops were order'd to supply the law;
Then luckless James possess'd the British throne,
And for the Papal grandeur risk'd his own."

Of this weak, superstitious, tyrannical monarch, we may say, as Louis XIV. did: "Poor fool, he lost three kingdoms for a mass!"

Mr. Wesley fully expected that James would, if possible, introduce arbitrary government into the state; and Popery, its concomitant, into the church. He saw, therefore, the necessity of the revolution; was confirmed in its principles; and became strongly attached to King William, and was one of his chaplains. "He left a remarkable memorial of his admiration of King William's character in one of his dissertations on the book of Job, where, in remarking on the description of the war-horse, (chap. xxxix,) he introduces the deceased monarch as he appeared at the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, July 1, 1690; and, in both eloquent and affectionate language, points him out as the fittest hero to have managed the warlike animal just described. The compliment is the more honorable both to the bestower and the object, as dead monarchs can give no rewards, and as probably his memory was not remarkably grateful to those in power." This curious comparison, probably as being deemed useless or irrelevant, was omitted by his son Samuel in passing that sheet through the press. I thus conjecture, because I have not been able to find it in the work.

It is a curious fact, that Mr. Wesley, wishing to have a true representation of the war-horse described by Job, hearing that Lord Oxford had one of the finest Arabs then supposed to be in the world, wrote to his lordship for permission to have his likeness taken for the work. That this request was granted there is little room to doubt; and we may therefore safely conclude that the horse represented, Dissert., p. 338, engraved by Cole, was taken from what was called "Lord Oxford's Bloody Arab." The original letter containing the request lies before me; it is conceived with great delicacy of sentiment, and is elegantly expressed:—

TO MY LORD OF OXFORD.

"My Lord,—Your lordship's accumulated favors on my eldest son of Westminster are so far from discouraging me from asking one for myself of your lordship, that they rather excite me to do it, especially when your lordship has been always so great a patron of learning and all useful undertakings. I hope I may have some pretence to the latter, how little soever I may have to the former; and have taken some pains in my Dissertations on Job to illustrate the description of the horse, though it is impossible to add anything to it. For this reason I would, if it were possible, procure a draft of the finest Arab horse in the world; and having had an account from several hands that your lordship's Bloody Arab answers the character, I have an ambition to get him drawn by the best artist we can find, and place him as the greatest ornament of my work. If your lordship has a picture of him, I would beg that my engraver may take a draft from it; or if not, that my son may have the liberty to get one drawn from the life; either of which will make him, if possible, as well as myself, yet more your lordship's most devoted, humble servant,

"Samuel Wesley, Sen."

Lord Oxford was the intimate friend of Samuel Wesley, jun., who was a frequent guest at his lordship's house, where he was treated with great distinction, as will appear in these Memoirs; and there is little doubt that the son became the negotiator of the father's request. The horse in the Dissertations is evidently designed for an Arabian horse, and no doubt was taken from that of Lord Oxford; but it is neither well drawn nor well engraved; and this is the more to be regretted, as the model was so perfect in its kind.

That the rector of Epworth was under considerable obligations to the earl of Oxford, appears from the dedication of the poems of his son Samuel to that nobleman, where he remarks:—"'Tis with reluctance I wave the mention of many personal obligations received from your lordship; but I can by no means resist this opportunity of returning my acknowledgments on my father's account, who is past expressing his own gratitude on earth, being now happy in

that world which alone is worthy of him. Neither obscurity of condition, nor distance of place, could prevent your lordship from distinguishing and encouraging a worthy clergyman in his indefatigable searches after truth, and his unfashionable studies in divinity; which perhaps might have been left unfinished without that encouragement. And it will be no small recommendation of the work itself, that its author was favored and approved by an earl of Oxford." I find his lordship's name among the subscribers for Job.

Though Mr. Wesley, sen., could not boast the munificence, he possessed the esteem, of some of the first characters in the nation:

> "Her gracious smiles not pious Anne denied;
> And beauteous Mary blest him when she died."

In the end of the year 1715, and the beginning of the year 1716, there were some strange disturbances in the parsonage house at Epworth, of such a singular nature as entitles them to a distinct mention. The accounts given of these are so circumstantial and authentic as to entitle them to the most implicit credit. The eye and ear witnesses were persons of strong understandings, and well-cultivated minds, untinctured by superstition, and in some instances rather skeptically inclined. Hearing of these things, Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., then at Westminster school, wrote to his father, mother, and sisters, for the particulars; and proposed such questions to them upon the subject as led them to use the utmost care, scrupulosity, and watchfulness, to prevent them from being imposed on by trick or fraud. Of the proceedings in this strange disturbance, Mr. Wesley, sen., kept a diary or journal; and Mr. John Wesley had also a detailed account of the whole from the family. Nothing apparently preternatural can lie further beyond the verge of imposture than these accounts; and the circumstantial statements contained in them force conviction of their truth even on the minds of the incredulous. That they were preternatural, the whole state of the case and supporting evidence seem to demonstrate.

The documents to which I refer, and which are inserted in their proper place, fell some how or other into the hands of the late Dr. Joseph Priestley, who thought proper to pub-

lish them in a pamphlet by themselves. He stated that he had received them from the late Mr. Badcock, to whom they had been communicated by Mrs. Earle, granddaughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Mr. John Wesley's eldest brother. Mr. Badcock, in a letter to Mr. J. Wesley, from South Molton, Devon, dated April 22, 1780, mentions these MSS., and his hope that he shall be able to procure and send them to Mr. W. Nothing further concerning these papers was heard till Dr. Priestley laid them before the public. How he obtained these MSS., which Mr. Badcock had proposed, should he possess them, to deliver to Mr. John Wesley, is a question which cannot at present be answered, as all the parties are long since dead. This, however, does not affect the authenticity of these documents, which are admitted on all hands to be indisputably genuine.

DISTURBANCES SUPPOSED TO BE PRETERNATURAL, AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE, IN EPWORTH.

MR. SAMUEL WESLEY'S JOURNAL:—AN ACCOUNT OF NOISES AND DISTURBANCES IN MY HOUSE AT EPWORTH, LINCOLNSHIRE, IN DECEMBER AND JANUARY, 1716.

"From the first of December, my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, knockings, &c., in every story, and most of the rooms of my house. But I hearing nothing of it myself, they would not tell me for some time, because, according to the vulgar opinion, if it boded any ill to me, I could not hear it. When it increased, and the family could not easily conceal it, they told me of it.

"My daughters, Susannah and Ann, were below stairs in the dining room; and heard, first at the doors, then over their heads, and the night after a knocking under their feet, though nobody was in the chambers or below them. The like they and my servants heard in both the kitchens, at the door against the partition, and over them. The maid-servant heard groans as of a dying man. My daughter Emilia, coming down stairs to draw up the clock and lock the doors at ten at night, as usual, heard under the staircase a sound among some bottles there, as if they had been all dashed to pieces; but when she looked, all was safe.

"Something like the steps of a man was heard going

up and down stairs, at all hours of the night, and vast rumblings below stairs, and in the garrets. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one come slaring through the garret to his chamber, rattling by his side, as if against his shoes, though he had none there; at other times walking up and down stairs, when all the house were in bed, and gobbling like a turkey-cock. Noises were heard in the nursery, and all the other chambers; knocking first at the feet of the bed and behind it; and a sound like that of dancing in a matted chamber, next to the nursery, when the door was locked, and nobody in it.

"My wife would have persuaded them it was rats within doors, and some unlucky people knocking without; till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed; but till, I think, the 21st at night, I heard nothing of it. That night I was waked a little before one by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of a pause at every third stroke. I thought it might be somebody without the house; and having got a stout mastiff, hoped he would soon rid me of it.

"The next night I heard six knocks, but not so loud as the former. I know not whether it was in the morning after Sunday the 23d, when about seven my daughter Emily called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noises there. She went in, and heard it at the bedstead, then under the bed, then at the head of it. She knocked, and it answered her. She looked under the bed, and thought something ran from thence, but could not well tell of what shape, but thought it most like a badger.

"The next night but one we were awaked about one by the noises, which were so violent, it was in vain to think of sleep while they continued. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and down stairs; and generally as we went into one room we heard it in that behind us, though all the family had been in bed several hours. When we were going down stairs, and at the bottom of them, we heard, as Emily had done before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broke all to pieces, and another sound distinct from it, as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same, three of my daughters heard at another time.

"We went through the hall into the kitchen, when our mastiff came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of its coming; for then he barked violently at it, but was silent afterward, and seemed more afraid than any of the children. We still heard it rattle and thunder in every room above or behind us, locked as well as open, except my study, where as yet it never came. After two, we went to bed, and were pretty quiet the rest of the night.

"Wednesday night, December 26, after or a little before ten, my daughter Emilia heard the signal of its beginning to play, with which she was perfectly acquainted; it was like the strong winding up of a jack. She called us; and I went into the nursery, where it used to be most violent. The rest of the children were asleep. It began with knocking in the kitchen underneath, then seemed to be at the bed's feet, then under the bed, at last at the head of it. I went down stairs, and knocked with my stick against the joists of the kitchen. It answered me as often and as loud as I knocked; but then I knocked as I usually do at my door, 1—2 3 4 5 6—7; but this puzzled it, and it did not answer, or not in the same method; though the children heard it do the same exactly twice or thrice after.

"I went up stairs, and found it still knocking hard, though with some respite, sometimes under the bed, sometimes at the bed's head. I observed my children that they were frighted in their sleep and trembled very much till it waked them. I stayed there alone, bid them go to sleep, and sat at the bed's feet by them, when the noise began again. I asked it what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to me in my study, if it had anything to say to me. Soon after it gave one knock on the outside of the house, (all the rest were within,) and knocked off for that night.

"I went out of doors, sometimes alone, at others with company, and walked round the house, but could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging-chamber would be lifted up very often, when all were in bed. One night when the noise was great in the kitchen, and on a deal partition, and the door in the yard, the latch whereof was often lifted up, my daughter Emilia went and held it fast on the inside: but it was still lifted up, and the

door pushed violently against her, though nothing was to be seen on the outside.

"When we were at prayers, and came to the prayers for King George and the prince, it would make a great noise over our heads constantly, whence some of the family called it a Jacobite. I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power, once against the corner of my desk in the study, a second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third time against the right side of the frame of my study door, as I was going in.

"I followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and by night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird; but not like the noise of rats, which I have often heard.

"I had designed on Friday, December 28, to make a visit to a friend, Mr. Downs, at Normanby, and stay some days with him; but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night that I did not care to leave my family. So I went to Mr. Hoole, of Haxey, and desired his company on Friday night. He came; and it began after ten, a little later than ordinary. The younger children were gone to bed, the rest of the family and Mr. Hoole were together in the matted chamber. I sent the servants down to fetch in some fuel, went with them, and stayed in the kitchen till they came in. When they were gone I heard loud noises against the doors and partition; and at length the usual signal, though somewhat after the time. I had never heard it before, but knew it by the description my daughter had given me. It was much like the turning about of a windmill when the wind changes. When the servants returned, I went up to the company, who had heard the other noises below, but not the signal. We heard all the knocking as usual, from one chamber to another, but at its going off, like the rubbing of a beast against the wall. From that time till January the 24th we were quiet.

"Having received a letter from Samuel the day before relating to it, I read what I had written of it to my family; and this day, at morning prayer, the family heard the usual

knocks at the prayer for the king. At night they were more distinct, both in the prayer for the king, and that for the prince; and one very loud knock at the *amen* was heard by my wife, and most of my children, at the inside of my bed. I heard nothing myself. After nine, Robert Brown, sitting alone by the fire in the back kitchen, something came out of the copper-hole like a rabbit, but less, and turned round five times very swiftly. Its ears lay flat upon its neck, and its little scut stood straight up. He ran after it with the tongs in his hands; but when he could find nothing, he was frighted, and went to the maid in the parlor.

"On Friday, the 25th, having prayers at church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession, absolution, and prayers for the king and prince. I observed, when this is done, there is no knocking. I therefore used them one morning for a trial; at the name of King George it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the prince. Two knocks I heard, but took no notice after prayers, till after all who were in the room, ten persons besides me, spoke of it, and said they heard it. No noise at all the rest of the prayers.

"Sunday, January 27. Two soft strokes at the morning prayers for King George, above stairs.

Addenda.

"Friday, December 21. Knocking I heard first, I think, this night; to which disturbances, I hope, God will in his good time put an end.

"Sunday, December 23. Not much disturbed with the noises, that are now grown customary to me.

"Wednesday, December 26. Sat up to hear noises. Strange! spoke to it, knocked off.

"Friday 28. The noises very boisterous and disturbing this night.

"Saturday 29. Not frighted with the continued disturbance of my family.

"Tuesday, January 1, 1717. My family have had no disturbance since I went."

Narrative drawn up by Mr. John Wesley, and published by him in the Arminian Magazine.

When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify, of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this :—

On Dec. 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert; "he has the stone, and uses to groan so." He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said, "Naught vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had but been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me." When he was in bed, he heard as it were the gobbling of a turkey-cock close to the bedside; and, soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots; but there were none there, he had left them below. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, "What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to fright me." After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy, than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in

the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, "It signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Sukey, (about a year older than her,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened; she made quite light of it, telling her, "I wonder you are so easily frighted; I would fain see what would fright me." Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bedclothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things; pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside; and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened

it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, "If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge." Soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room as it were the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said, "Sukey, I am ashamed of you: these boys and girls frighten one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more."

At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not, for she did not believe the prince of Orange was king. He vowed he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away; nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, (an eminently pious and sensible man,) could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, "Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father de-

sired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened; particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in, and said, 'Old Jeffrey is coming, (that was the name of one that died in the house,) for I hear the signal.' This, they inform me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw; or rather that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed, (which was of wood,) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating, and trembling exceedingly, was very angry; and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I catched him by the arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock, (the particular knock which he always used at the gate,) as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night." Till this time, my father had never heard the least disturbances in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, (of which none had any key but himself,) when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went

into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said, "These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak." She did so; and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak." When she was gone, a thought came in, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks, and no more." Immediately all was silence; and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered, she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her; only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises, that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffrey is knocking above," she would run up stairs, and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second, and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his night-gown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle, and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark

and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days, he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor, and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, "Sukey, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore door. He opened that, but it was still lost labor. After opening first the one, then the other, several times, he turned, and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house, that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, "No; let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil." But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing so to do, when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over; after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the second of December to the end of January.

LETTERS CONCERNING SOME SUPERNATURAL DISTURBANCES AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AT EPWORTH, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

LETTER I.—*To Mr. Samuel Wesley, from his Mother.*

"*January* 12, 1716–17.

"DEAR SAM,—This evening we were agreeably surprised with your packet, which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you were dead, or one of your brothers had by some misfortune been killed.

"The reason of our fears is as follows: On the first of December our maid heard, at the door of the dining-room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremes, at the

point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavored to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which indeed we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterward he heard it as the rest.

"One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads as if several people were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous, that we thought the children would be frighted; so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

"The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack; at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night, about six o'clock, he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak, if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his

house; but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it if it were Sammy, and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, knock again; but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

"Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing, now you are safe at London hitherto; and I hope God will still preserve you: though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it. S. W."

LETTER II.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Father.*

"*January* 30, *Saturday.*

"HONORED SIR,—My mother tells me a very strange story of disturbances in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favor me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, might find many, but wisdom none. Your dutiful and loving son,

"S. WESLEY."

LETTER III.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—Those who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part, I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me. Two or three I have heard from others. Was there never a new maid or man in the house that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to all to be in the same place, at the same time? Could not cats,

or rats, or dogs be the sprites? Was the whole family asleep when my father and you went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God himself assures us, convince them who believe not Moses and the prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any. I think, since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be in vain. The end of spirits' actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtil politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for any ill, may, it is possible, be one design of Providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do so.

"Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful and affectionate son,

"S. WESLEY."

"*Jan.* 19, 1716–7, *Saturday, Dean's Yard, Westminster.*

"I expect a particular account from every one."

LETTER IV.—*From Mrs. Wesley to her Son Samuel.*

"*Jan.* 25 or 27, 1716–7.

"DEAR SAM,—Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasels that disturbed us; and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frighted away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before; and that night we rose and went down I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

"As to your questions, I will answer them particularly:

but withal, I desire my answers may satisfy none but yourself; for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid new this last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute, after it began to be dark.

"The man, Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it, lying in the garret, and has been often frighted down barefoot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes; nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villany. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound, that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time; though often before any could say, It is here, it would remove to another place.

"All the family, as well as Robin, were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they wake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them; only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awaked her. It commonly was nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of; and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. Secret things belong to God. But I entirely agree with you, that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

"S. Wesley."

LETTER V.—*From Miss Susannah Wesley to her Brother Samuel.*

"*Epworth, Jan.* 24.

"DEAR BROTHER,—About the first of December, a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the upstarting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frighted her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings, were frightful enough.

"Though it is needless for me to send you any account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you; yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it, my sister Nancy and I were sitting in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden; then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We inquired whether anybody had been in the garden, or in the room above us; but there was nobody. Soon after, my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed; afterward, the tingling of the latch and warming-pan; and so it took its leave that night.

"Soon after the above-mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while; but the latter end of the night that Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed-head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the

bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bedside, like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of his chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

"It is now pretty quiet; only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, 'Our most gracious sovereign lord,' &c. This my father is angry at, and designs to say *three* instead of *two* for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance: but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

"I am, your sincere friend and affectionate sister,

"SUSANNAH WESLEY."

LETTER VI.—*Mr. S. Wesley in Answer.*

"*Dean's Yard, Feb.* 9, 1716–17.

"DEAR SISTER SUKEY,—Your telling me the spirit has made its personal appearance, without saying how, or to whom, or when, or how long, has excited my curiosity very much. I long mightily for a further account of every circumstance by your next letter. Do not keep me any longer in the dark. Why need you write the less, because my father is to send me the whole story? Has the disturbance continued since the 28th of December? I understand my father did not hear it all; but a fortnight after the rest. What did he say remarkable to any of you when he did hear it? As to the devil's being an enemy to King George, were I the king myself, I should rather old Nick should be my enemy, than my friend. I do not like the noise of the night-gown sweeping along the ground, nor its knocking like my father. Write when you receive this, though nobody else should, to your loving brother,

"S. W."

LETTER VII.—*Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—You say you could multiply particular instances of the spirit's noises; but I want to know

whether nothing was ever seen by any. For though it is hard to conceive, nay, morally impossible, that the hearing of so many people could be deceived, yet the truth will be still more manifest and undeniable, if it is grounded on the testimony of two senses. Has it never at all disturbed you since the 28th of December? Did no circumstance give any light into the design of the whole?

"Your obedient and loving son,

"*Feb.* 12." "S. WESLEY."

"Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?"

LETTER VIII.—*Mr. S. Wesley to his Father.*

"HONORED SIR,—I have not yet received any answer to the letter I wrote some time ago; and my mother in her last seems to say, that as yet I know but a very small part of the whole of the story of strange noises in our house. I shall be exceedingly glad to have the entire account from you. Whatever may be the main design of such wonders, I cannot think they were ever meant to be kept secret. If they bode anything remarkable to our family, I am sure I am a party concerned.

"Your dutiful son,

"*Feb.* 12." "S. WESLEY."

LETTER IX.—*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Sister Emily.*

"DEAR SISTER EMILY,—I wish you would let me have a letter from you about the spirit, as indeed from every one of my sisters. I cannot think any of you very superstitious, unless you are much changed since I saw you. My sister Hetty, I find, was more particularly troubled. Let me know all. Did anything appear to her?

"I am, your affectionate brother,

"*Feb.* 12." "S. WESLEY."

LETTER X.—*From old Mr. Wesley to his Son Samuel.*

"*February* 11, 1716–7.

"DEAR SAM,—As for the noises, &c., in our family, I thank God we are now all quiet. There were some surprising circumstances in that affair. Your mother has not

written you a third part of it. When I see you here, you shall see the whole account, which I wrote down. It would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton; but while I live I am not ambitious for anything of that nature. I think that's all, but blessings from

"Your loving father,
"Sam. Wesley."

[The following letter was received at the same time, though it has no date.]

Letter XI.—*From Miss Emily Wesley to her Brother Samuel.*

"Dear Brother,—I thank you for your last; and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power, concerning what has happened in our family. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was too much inclined to infidelity; so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince anybody of the reality of the thing, and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others.

"My sisters in the paper chamber had heard noises, and told me of them; but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the doors, which I always do. Scarce had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise, like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frighted, but went to my sister Sukey, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

"Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed. But my sister

Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back; when, soon after, there came down the stairs behind her something like a man, in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

"All this time we never told our father of it; but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer; but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late, and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffrey (for that name I gave it) with a horn.

"But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry: for from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently, between ten and eleven, something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the iron-work. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

"It would answer to my mother, if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time, little Kezzy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks, just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce, if any one said it was rats, or anything natural.

"I could tell you abundance more of it; but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frighted at first, and very little at last; but it was never near me, except two or three times; and never followed me as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her; and when she has

removed, it has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person.

"If you would know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you. I believe it to be witchcraft, for these reasons. About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? Then my father had, for several Sundays before its coming, preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to; and it had a particular spite at my father.

"Besides, something was thrice seen. The first time by my mother, under my sister's bed, like a badger, only without any head that was discernible. The same creature was sat by the dining-room fire one evening; when our man went into the room, it ran by him, through the hall, under the stairs. He followed with a candle, and searched, but it was departed. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, like a white rabbit, which seems likely to be some witch; and I do so really believe it to be one, that I would venture to fire a pistol at it, if I saw it long enough. It has been heard by me and others since December. I have filled up all my room, and have only time to tell you,

"I am your loving sister,

"Emilia Wesley."

Letter. XII.—*Miss Susannah Wesley to her Brother Samuel.*

"*March* 27.

"Dear Brother Wesley,—I should further satisfy you concerning the disturbances; but it is needless, because my sisters Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it. One thing I believe you do not know, that is, last Sunday, to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced upon the table a pretty while, without anybody's stirring the table; when, lo! an adventurous wretch took it up, and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after. How glad should I be to talk with you about it! Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing except Jeffrey.

"Susannah Wesley."

A Passage in a Letter from my Mother to me, dated March 27, 1717.

"I cannot imagine how you should be so curious about our unwelcome guest. For my part, I am quite tired with hearing or speaking of it: but if you come among us, you will find enough to satisfy all your scruples, and perhaps may hear or see it yourself. S. WESLEY."

A Passage in a Letter from my Sister Emily to Mr. N. Berry, dated April 1.

"Tell my brother the sprite was with us last night, and heard by many of our family, especially by our maid and myself. She sat up with drink; and it came just at one o'clock, and opened the dining-room door. After some time it shut again. She saw, as well as heard, it both shut and open; then it began to knock as usual. But I dare write no longer, lest I should hear it.

"EMILIA WESLEY."

My Mother's Account to Jack.

"*Aug.* 27, 1726.

"About ten days after Nanny Marshall had heard unusual groans at the dining-room door, Emily came and told me that the servants and children had been several times frighted with strange groans and knockings about the house. I answered, that the rats John Maw had frightened from his house, by blowing a horn there, were come into ours, and ordered that one should be sent for. Molly was much displeased at it, and said, if it was anything supernatural, it certainly would be very angry, and more troublesome. However, the horn was blown in the garrets; and the effect was, that whereas before the noises were always in the night, from this time they were heard at all hours, day and night.

"Soon after, about seven in the morning, Emily came and desired me to go into the nursery, where I should be convinced they were not startled at nothing. On my coming thither, I heard a knocking at the feet, and, quickly after, at the head, of the bed. I desired, if it was a spirit, it would answer me; and knocking several times with my

foot on the ground, with several pauses, it repeated under the sole of my feet exactly the same number of strokes, with the very same intervals. Kezzy, then six or seven years old, said, 'Let it answer me too, if it can,' and stamping, the same sounds were returned that she made, many times, successively.

"Upon my looking under the bed, something ran out pretty much like a badger, and seemed to run directly under Emily's petticoats, who sat opposite to me on the other side. I went out; and one or two nights after, when we were just got to bed, I heard nine strokes, three by three, on the other side the bed, as if one had struck violently on a chest with a large stick. Mr. Wesley leaped up, called Hetty, who alone was up in the house, and searched every room in the house, but to no purpose. It continued from this time to knock and groan frequently at all hours, day and night; only I earnestly desired it might not disturb me between five and six in the evening, and there never was any noise in my room after during that time.

"At other times, I have often heard it over my mantle-tree; and once, coming up, after dinner, a cradle seemed to be strongly rocked in my chamber. When I went in, the sound seemed to be in the nursery. When I was in the nursery, it seemed in my chamber again. One night Mr. W. and I were waked by some one running down the garret stairs, then down the broad stairs, then up the narrow ones, then up the garret stairs, then down again, and so the same round. The rooms trembled as it passed along, and the doors shook exceedingly, so that the clattering of the latches was very loud.

"Mr. W. proposing to rise, I rose with him, and went down the broad stairs, hand in hand, to light a candle. Near the foot of them, a large pot of money seemed to be poured out at my waist, and to run jingling down my night-gown to my feet. Presently after we heard the noise as of a vast stone thrown among several dozen of bottles which lay under the stairs; but upon our looking, no hurt was done. In the hall the mastiff met us, crying and striving to get between us. We returned up into the nursery, where the noise was very great. The children were all asleep, but panting, trembling, and sweating extremely.

"Shortly after, on Mr. Wesley's invitation, Mr. Hoole

stayed a night with us. As we were all sitting round the fire, in the matted chamber, he asked whether that gentle knocking was it? I told him yes; and it continued the sound, which was much lower than usual. This was observable, that while we were talking loud in the same room, the noise, seemingly lower than any of our voices, was distinctly heard above them all. These were the most remarkable passages I remember, except such as were common to all the family."

My Sister Emily's Account to Jack.

"About a fortnight after the time when, as I was told, the noises were heard, I went from my mother's room, who was just gone to bed, to the best chamber, to fetch my sister's Sukey's candle. When I was there, the windows and doors began to jar, and ring exceedingly; and presently after I heard a sound in the kitchen, as if a vast stone coal had been thrown down, and smashed to pieces. I went down thither with my candle, and found nothing more than usual; but as I was going by the screen, something began knocking on the other side, just even with my head. When I looked on the inside, the knocking was on the outside of it; but as soon as I could get round, it was at the inside again. I followed it to and fro several times; till at last, finding it to no purpose, and turning about to go away, before I was out of the room, the latch of the back kitchen door was lifted up many times. I opened the door, and looked out, but could see nobody. I tried to shut the door, but it was thrust against me, and I could feel the latch, which I held in my hand, moving upward at the same time. I looked out again; but finding it was labor lost, clapped the door to, and locked it. Immediately the latch was moved strongly up and down; but I left it, and went up the worst stairs, from whence I heard, as if a great stone had been thrown among the bottles which lay under the best stairs. However, I went to bed.

"From this time I heard it every night for two or three weeks. It continued a month in its full majesty, night and day. Then it intermitted a fortnight or more, and when it began again, it knocked only on nights, and grew less and

less troublesome, till at last it went quite away. Toward the latter end, it used to knock on the outside of the house, and seemed further and further off, till it ceased to be heard at all."

My Sister Molly's Account to Jack.

"*August* 27.

"I have always thought it was in November, the rest of our family think it was the 1st of December, 1716, when Nanny Marshall, who had a bowl of butter in her hand, ran to me, and two or three more of my sisters, in the dining-room, and told us she had heard several groans in the hall, as of a dying man. We thought it was Mr. Turpine, who had the stone, and used sometimes to come and see us. About a fortnight after, when my sister Sukey and I were going to bed, she told me how she was frightened in the dining-room, the day before, by a noise, first at the folding door, and then overhead. I was reading at the table, and had scarce told her I believed nothing of it, when several knocks were given just under my feet. We both made haste into bed; and just as we lay down, the warming-pan by the bedside jarred and rang, as did the latch of the door, which was lifted swiftly up and down. Presently a great chain seemed to fall on the outside of the door, (we were in the best chamber,) the door, latch, hinges, the warming-pan, and windows, jarred, and the house shook from top to bottom.

"A few days after, between five and six in the evening, I was by myself in the dining-room. The door seemed to open, though it was still shut; and somebody walked in, in a night-gown trailing upon the ground, (nothing appearing,) and seemed to go leisurely round me. I started up, and ran up stairs to my mother's chamber, and told the story to her and my sister Emily. A few nights after, my father ordered me to light him to his study. Just as he had unlocked it, the latch was lifted up for him. The same (after we blew the horn) was often done to me, as well by day as by night. Of many other things all the family as well as me were witnesses.

"My father went into the nursery from the matted chamber, where we were, by himself, in the dark. It knocked very loud on the press bed-head. He adjured it to tell

him why it came, but it seemed to take no notice; at which he was very angry, spoke sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and repeated his adjuration. My sisters were terribly afraid it would speak. When he had done, it knocked his knock on the bed's head, so exceedingly violent, as if it would break it to shivers; and from that time we heard nothing till near a month after."

My Sister Sukey's Account to Jack.

"I believed nothing of it till about a fortnight after the first noises; then one night I sat up on purpose to hear it. While I was working in the best chamber, and earnestly desiring to hear it, a knocking began just under my feet. As I knew the room below was locked, I was frightened, and leaped into bed with all my clothes on. I afterward heard as it were a great chain fall, and after some time the usual noises at all hours of the day and night. One night, hearing it was most violent in the nursery, I resolved to lie there. Late at night, several strong knocks were given on the two lowest steps of the garret stairs, which were close to the nursery door. The latch of the door then jarred, and seemed to be swiftly moved to and fro, and presently began knocking about a yard within the room on the floor. It then came gradually to sister Hetty's bed, who trembled strongly in her sleep. It beat very loud, three strokes at a time, on the bed's head. My father came, and adjured it to speak; but it knocked on for some time, and then removed to the room over, where it knocked my father's knock on the ground, as if it would beat the house down. I had no mind to stay longer, but got up, and went to sister Em and my mother, who were in her room. From thence we heard the noises again from the nursery. I proposed playing a game at cards; but we had scarce begun, when a knocking began under our feet. We left off playing, and it removed back again into the nursery, where it continued till toward morning."

Sister Nancy's Account to Jack.

"*September* 10.

"The first noise my sister Nancy heard was in the best chamber, with my sister Molly and my sister Sukey, soon

after my father had ordered her to blow a horn in the garrets, where it was knocking violently. She was terribly afraid, being obliged to go in the dark; and kneeling down on the stairs, desired that, as she acted not to please herself, it might have no power over her. As soon as she came into the room, the noise ceased, nor did it begin again till near ten: but then, and for a good while, it made much greater and more frequent noises than it had done before. When she afterward came into the chamber in the daytime, it commonly walked after her from room to room. It followed her from one side of the bed to the other, and back again, as often as she went back; and whatever she did which made any sort of noise, the same thing seemed just to be done behind her.

"When five or six were set in the nursery together, a cradle would seem to be strongly rocked in the room over, though no cradle had ever been there. One night she was sitting on the press bed, playing at cards with some of my sisters, when my sisters Molly, Hetty, Patty, and Kezzy, were in the room, and Robert Brown. The bed on which my sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her on it. She leaped down, and said, 'Surely old Jeffrey would not run away with her.' However, they persuaded her to sit down again, which she had scarce done, when it was again lifted up several times successively a considerable height; upon which she left her seat, and would not be prevailed upon to sit there any more.

"Whenever they began to mention Mr. S., it presently began to knock, and continued to do so till they changed the discourse. All the time my sister Sukey was writing her last letter to him, it made a very great noise all round the room; and the night after she set out for London, it knocked till morning with scarce any intermission.

"Mr. Hoole read prayers once; but it knocked as usual at the prayers for the king and prince. The knockings at those prayers were only toward the beginning of the disturbances, for a week or thereabouts."

The Rev. Mr. Hoole's Account.

"*September* 16.

"As soon as I came to Epworth, Mr. Wesley telling me he sent for me to conjure, I knew not what he meant, till

some of your sisters told me what had happened, and that I was sent for to sit up. I expected every hour, it being then about noon, to hear something extraordinary, but to no purpose. At supper, too, and at prayers, all was silent, contrary to custom; but soon after, one of the maids, who went up to sheet a bed, brought the alarm, that Jeffrey was come above stairs. We all went up, and as we were standing round the fire in the east chamber, something began knocking just on the other side of the wall, on the chimney-piece, as with a key. Presently the knocking was under our feet. Mr. Wesley and I went down, he with a great deal of hope, and I with fear. As soon as we were in the kitchen, the sound was above us, in the room we had left. We returned up the narrow stairs, and heard at the broad stairs' head some one slaring with their feet, (all the family being now in bed besides us,) and then trailing, as it were, and rustling with a silk night-gown. Quickly it was in the nursery, at the bed's head, knocking as it had done at first, three by three. Mr. Wesley spoke to it, and said he believed it was the devil; and soon after it knocked at the window, and changed its sound into one like the planing of boards. From thence it went on the outward south side of the house, sounding fainter and fainter, till it was heard no more.

"I was at no other time than this during the noises at Epworth, and do not now remember any more circumstances than these."

"*Epworth, Sept.* 1.

"My sister Kezzy says she remembers nothing else, but that it knocked my father's knock, ready to beat the house down, in the nursery one night."

Robin Brown's Account to Jack.

"The first time Robin Brown, my father's man, heard it, was when he was fetching down some corn from the garrets. Somewhat knocked on a door just by him, which made him run away down stairs. From that time it used frequently to visit him in bed, walking up the garret stairs, and in the garrets, like a man in jack-boots, with a night-gown trailing after him, then lifting up his latch and mak-

ing it jar, and presently making a noise in his room like the gobbling of a turkey-cock, then stumbling over his shoes or boots by the bedside. He was resolved once to be too hard for it, and so took a large mastiff we had just got to bed with him, and left his shoes and boots below stairs; but he might as well have spared his labor, for it was exactly the same thing, whether any were there or no: the same sound was heard as if there had been forty pairs. The dog, indeed, was a great comfort to him; for as soon as the latch began to jar, he crept into bed, made such a howling and barking together, in spite of all the man could do, that he alarmed most of the family.

"Soon after, being grinding corn in the garrets, and happening to stop a little, the handle of the mill was turned round with great swiftness. He said nothing vexed him, but that the mill was empty; if corn had been in it, old Jeffrey might have ground his heart out for him; he would never have disturbed him.

"One night, being ill, he was leaning his head upon the back kitchen chimney, (the jam he called it,) with the tongues in his hands, when from behind the oven-stop, which lay by the fire, somewhat came out like a white rabbit. It turned round before him several times, and then ran to the same place again. He was frighted, started up, and ran with the tongues into the parlor, (dining-room.")

"*D. R., Epworth, Aug.* 31.

"Betty Massy one day came to me in the parlor, and asked me if I had heard old Jeffrey, for she said she thought there was no such thing. When we had talked a little about it, I knocked three times with a reel I had in my hand against the dining-room ceiling, and the same were presently repeated. She desired me to knock so again, which I did; but they were answered with three more so violently as shook the house, though no one was in the chamber over us. She prayed me to knock no more, for fear it should come in to us."

"*Epworth, Aug.* 31, 1726.

"John and Kitty Maw, who lived over against us, listened several nights in the time of the disturbance, but could never hear anything."

Memorandum of Jack's.

"The first time my mother ever heard any unusual noise at Epworth was long before the disturbance of old Jeffrey. My brother, lately come from London, had one evening a sharp quarrel with my sister Sukey, at which time, my mother happening to be above in her own chamber, the doors and windows rang and jarred very loud, and presently several distinct strokes, three by three, were struck. From that night it never failed to give notice in much the same manner against any signal misfortune, or illness of any belonging to the family."

Of the general Circumstances which follow, most, if not all the Family, were frequent Witnesses.

1. Presently after any noise was heard, the wind commonly rose and whistled very loud round the house, and increased with it.

2. The signal was given, which my father likens to the turning round of a windmill when the wind changes; Mr. Hoole, (rector of Haxey,) to the planing of deal boards; my sister, to the swift winding up of a jack. It commonly began at the corner of the top of the nursery.

3. Before it came into any room, the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rung and jarred exceedingly.

4. When it was in any room, let them make what noise they would, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead, hollow note would be clearly heard above them all.

5. It constantly knocked while the prayers for the king and prince were repeating; and was plainly heard by all in the room but my father, and sometimes by him, as were also the thundering knocks at the amen.

6. The sound very often seemed in the air in the middle of a room, nor could they ever make any such themselves by any contrivance.

7. Though it seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, kick the man's shoes up and down, &c., yet it never moved anything except the latches, otherwise than making it tremble; unless once, when it threw open the nursery door.

8. The mastiff, though he barked violently at it the first day he came, yet whenever it came after that, nay, sometimes before the family perceived it, he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company.

9. It never came by day, till my mother ordered the horn to be blown.

10. After that time scarce any one could go from one room to another, but the latch of the room they went to was lifted up before they touched it.

11. It never came once into my father's study, till he talked to it sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if it had anything to say to him.

12. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six, it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time when she was employed in devotion.

13. Whether our clock was right or wrong, it always came, as near as could be guessed, when by the night it wanted a quarter to ten.

The accounts in general agree as to the time of the commencement and cessation of these disturbances. They were first noticed December 1 or 2, 1716, and ceased at the end of January, 1717. But there is a fact of which all Mr. Wesley's biographers are ignorant, namely, that Jeffrey, as the spirit was called, continued to molest some branches of the family for many years after. We have seen that Miss Emily Wesley was the first who gave it the name Jeffrey, from an old man of that name who had died there; and that she was more disturbed by it than any other of the family. I have an original letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 16, 1750, thirty-four years after the time, as is generally supposed, that Jeffrey had discontinued his operations, in which he is named. Emily was now Mrs. Harper, having married a person of that name, an apothecary, who at first lived in Epworth, and afterward in London, or near it; and the letter is addressed to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, Foundry.

As some account of this lady shall be given in its proper place, I shall insert here only that part of her letter which refers to the above subject.

"*February* 16, 1750.

"DEAR BROTHER,——— I want most sadly to see you, and talk some hours with you, as in times past. Some things are too hard for me; these I want you to solve. One doctrine of yours, and of many more, namely: no happiness can be found in any or all things in this world; that, as I have sixteen years of my own experience which lie flatly against it, I want to talk with you about it. Another thing is, that wonderful thing, called by us Jeffrey. You won't laugh at me for being superstitious, if I tell you how certainly that *something* calls on me against any extraordinary new affliction; but so little is known of the invisible world, that I, at least, am not able to judge whether it be a friendly or an evil spirit. I shall be glad to know from you where you live—where you may be found. If at the Foundry, assuredly, on foot or by coach, I shall visit my dear brother, and enjoy the very great blessing of some hours' converse. I am, your really obliged friend and affectionate sister,

"EMILIA HARPER."

I find by a note on the back that Mr. Wesley answered this letter on the 18th, two days after; but what he said on the subject is not recorded. This is the latest information I have concerning Jeffrey and his operations. It seems he came to Emily to give intimations of approaching afflictions or evils, just as Socrates informs us his demon was accustomed to apprise him of any evils that were about to happen.

But who was this demon? and what was the cause of his troubling this family?

We find that for a considerable time all the family believed it to be a trick; but at last they were all satisfied it was something supernatural. Some supposed it was a demon; others, that the whole was the effect of witchcraft. Mr. John Wesley believed that it was a messenger of Satan, sent to buffet his father for his rash promise of leaving his family, and very improper conduct to his wife in consequence of her scruple to pray for the prince of Orange as king of England; to which title she fully believed he had no legal nor constitutional right. On which we find that he left her for a year, to the neglect both of his family and

his church. That God should have resented this rash conduct is not to be wondered at; but whether Jeffrey was the instrument of chastisement will be a question with many. With others, the house was considered as haunted. For this I have heard a reason assigned, which I shall introduce, because it has been stated to me by respectable authority as a fact.

"The family having retired one evening rather earlier than usual, one of the maids, who was finishing her work in the back kitchen, heard a noise, and presently saw a man working himself through a trough which communicated between the sink-stone within, and the cistern on the outside of the house. Astonished and terrified beyond measure, she, in a sort of desperation, seized the cleaver, which lay on the sink-stone, and gave him a violent and probably a mortal blow on the head; she then uttered a dismal shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. Mr. Wesley, being alarmed by the noise, supposing the house was beset by robbers, rose up, caught up the fire-irons of his study, and began to throw them with violence on the stairs, calling out, Tom! Jack! Harry! &c., as loud as he could bawl; designing thus to intimidate the robbers. Who the man was that received the blow, or who were his accomplices, was never discovered. His companions had carried him off; footsteps and marks of blood were traced to some distance, but not far enough to find out who the villains were, nor from whence they came."

I give this story just as I received it, which, though respectably related, I have not been able to trace to any authentic source.

Dr. Priestley thinks the whole trick an imposture. It must be so on his system of materialism: but this does not solve the difficulty, it only cuts the knot.

Mrs. Wesley's opinion was different from all the rest, and was probably the most correct; she supposed that "these noises and disturbances portended the death of her brother, then abroad in the East India Company's service." This gentleman, who had acquired a large property, suddenly disappeared, and was never heard of more, at least as far as I can find, from the remaining branches of the family, or from any of the family documents. All that can be learned of him will be found

in connection with his father, Dr. Annesley, in the succeeding pages.

The story of the disturbances at the parsonage house in Epworth is not unique; I myself, and others of my particular acquaintances, were eye and ear witnesses of transactions of a similar kind, which could never be traced to any source of trick or imposture, and appeared to be the forerunners of two very tragical events in the disturbed family; after which no noise or disturbance ever took place. In the history of my own life I have related this matter in sufficient detail.*

Dr. Priestley, who first published the preceding papers,† says of the whole story, that "it is perhaps the best-authenticated and the best-told story of the kind that is anywhere extant; on which account, and to exercise the ingenuity of some speculative persons, he thought it not undeserving of being published."—*Preface*, p. xi. After this concession, he then enters into a train of arguing, to show that there could be nothing supernatural in it; for Dr. P., as a materialist, could give no credit to any account of angels, spirits, &c., the existence of which he did not credit; and because he could see no good end to be answered by it, therefore he thinks he may safely conclude no miracle was wrought. Such argumentation can justify no man in disbelieving a story of this kind, told so circumstantially, and witnessed by such a number of persons, whose veracity was beyond doubt, and whose capability to judge between fact and fiction, trick and genuine operation, was beyond that of most persons, who, in any country or age, have come forward to give testimony on a subject of this nature. He at last gets rid of the whole matter thus: "What appears most probable, at this distance of time, in the present case, is, that it was a trick of the servants, assisted by some of their neighbors; and that nothing was meant by it besides puzzling

* The "tragical events," together with their "forerunners," alluded to by Dr. Clarke, may be seen in "An Account of his Religious and Literary Life," vol. i, pp. 81–87.—EDITOR.

† The work to which the biographer here refers is entitled, "Original Letters by the Rev. John Wesley, and his Friends, illustrative of his Early History, with other Curious Papers, communicated by the late Rev. S. Badcock. To which is prefixed, An Address to the Methodists. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. Birmingham, printed by Thomas Pearson, and sold by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard. London, 1791, 8vo., pp. 170."—EDITOR.

the family, and amusing themselves; and that such a secret should be kept, so that the matter was never discovered, is not at all to be wondered at." We can scarcely suppose that this mode of reasoning satisfied the mind of Dr. Priestley, else he must have been satisfied much more easily on a subject which struck at the vitals of his own system, than he would have been on any doctrine relative to philosophy and chemistry. He had Mrs. Wesley's letter before him, which stated that the servants could not be employed in the work, for reasons which she there adduces; and especially, because those very servants were often in the room with themselves, when the disturbances were most rife. But all suppositions of this kind are completely nullified by the preceding letter of Mrs. Harper, (formerly Emilia Wesley,) which states that even to thirty-four years afterward Jeffrey continued to molest her. Did her father's servants and the Epworth neighbors pursue her for thirty-four years through her various settlements, from 1716 to 1750, and were even at that time playing their pranks against her in London? How ridiculous and absurd! and this is the very best solution of these facts that Dr. Priestley could arrive at in deference to his system of materialism! The letter of Mrs. Harper I consider of vast importance, as it removes the last subterfuge of determinate incredulity and false philosophy on this subject.

A philosopher should not be satisfied with the reasons advanced by Dr. Priestley. He who will maintain his creed in opposition to his senses, and the most undisguised testimony of the most respectable witnesses, had better at once, for his own credit's sake, throw the whole story in the region of doubt, where all such relations, no matter how authenticated,

> "Upwhirl'd aloft,
> Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,
> Into a limbus large and broad!"

And instead of its being called the paradise of fools, it may be styled the limbus of philosophic materialists, into which they hurry whatever they cannot comprehend, choose not to believe, or please to call superstitious and absurd. And they treat such matters so because they quadrate not with principles unfounded on the divine testimony, feebly supported by true philosophy, and contradictory to the plain,

unbiased, good common sense of nineteen-twentieths of mankind.

But my business is to relate facts, of which the reader must make what use he chooses.

It is now time to return more particularly to Mr. Wesley's personal history.

When Mr. Pope solicited the interest of Dean Swift to procure subscribers for Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job, he called him a learned man; and, from many evidences before me, I am led unhesitatingly to confirm this character.

The rector of Epworth was a learned man, though he thought and spoke meanly of his own literary attainments. Independently of that classical learning which was common to the clergy of those times, he cultivated other branches with which the great majority of them were unacquainted: one branch in particular, Biblical criticism, which Dr. Owen had urged upon him, and which was then but little studied either in England or any other part of Europe, and which, within a few years only, is become a certain science, formed on just principles, and subjected to consistent and unerring rules. The Holy Scriptures he had read with deep attention, in the originals and principal versions. These he had carefully compared by a judicious collation; and from this labor he drew conclusions at once instructive to others, and creditable to his own understanding.

In his time that great and important work, the London Polyglot, was published, containing the original texts of the Old and New Testaments, Hebrew and Greek, with all the ancient versions that were then known. The Samaritan on the Pentateuch; the Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee, Æthiopic, including the Psalms and the New Testament; the Persian on the Four Gospels; the Septuagint, and the Vulgate. All these, the Vulgate excepted, which is in Latin, are accompanied with a Latin version, correct enough for general use. The text and versions occupy five folio volumes. The sixth is a collection of various readings on the above texts and versions. To these Dr. Edmund Castel added a Lexicon, in two volumes folio, of the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Æthiopic, Samaritan, and Persian, generally called Castel's Heptaglot Lexicon.

Of this work Mr. Wesley had a copy, which was unhappily destroyed in the burning of his house in 1709. How diligently he consulted this work, and how much he profited by it, his collation of all the above original texts and versions throughout the book of Job testifies, of which I shall speak more particularly when I come to that article. He was so satisfied of the great utility of this work to ministers, that we find he had projected an edition of the Holy Scriptures, including the original texts and principal versions on a more contracted plan, and in a more portable form, of which we have some account in a letter written to his son John at Oxford, when he had thoughts of entering into the work of the ministry.

As this letter contains some judicious observations, and much wholesome advice, I will give it entire, as only some parts of it have been published; first by Mr. Wesley in the Arminian Magazine, and secondly by Dr. Whitehead, in his Life of Mr. Wesley. We shall see by it, as by several other evidences, that Mr. S. Wesley was a strict father, not to say rigid, inclining to severity. But if the rein he held was tight, his hand was steady, and the whip not in use.

"*Wroote, Jan.* 26, 1724-5.

"Dear Son,—I am so well pleased with your present behavior, or at least with your letters, that I hope I shall have no occasion to remember any more some things that are passed. And since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I'll take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as oft as I am able. But then it shall be of my own *mero motu*, as the last 5^to^ was; for I will bear no rivals in my kindness.

"I did not forget you with Dr. Morley,* but have moved that way as much as possible; though I must confess, hitherto, with no great prospect or hopes of success.

"As for what you mention of entering into holy orders, it is indeed a great work; and I am pleased to find you think it so, as well as that you do not admire a callow clergyman any more than I do.

* Dr. Morley was rector of Lincoln College; and as Mr. John Wesley purposed to stand for a fellowship, he requested his father to use his interest with the doctor in reference to that event. The next year he stood, and succeeded.

"As for your motives you take notice of, my thoughts are: 1. It is no harm to desire getting into that office, even as Eli's sons, 'to eat a piece of bread;' for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' Though, 2. A desire and intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief one should do so, is a better reason, though this should by all means be begun before, or else, ten to one, it will deceive us afterward. 3. If a man be unwilling and undesirous to enter into orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say, so much as with common honesty, 'that he believes he is moved by the Holy Spirit to do it.' But, 4. The principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be only secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, and the service of his church, in the edification and salvation of our neighbor: and wo to him who with any meaner leading view attempts so sacred a work. For which, 5. He should take all the care he possibly can, with the advice of wiser and elder men,—especially imploring with all humility, sincerity, and intention of mind, and with fasting and prayer, the direction and assistance of Almighty God and his Holy Spirit,—to qualify and prepare himself for it.

"The knowledge of the languages is a very considerable help in this matter, which, I thank God, all my three sons have to a very laudable degree, though God knows I had never more than a smattering of any of them. But, then, this must be prosecuted to the thorough understanding the original text of the Scriptures, by constant and long conversing with them.

"You ask me which is the best commentary on the Bible? I answer, The Bible; for the several paraphrases and translations of it in the Polyglot, compared with the original and with one another, are, in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious, and humble mind, infinitely preferable to any commentary I ever saw wrote upon it, though Grotius is the best, (for the most part,) especially on the Old Testament.

"And now, the providence of God (I hope it was) has engaged me in such a work, wherein you may be very assistant to me, I trust promote his glory, and at the same time notably forward your own studies in the method I have just now proposed; for I have some time since designed an edition of the Holy Bible, in octavo, in the

Hebrew, Chaldee, Seventy, and vulgar Latin, and hope made some progress in it: the whole scheme whereof I have not time at present to give you, of which scarce any soul yet knows except your brother Sam.

"What I desire of you on this article is, 1. That you would immediately fall to work; read diligently the Hebrew text in the Polyglot, and collate it exactly with the vulgar Latin, which is in the second column, writing down all (even the least) variations or differences between them. To these I would have you add the Samaritan text, in the last column but one, (do not mind the Latin translation in the very last column,) which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, only differing in the Samaritan character, (I think the true old Hebrew,) the alphabet whereof you may learn in a day's time, either from the Prolegomena in Walton's Polyglot, or from his Grammar. In a twelvemonth's time, sticking close to it, in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth; collating the Hebrew and two Greek, the Alexandrian and the Vatican, with what I can get of Symmachus and Theodotion, &c. Nor shall you lose your reward for it, either in this or the other world. Nor are your brothers like to be idle. But I would have nothing said of it to anybody, though your brother Sam shall write to you shortly about it.

"In the afternoon read what you will; and be sure to walk an hour, if fair, in the fields. Get Thirlby's Chrysostom De Sacerdotio; master it,—digest it. I took some pains, a year or two since, in drawing up some advices to Mr. Hoole's brother, then to be my curate at Epworth, before his ordination, which may not be unuseful to you;*

* It is in all probability to this work that Mr. Whitefield refers, when, in a letter to Mr. John Wesley, whom he honors as his "spiritual father," he says, "I received benefit by your father's advice to a young clergyman." The letter is dated April, 1737, and is to be found in the Meth. Mag., vol. xxi, p. 359.

Somewhat different from the work here alluded to is another, for the use of ministers, which is supposed to have proceeded from the pen of the rector of Epworth. A literary friend remarks to the writer of this note, "I have lately perused a work, entitled, 'The Clergyman's Vade Mecum,' which I am inclined to believe was compiled by Samuel Wesley, the elder. The fifth edition was published in 1722; the sixth, in 1731. I adduce the following reasons in support of my opinion:—1. The style and sarcastic wit are peculiarly his own. 2. The work was printed for Robert Kreaplock,

therefore I will send them shortly to your brother Sam for you: but you must return me them again, I having no copy; and pray let none but yourself see them.

"By all this you see I am not for your going over-hastily into orders. When I am for your taking them, you shall know it; and it is not impossible but I may be with you, if God so long spare the life and health of

"Your affectionate father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

"I like your verses on the sixty-fifth Psalm, and would not have you to bury your talent. All are well, and send duties.

"Work and write while you can. You see time has shaken me by the hand, and death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left; and bless God for them."

What the full nature and extent of the scheme referred to above was, I have not been able to find out. It seems he had intended a copious list of various readings; and intended particularly to show how the Vulgate version (proposed by St. Jerome to be taken from the Hebrew text) differed from the original; and how the Alexandrian and Vatican copies of the Septuagint differed from each other; and also to point out the variations between them and the ancient Greek versions of Symmachus and Theodotion,

his own publisher. 3. He quotes chiefly from John de Athon, who was a prebendary of Lincoln, in the fourteenth century, and says, 'Upon perusal of the registry at Lincoln, I find,' &c. Observe, this was the diocese to which Wesley belonged, and he corresponded very freely with Dr. Reinold, who was then the bishop of it. 4. He dwells largely on convocations, and suggests several improvements in the spiritual courts—a favorite subject in his 'Reply to Palmer.' In a note (p. 188) he remarks, 'Solemn penance was performed only in Lent, with a white sheet and bare feet; this none but the ordinary could enjoin.' Dr. Clarke showed me once some cases of individuals who had done this penance in Epworth church, and which I hope he has introduced into his work on the 'Wesley Family.' Take a specimen of his wit: 'In times of Popery the clergy were rewarded for their pious frauds with a double portion of wealth and honor; but since the Reformation, for telling plain truth, they have been requited with poverty and contempt. I don't remember any temporal advantage that the clergy have gained in these last ages, excepting that of wives. But as by this means the clergyman's family has been enlarged, so there has been very little done to enable him to maintain it, except by some private benefactions.'—P. 313. Connect with these sentiments the rector's domestic circumstances, and they will be found purely Wesleyan."—EDITOR.

together with the other existing fragments of the Hexapla of Origen. He appears to have intended also to show the variations between the Hebrew and Samaritan Pentateuch. He tells us he had in the space of one year gone four times through the Pentateuch. By this I suppose he meant, reading—1. The Hebrew text; 2. The Chaldee paraphrases of Ben Uzziel and Onkelos; 3. The Septuagint; and, 4. The Vulgate. And to read each of these critically, and the whole in twelve months, was no mean labor.*

This scheme would have wanted nothing for general utility had it included the Syriac of the Old and New Testaments, and particularly of the latter. A work of this kind, even now, would be of the utmost consequence to Biblical students. What became of the preparations for this promising work, I have not been able to learn, any more than of the full extent of his scheme. He and his three sons were amply qualified for the undertaking.

On a plan nearly similar to that projected by Mr. Samuel Wesley, Mr. S. Bagster, of Paternoster Row, London, has published a Polyglot, in a 4to., 8vo., and 12mo. size.

* The Hebrew Bible used by the rector of Epworth was a copy of the second edition of Sebastian Munster's, printed at Basil, 1546, folio; and in it, relative to the above fact, I find the following entry in his own handwriting, both at the beginning and end of the Pentateuch: "In nom. Dom. 7r. 25, 1724. Bis Pentateuchum per legi, et *κατα ρημα* comparavi. Et hodie, 3io incipio. 4to, Feb. 8, 1724–25, 5to. . . ." From this entry we find that he had read over the Pentateuch twice by Sept. 25, 1724, and began the third reading the same day; and that he had finished the fourth reading on Feb. 6, 1725: and about the 8th of the same month had commenced the fifth reading; and all this he did, comparing the original texts, as he says, *κατα ρημα, word for word.* This collation, which was done at Wroote, exists in the margin of the copy of Munster's Bible, which I have already mentioned, and is one of the most curious specimens of careful, laborious, and accurate criticism I have ever seen. This work, which is only the first volume, was furnished to me by a friend who is now with God; and I shall take care that the book be deposited in the archives of the Methodists' Conference, as a monument of the learning and industry of the rector of Epworth.

[This volume has also the autograph of "John Wesley," into whose hands it probably fell after his father's death. It comprises the sacred text from Genesis to Kings. As Dr. Clarke's intention to leave the volume to the Wesleyan Conference was probably not known to his family, it was placed in the sale catalogue of his library after his decease, and stood lot 404, for the "second day's sale." On that day, Feb. 19, 1833, it was knocked down to T. Marriott, Esq., for two guineas. It was subsequently purchased by the publishers of this work, and finally presented to the writer of this note, who has taken care to secure it to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.—EDITOR.]

The Old Testament comprises, at one view, 1. The Hebrew text, with points; 2. The authorized English version, with various readings and parallel texts; 3. The Greek version of the Seventy; and, 4. The Vulgate Latin. The New Testament comprehends, 1. The Greek text; 2. The ancient Syriac; 3. The Latin Vulgate; and, 4. The authorized English version as above.

Some other letters, which have survived the destruction of many Wesleyan documents, may be here introduced:—

"*Wroote, June* 26, 1727.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—I don't think I've yet thanked you enough for your kind and dutiful letter of the 14th inst., which I received at Bawtrey, last Wednesday, and answered there in a hurry; yet, on reflection, I see no reason to alter my mind much as to what I then writ; but if you had any prospect of doing good on your pupil, should have been pleased with your attempting it some time longer. If that is past, or hopeless, there's an end of that matter.

"When you come hither, after having taken care of Charter-house, and your own rector, your head-quarters will, I believe, be for the most part at Wroote, as mine, if I can, at Epworth, though sometimes making an exchange. The truth is, I am hipp'd (with an i) by my voyage and journey to and from Epworth last Sunday; being lamed with having my breeches too full of water, partly with a downfall from a thunder shower, and partly from the wash over the boat. Yet, I thank God, I was able to preach here in the afternoon, and was as well this morning as ever, except a little pain and lameness, both which I hope to wash off with a hair of the same dog this evening.

"I wish the rain had not reached us on this side Lincoln; but we have it so continual that we have scarce one bank left, and I can't possibly have one quarter of oats in all the levels; but, thanks be to God, the field-barley and rye are good. We can neither go a foot, or horseback, to Epworth, but only by boat as far as Scawsit Bridge, and then walk over the common, though I hope it will be soon better. I would gladly send horses, but don't think I've now any that would perform the journey; for, 1. My Filley has scarcely recovered from the last, and I question if she ever will. However, I've turned her up to the wa-

gon, and very seldom ride her. 2. Mettle is almost blind. 3. Your favorite Two-eyed-nag they have taken to swing in the back, and he's never like to be good for riding any more. 4. And Bounce, and your mother's nag, you know. Therefore, if you can get a pretty strong horse, not over fine, nor old, nor fat, I think it would improve, especially in summer, and be worth your while. I would send as far as Nottingham to meet you, but would have your studies as little intermitted as possible, and hope I shall do a month or two longer, as I'm sure I ought to do all I can both for God's family and my own; and when I find it sinks me, or perhaps a little before, I'll certainly send you word, with about a fortnight's notice; and in the mean time sending you my blessing, as being your loving father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

"P. S. DEAR CHARLES,—Were I you, it should go hard but I'd get one of the Blenheim prizes—Thomas calls —Good night to you."

"*Wroote, June* 26, 1727.

"I promise to pay £10 per ann. (at the least) to my son, Charles Wesley, of Christ Church, Oxon, at every May-day, commencing at May-day next for this present year.

"SAM. WESLEY, SEN."

"*Wroote, July* 18, 1727.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—We received, last post, your compliments of condolence and congratulation to your mother on the supposition of her near approaching demise, to which your sister Patty will by no means subscribe, for she says she is not so good a philosopher as you are, and that she can't spare her mother yet, if it please God, without very great inconveniency.

"And indeed, though she has now and then some very sick fits, yet I hope the sight of you would revive her. However, when you come you will see a new face of things, my family being now pretty well colonized, and all perfect harmony; much happier in no small straits, than perhaps we ever were before in our greatest affluence; and you'll find a servant that will make us rich, if God gives us anything to work upon. I know not but it may

be this prospect, together with my easiness in my family, which keeps my spirits from sinking, though they tell me I've lost some of my tallow between Wroote and Epworth; but that I don't value, as long as I've strength still left to perform my office.

"If Charles can get to London, I believe Hardsley, at the Red Lion, Aldersgate-street, might procure him a horse as reasonably as any, to ride along with you to Lincoln, (city,) and direct him where to leave it there with the carrier to return, which will be the cheapest and the safest way; and I'll warrant you will find means to bring Charles up again. Your own best way, as in my last, will be to buy a horse for yourself, for the reasons I then told you. I'm weary, but your loving father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

"*Wroote, July* 18, 1727.

"DEAR CHARLES,—I told you the Chaldee would be easy (Scaliger says the Ethiopic is but a dialect of it;) so will the Syriac; and even the Arabic, as soon as you can crack it, and I believe pleasanter as well as richer than all the rest. And I doubt not but he that's master of the Hebrew may soon conquer all the others, which will both receive it, and give light to each other, especially (as I've heard) the Arabic, whereof I question whether it be ever exhaustible, and which is yet spoken and writ from the hills of Granada to the uttermost easterly bounds of the world. I have a sample of it for you here, if you are got so far, in a specimen of the Arabic Testament, and have picked out a pretty many words in Job, which the commentators say are of one of those three languages, wherein your assistance will do me a great pleasure. If you can get the Oxford edition of Tacitus's Annals, transcribe the passage in the sixth book concerning the Phœnix, and the annotations upon it, and be so kind as to bring them with you.

"I've writ on the other side, to your brother, my thoughts of the best way of your coming, and the sooner the better; you'll send word by post the day we must send for you to Lincoln. I heartily wish I could as well send you both a viaticum, as I do my best blessings. From your affectionate father, SAM. WESLEY."

Mr. Wesley thought himself, at the time he wrote one of the preceding letters, near the grave; his right hand was palsied, and he had other infirmities; but he lived rather more than ten years after the date of this letter.

In the course of the summer he again writes; and as his letters embrace subjects which have excited general interest, they may here be introduced:—

"*Wroote, July* 14, 1725.

"Dear Son,—As for Thomas à Kempis, all the world are apt to strain either on one side or the other. And 'tis no wonder if contemplative men, especially when wrapped in a cowl, and the darkness of the mystic divinity, when they observed the bulk of the world so mad for sensual pleasures, should run into the contrary extreme, and attempt to persuade us to have no senses at all, and that God made them to very little purpose. But for all that, mortification is still an indispensable Christian duty. The world is a syren, and we must have a care of her. And if the *young man* will *rejoice in his youth*, yet let him take care that his joys be innocent; and in order to this, remember that *for all these things* God will bring him into judgment. I have only this to add of my friend and old companion, that, making some grains of allowance, he may be read to great advantage; nay, that 'tis almost impossible to peruse him seriously, without admiring, and I think in some measure imitating, his heroic strains of humility, piety, and devotion."

Again:—

"*Wroote, Oct.* 19, 1725.

"Dear Son,—You seem staggered at the severe words in the Athanasian creed. Consider, their point is leveled against, only against, obstinate heretics. A distinction is undoubtedly to be made between what is willful, and what is in some measure involuntary. God certainly will make a difference. We don't so well know it. We therefore must leave that to him, and keep to the rule which he has given.

"As to the main of the cause, the best way to deal with our adversaries is to turn the war and their own vaunted arms against them. From balancing the schemes, it will

appear, that there are many irreconcilable absurdities and contradictions in theirs; but none such (though indeed some difficulties) in ours. To instance in one of a side: they can never prove a contradiction in our Three and One, unless we affirm them to be so in the same respect, which every child knows we do not. But we can prove there is one in a creature's being a Creator, which they assert of our Lord."

I have already mentioned Mr. John Wesley's standing for a fellowship in Lincoln College, and succeeding; at this his father greatly rejoiced, as we may see from the following letter, which shows also the straitness of family circumstances with which this excellent man had always to contend, while endeavoring to bring up a large family, and educate them in such a way as to qualify them for gaining their bread in respectable and useful situations:—

"*Wroote, April* 1, 1726.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—I had both yours since your election: in both you express yourself as becomes you, for what I had willingly, though with much greater difficulty than you imagine, done for you; for the last twelvemonth pinched me so hard, that I'm forced to beg time of your brother Sam till after harvest, to pay him the £10 that he lent you; nor shall I have so much as that, I question whether £5, to keep my family from May-day till after harvest; and don't expect I shall be able to do anything for Charles when he goes to the university. And what will be my own fate, God knows, before the summer be over, *sed passi graviora*. Wherever I am, my Jackey is fellow of Lincoln! Yet all this, and perhaps worse than you know, has not made me forget you; for I wrote to Dr. King, inclosed in one to Sam, desiring leave for you to move for two or three months into the country, where you would be gladly welcome, though with small hopes of obtaining it, as you know what has passed already.

"As for advice: keep your best friend fast; and next to him, Dr. Morley; and have a care of your other friends, especially the younger. All at present, from your loving father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

To his son Charles, who had in 1729 taken his bachelor's degree in Christ's Church, Oxford, and had begun to take pupils, he wrote as follows:—

"*Epworth, Jan.* 29, 1729–30.

"DEAR CHARLES,—I had your last with your brother's, and you may easily guess whether I were not pleased with it, both on your account and on my own. You have a double advantage by your pupils, which will soon bring you more if you will improve it, as I firmly hope you will, in taking the utmost care to form their minds to piety, as well as learning. As for yourself, between logic, grammar, and mathematics, be idle if you can; and I give my blessing to the bishop for having tied you a little faster, by obliging you to rub up your Arabic; and a fixed and constant method will make all both easy and delightful to you. But for all that, you must find time every day for walking, which you know you may do with advantage to your pupils; and a little more robust exercise now and then will do you no harm.

"You are now launched fairly, Charles: hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,—

Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.

'Thou carriest Charles, and Charles's fortune.'

But always keep your eye above the polar star. And so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life! which is the hearty prayer of

"Your loving father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

The piety and good sense of Mr. Wesley are strikingly manifest in the advice which he gave to his sons at Oxford, when the public clamor was excited against them on account of the unusual strictness of their lives. Of this his son John has given the following interesting account in a letter to Mr. Morgan, of Dublin, dated Oct. 18, 1732, where he says, "I wrote an account to my father of our whole design, withal begging that he who had lived seventy years in the world, and seen as much of it as most private men have ever done, would advise us whether we had yet

gone too far, and whether we should now stand still, or go forward." His answer is as follows:—

"*Sept.* 28, 1730.

"As to your designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *Valde probo;* and that I have the highest reason to bless God that he has given me two sons together in Oxford, to whom he has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. They have but one more enemy to combat with—the flesh, which if they take care to subdue by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do, but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect the crown which fadeth not away. You have reason to bless God as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. Morgan, who I see in the foremost difficult service is ready to break the ice for you. I think I must adopt him as my son, together with you and your brother Charles; and when I have such a Ternion to prosecute that war, wherein I am now *miles emeritus*, I shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

"I am afraid lest the main objection you make against your going on in the business with the prisoners may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. For who can harm you, if you are followers of that which is so good, and which will be one of the marks by which the Shepherd of Israel will know his sheep at the last day? Though if it were possible for you to suffer a little in the cause, you would have a confessor's reward. You own that none but such as are out of their senses would be prejudiced against your acting in this manner, but say, 'These are they that need a physician.' But what if they will not accept of one who will be welcome to the poor prisoners? Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you. For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you. Your first regular step is to consult with him (if any such there be) who has a jurisdiction over the prisoners, and the next is, to obtain the direction and ap-

probation of your bishop. This is Monday morning, at which time I shall never forget you. If it be possible, I should be glad to see you all three here in the fine end of summer. But if I cannot have that satisfaction, I am sure I can reach you every day, though you were beyond the Indies. Accordingly, to Him who is everywhere I now heartily commit you, as being

"Your most affectionate and joyful father,

"SAM. WESLEY."

In the following year Mr. Wesley met with an accident that was likely to have proved fatal to him. Mr. John Wesley, then at Oxford, having had some account of it, wrote to his mother for the particulars, of which she gave him the following detail:—

"*July* 12, 1731.

"DEAR JACKY,——The particulars of your father's fall are as follows: On Friday before Whitsunday, the 4th of June, I, your sister Martha, and our maid, were going in our wagon to see the ground we hire of Mrs. Knight, at Low Millwood. He sat in a chair at one end of the wagon, I in another at the other end, Matty between us, and the maid behind me. Just before we reached the close, going down a small hill, the horses took into a gallop; out flies your father and his chair. The maid seeing the horses run, hung all her weight on my chair, and kept me from keeping him company. She cried out to William to stop the horses, and that her master was killed. The fellow leaped out of the seat, and stayed the horses; then ran to Mr. Wesley, but ere he got to him, two neighbors who were providentially met together raised his head, upon which he had pitched, and held him backward, by which means he began to respire; for 'tis certain, by the blackness in his face, that he had never drawn breath from the time of his fall till they helped him up. By this time I was got to him, asked him how he did, and persuaded him to drink a little ale, for we had brought a bottle with us; he looked prodigiously wild, but began to speak, and told me he ailed nothing, I informed him of his fall. He said he 'knew nothing of any fall, he was as well as ever he was in his life.' We bound up his head, which was very much bruised, and helped him into the wagon again, and set him at the

bottom of it, while I supported his head between my hands, and the man led the horses softly home. I sent presently for Mr. Harper, who took a good quantity of blood from him; and then he began to feel pain in several parts, particularly in his side and shoulder. He had a very ill night, but on Saturday morning Mr. Harper came again to him, dressed his head, and gave him something which much abated the pain in his side. We repeated the dose at bedtime, and on Whitsunday he preached twice, and gave the sacrament, which was too much for him to do; but nobody could dissuade him from it. On Monday he was ill; slept almost all day. On Tuesday the gout came; but with two or three nights taking *Bateman*, it went off again, and he has since been better than could be expected. We thought at first the wagon had gone over him; but it only went over his gown sleeve; and the nails took a little skin off his knuckles, but did him no further hurt."

Thus far Mrs. Wesley. It is evident from the manner of his fall, and the state he was in when taken up, that had there not been timely help, he would have never breathed more. Was there not an especial providence concerned in preserving the life of this good man?

The generality of English readers will wonder at horses galloping away with a wagon; and so should I, had I not known those which are used in the Isle of Axholme, and particularly about Epworth. It is a long, light, and very narrow vehicle, with four narrow wheels, drawn by two horses abreast; and it is no unusual thing to drive with these wagons at a very high trot, and not seldom at a gallop, when going to the harvest-fields.

This letter, the original of which is before me, seems to have been carefully preserved by Mr. John Wesley, as a record of God's mercy in the preservation of his father's life. He had indorsed it thus:—"*My Father's Fall.*"

Hard pressed as Mr. Samuel Wesley was in his circumstances, he was naturally a humane man, and was always on the alert where benevolence was concerned. The following letters are illustrative of this trait in his character:—

"*Epworth, March* 27, 1733.

"Mr. Porter,—Dorothy Whitehead, widow, lately died here, leaving four small children, and all about her house

not sufficient to bury her, as you will see by the oath of her executor added to the will; for a will she would have to dispose of a few roods of land, lest her children should fall out about it. It is her brother Simon Thew, the bearer, who consented to be her executor, that he might take care of her children. I gave him the oath, as you will see, as strictly as I could, and am satisfied it is all exactly true. They were so poor, that I forgave them what was my due for it, and so did even my clerk for her burial. If there be any little matter due for the probate of the will, I entreat and believe you will be as low as possible; wherein you know your charity will be acceptable to God, and will much oblige your ready friend,

"SAM. WESLEY.

"P. S. I hope you have received of the apparitor two guineas more, which I sent you by him some time since for two licenses, which is all I have parted with since the former; being too weak myself (I doubt) to be at the visitation."

"*Epworth, May* 14, 1734.

"MR. STEPHENSON,—As soon as I heard from John Brown that your kinswoman Stephenson had writ to you for her son Timothy, and that you had desired her to send for him up, I did not need any to compliment me with desiring my advice or assistance in it; but because it was a charitable action, and I knew the widow was not able to fit him out herself, having been left indifferently with three children besides him, and yet has not hitherto been burdensome to any, I spoke to several of my best parishioners—Mr. John Maw, Mr. Barnard, and others, that we might be as kind to him as we have been to others who have been put apprentices at the public charge, which could be done but meanly at £5, according as you proposed it, though his mother should be able to scratch for a few shoes and stockings besides for him. I went twice on your account and his to a public meeting at the church on this occasion, before I had seen the mother or the boy. But the highest sum we could bring our people to, in order to make a man of him, was no more than three pounds, which I knew was far short of the matter. The same day, being Sunday last, I went and talked with Mr. John Maw and Mr. Barnard,

who were his friends before, and we resolved to make up the rest by a private contribution among ourselves. I think it was the next day that I sent for the lad and his mother to my house, though I had often endeavored in vain before to see them both. Accordingly they came, and I found he was a lad of spirit, and that he would please you, and be fit for his business, as far as his strength would go; encouraging them both, and telling his mother that she might depend on five pounds, besides what she herself could do, to set him out. This was all I could do for him in the dark, not having seen the letters that have passed between Mr. Hall and you about him; and if herein I have been over-officious, I hope you will (at the least) excuse it from

"Your obliged friend,

"SAM. WESLEY."

"P. S. Mine and my wife's service and thanks to you and yours for your civilities."

In the following year he was confined to bed, attended by three physicians; but what the nature of his complaint was, does not appear. The affliction, however, was sanctified to the removal of that irritability of temper into which he was so often betrayed; for on the receipt of his brother's caustic letter, which I have already noticed, Mr. W., speaking of himself in the third person, says, "I was a little surprised that he did not fall into flouncing and bouncing, as I have often seen him do on far less provocation; which I ascribed to a fit of sickness which he hath lately had, and which I hope may have brought him to something of a better mind." Mr. Richard Morgan, in a letter, dated Feb. 17, 1733, addressed to Mr. John Wesley, says, "I assure you, without any dissimulation or flattery, I rejoice sincerely at the recovery of the good old gentleman, your father, and am really concerned that the scorners of the university continue so malevolent to you." [MS. letter.] This refers to a pamphlet which had just been published, namely, "The Oxford Methodists; being some Account of a Society of Young Gentlemen in that City, so denominated; setting forth their Rise, Views, and Designs. With some Occasional Remarks on a Letter inserted in Fog's Journal of December 9, 1732, relating thereto. In

a Letter from a Gentleman near Oxford to his Friend in London." Printed for J. Roberts, price 6*d*.

Of the settlement of Mr. Wesley's family I find little. But the following letter relative to the person who married his daughter Mary is worthy of insertion:—

TO THE LORD CHANCELOR, FOR JOHN WHITELAMB, NOW CURATE OF EPWORTH.

"*Westminster, Jan.* 14, 1733-4.

"My Lord,—The small rectory of Wroote, in the diocese and county of Lincoln, adjoining to the Isle of Axholme, is in the gift of the lord chancelor, and more than seven years since was conferred on Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth. It lies in our low levels, and is often overflowed; four or five years since I have had it; and the people have lost most or all the fruits of the earth to that degree that it has hardly brought me in £50 per annum, *omnibus annis;* and some years not enough to pay my curate there his salary of £30 a year. This living, by your lordship's permission and favor, I would gladly resign to one Mr. John Whitelamb, born in the neighborhood of Wroote, as his father and grandfather lived in it, when I took him from among the scholars of a charity school, founded by one Mr. Travers, an attorney, brought him to my house, and educated him there, where he was my amanuensis for four years, in transcribing my 'Dissertations on the Book of Job,' now well advanced in the press; and drawing my maps and figures for it, as well as we could by the light of nature. After this, I sent him to Oxford, to my son John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College, under whom he made such proficiency that he was the last summer admitted by the bishop of Oxford into deacon's orders, and placed my curate in Epworth, while I came up to town to expedite the printing my book.

"Since I was here, I gave consent to his marrying one of my seven daughters, and they are married accordingly; and though I can spare little more with her, yet I would gladly give them a little glebe land at Wroote, where I am sure they will not want springs of water. But *they* love the place, though I can get nobody else to reside on it. If I do not flatter myself, he is indeed a valuable person, of uncommon brightness, learning, piety, and indefatigable

industry; always loyal to the king, zealous for the Church, and friendly to our dissenting brethren;* and for the truth of this character I will be answerable to God and man. If, therefore, your lordship will grant me the favor to let me resign the living unto him, and please to confer it on him, I shall always remain,

"Your lordship's most bounden, most grateful, and most obedient servant, SAMUEL WESLEY."

Mary, the wife of this Mr. John Whitelamb, died of her first child. The lord chancelor transferred the living as requested;† and Mr. Whitelamb was promoted to it in the same month.

We have another notice of Mr. Whitelamb, about this time, in a letter to Dr. Reynolds, bishop of Lincoln, from Mr. Wesley:—

"*Epworth, May* 2, 1734.

"MY LORD,—I thank God, I got well home, and found all well here, since which my son-in-law, Mr. Whitelamb, is gone with his wife to reside at Wroote, and takes true pains among the people. He designs to be inducted immediately after visitation. At my return to Epworth, looking a little among my people, I found there were two strangers come hither, both of which I have discovered to be Papists, though they come to church, and I have hopes of making *one* or both of them good members of the Church of England."

We shall hear again of young Mr. Whitelamb, as Mr. Wesley's assistant on the Book of Job.

We have already seen that Mr. Wesley was long engaged in a work that had for its object the elucidation of the Book of Job, proposals for the printing of which were published in 1729. From the preceding letter to the chan-

* Though the rector was "friendly" to the "Dissenters," his private sentiments would never allow his friendship to proceed to cordiality. "A thousand times," says Mr. Wesley, "I have found my father's words true: 'You may have peace with the Dissenters if you do not so humor them as to dispute with them. But if you do, they will out-face and out-lung you, and at the end you will be where you were at the beginning.'" From hence, it would seem, that the friendship of policy was all that existed.—EDITOR.

† See Gent. Mag., Feb., vol. iv, p. 108. "Mr. Whitelamb to the rectory of Wroote, Lincolnshire."—EDITOR.

celor, we find it was in the press so early as the year 1732, but was not finished before 1736. This delay was not brooked by the subscribers, and from them he heard of many complaints. In a letter to a gentleman of the name of Pygot, who had written to him on the subject, he vindicates himself, and accounts for these delays in the following manner:—

TO MR. PYGOT.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 22, 1732–3.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your civil letter. I cannot wonder that any should think long of Job's coming out, though 'tis common in books of this nature, especially when the author is absent from the press, and there are so many cuts and maps in it, as must be in mine. However, I owe it to my subscribers, and indeed to myself, to give some further account of this matter.

"Now if Job's friends have need of patience, at seeing him lie so long on the dunghill, or, which is much the same, the printing-house, how much more has Job himself need of it, who is sensible his reputation suffers more and more by the delay of it; though if he himself had died, as he was lately in a very fair way to it, having been as good as given over by three physicians, there would have been no manner of doubt (that every subscriber would have had his book) to any one who knows the character of my son at Westminster. Neither can I yet be satisfied with this, though I have already lost the use of one hand in the service; yet, I thank God, *non deficit alterâ*, and I begin to put it to school this day to learn to write, in order to help its lame brother. And when it can write legibly, I design, if it please God, for London myself this summer, to push on the editing of it, by helping to correct the press both in text and maps, and to frame the indexes; more than which I cannot do. Though there are so few subscribers, very many having forgot their large promises to assist me in it, that I hardly expect to receive one hundred pounds clear for all my ten years' pains and labor; if you will be so kind as to communicate this to any of my subscribers, who may fall in your way, it may perhaps give some satisfaction to them; however, it will be but a piece of justice to your most obliged friend and brother,

"Samuel Wesley."

The title of this work is, "Dissertationes in Librum Jobi: Autore SAMUEL WESLEY, Rectore de Epworth, in Diœcesi Lincolniensi, fol., Lond., typis Gulielmi Bowyer, 1736."

Dedicated to Queen Caroline, in the very short but elegant manner following:—

SERENISSIMÆ
CAROLINÆ
DEI GRATIA
Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Reginæ
LITERARUM FAUTRICI,
Qui Juvenis, Reginæ MARIÆ,
Deinde provectior Ætate ANNÆ,
OPERA SUA CONSECRAVIT:
Idem Senex, plusquam SEPTUAGENARIUS,
EXTREMOS HOSCE LABORES
HUMILLIME OFFERT
SAMUEL WESLEY.

By this we find that Mr. Wesley had the singular honor of dedicating different works to three British queens in succession. His History of the Life of Christ he dedicated to Queen Mary; his History of the Old and New Testament, to Queen Anne; and his Dissertations on the Book of Job, to Queen Caroline.

When Mr. Wesley had purposed to dedicate this work to Queen Caroline, he wrote to both his sons, Samuel and John, relative to the proper mode of proceeding; but, on inquiry, they found many obstacles in the way to the royal presence, occasioned, it appears, by some offense given by Mr. Samuel in his satires on the ministry and their friends. How these obstacles were at last removed we are not informed; but the queen received the work, as we have seen above. The following letter, written to Mr. Samuel while this subject was pending, is both curious and important:—

TO MY SON SAMUEL.

"*Epworth, Dec.* 17, 1730.

"DEAR SON,—On Wednesday last, the 15th instant, I had yours of the 11th and 12th, which has made me pretty quiet in reference to my dedication, as indeed my heart was never violently set upon it before, or I hope on anything else in this world. I find it stuck where I always boded it would, as in the words of your brother in yours,

when you waited on him with my letter and addressed him on the occasion. 'The short answer I received was this, it was utterly impossible to obtain leave on my account; you had the misfortune to be my father; and I had a long bill against M——n.'

"I guess at the particulars, that you have let your wit too loose against some favorites, which is often more highly resented, and harder to be pardoned, than if you had done it against greater persons. It seems then that original sin goes sometimes upward as well as downward; and we must suffer for our offspring. Though, notwithstanding this disappointment, owing, I doubt not, to some misconduct, I shall never think it 'a misfortune to have been your father.' I am sensible it would avail little for me to plead, in proof of my loyalty, the having written and printed the first thing that appeared in defense of the government after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the crown, (which was an answer to a speech without doors;) and I wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view; and that I ever had the most tender affection and deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family, on which account it is no secret to you, though it is to most others, that I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immovable, till I have conquered at the last. I must confess, I had the (I hope at the least) pardonable vanity (when I had dedicated two books before to two of our English queens, Queen Mary and Queen Anne) to desire to inscribe a third, which has cost me ten times as much labor as all the rest, to her gracious majesty, Queen Caroline, who, I have heard, is an encourager of learning. And this work, I am sure, needs a royal encouragement, whether or no it may deserve it. Neither would I yet despair of it, had I any friend who would fairly represent that and me to her majesty. Be that as it pleaseth Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the princes upon earth; and he turneth them whithersoever he pleases.

"If we have not subscriptions enough for the cuts, as proposed, we must be content to lower our sails again, and to have only the maps, the picture of Job, which I must

have at the beginning, and some few others. The family, I thank God, is all well, as is your affectionate father,

"SAM. WESLEY, SEN."

Before the work was put to press, Mr. Wesley had the opportunity of consulting the library of the marquis of Rockingham, at Wentworth House. For this purpose he took his son, Mr. John Wesley, with him, to aid him in his researches, and to assist him in transcribing such extracts as might be valuable to the work. This circumstance is thus noticed by Mr. Everett, in his "Sketches of Methodism in Sheffield:"—"Mr. Wesley," says he, "was on a visit to Wentworth House, in 1733, with his father, who was then engaged with a literary work, (Dissertationes in Librum Jobi,) and found it necessary to consult the library of the marquis. Their stay being prolonged over the sabbath day, Mr. John Wesley occupied the pulpit in Wentworth church, to the no small gratification of the parishioners. What tended to excite more than usual attention was, that the preacher was a stranger, the son of a venerable clergyman, and had his father as a hearer." This fact Mr. Everett had from the lips of a person who heard Mr. John Wesley on the occasion. It appears from Thorseby's Diary, that the rector of Epworth occasionally visited Leeds also. "I was visited to-day," says that writer, "by the noted poet, Mr. Wesley, then at Alderman Rooke's." I shall here add a letter from Mr. Samuel Wesley to General Oglethorpe, as it shows the state of forwardness in which this work was the following year. It is dated

"*Epworth, July* 6, 1734.

"HONORED SIR,—May I be admitted, while such crowds of our nobility and gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press with my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of universal benefactor to mankind? It is not only your valuable favors on many accounts to my son, late of Westminster, and myself, when I was not a little pressed in the world, nor your more extensive and generous charity to the poor prisoners; it is not this only that so much demands my warmest acknowledgments, as your disinterested and im-

movable attachment to your country, and your raising a new country, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of almost wild woods and uncultivated deserts, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their brother mortals. Neither ought I ever to forget your singular goodness to my little scholar and parishioner, and creditor too, John Lyndal; for since he went over I have received some money for him, whereof I sent him the account in my last, both of £10 I have paid for him, and what still remains in my hands for his order, it seeming necessary that he should make a slip hither into Lincolnshire, if you could spare him for a fortnight or a month, to settle his affairs here with his father's creditors, which I hope he may now nearly do, and then he will have a clear estate left, I think about £6 a year, to dispose of as he pleases. I hope he has behaved with such faithfulness and industry since he has had the honor and happiness of waiting upon you, as not to have forfeited the favor of so good a master.

"I owe you, sir, besides this, some account of my little affairs, since the beginning of your expedition. Notwithstanding my own and my son's violent illness, which held me half a year,* and him above a twelvemonth, I have

* The two first sermons he preached after this affliction were from John v, 14: "Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

These words, he informed his congregation, he had chosen as most suitable to his own circumstances, and which, he intimated, might not be improper for those of others. The following is the outline. In the context,

The history of the pool of Bethesda.
What is meant by the angel which troubled the waters?
Whether a celestial angel, or the priest's servant only?
If it was miraculous, the reason of the miracle about that time.
How long we may suppose it lasted, and how it came to cease.
The superiority of this one miracle of Christ, in curing this impotent man, above all those that were wrought by the angelical operation.
The unreasonable behavior of the Jews on this occasion.
The sensible answer of the man who had been healed.

So much for the context. The text itself contains,

The Saviour's words to the man whom he had healed.
1. The place where our Lord found him, and upon what occasion.
2. What he said to him on that occasion.
(1) To put him in mind of his late deliverance, "Behold," &c.
(2) The use which he told him he ought to make of it, "Sin no more," &c.

made a shift to get more than three parts in four of Job printed off, and both the printing, paper, and maps, hitherto paid for. My son John, at Oxford, now his elder brother is gone to Tiverton, takes care of the remainder of the impression in London, and I have an ingenious artist here with me, in my house at Epworth, who is graving and working off the remaining maps and figures for me; so that I hope, if the printer does not hinder me, I shall have the whole ready by next spring; and, by God's leave, be in London myself to deliver the books perfect. I print five hundred copies, as in my proposals, whereof I have above three hundred already subscribed for, and among my subscribers, fifteen or sixteen English bishops, with some of Ireland.

"I have not yet done with my own impertinent nostrums. I thank God, I creep up hill more than I did formerly, being eased of the weight of four daughters out of seven, as I hope I shall be of the fifth in a little longer. When Mr. Lyndal comes down, I shall trouble you, by him, with a copy of all the maps and figures which I have yet printed, they costing me no more than the paper, since the graving is over.

"If you will be pleased herewith to accept the tender of my most sincere respect and gratitude, you will thereby confer one further obligation on,

"Honored sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"*To James Oglethorpe, Esq.*"

(3) The application of the whole to any one who has been sick, and whom God has been pleased to restore to health again.

The last two sermons he has left upon record were preached at Epworth, August 18, 1734, on 1 Sam. xii, 17: "Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord." From hence he endeavors to show,

That unseasonable weather in time of harvest is a just judgment inflicted by the hand of God for the wickedness of any people.

"I am afraid," continues he, "nay, too well assured, that there are a far greater number of you who have hardened your hearts as did Pharaoh, when he saw there was a little respite, and the mighty thunderings ceased, and the rain was not poured upon the earth; for otherwise, how came the house of God so empty here last Sunday? though other churches, I doubt, were little better for it; and the people went in such shameful droves to do their own ways, and find their own pleasures, and speak their own words, and left so very small a flock behind them on their knees to cry mightily unto God, as did the poor affrighted Ninevites, that he would have mercy upon us, that we might not perish."

It is very likely that Mr. Wesley had learned before he died that his work, when finished, would be received by the queen, and that he had permission to dedicate it to her majesty; and it must have consoled him; as it would have pained him most sensibly to have fallen under the displeasure of one whom he most sincerely reverenced. I shall now proceed to a description of the work itself.

The Dissertations are thirty-five in number, some of which are very curious.

From the preface we learn the following particulars:—

1. That he had for a long time carefully read over this book, first in Hebrew, and secondly in the Septuagint; that he collated these together, and formed the result into notes and observations on the passages which gave them birth; that, having procured Walton's Polyglot, he conferred what he had already done with the ancient versions in that work, and greatly increased his notes and observations; and that the fire in his house in 1709 destroyed all his property, not a leaf, either of his Polyglot or his Collections on Job, escaping the flames.

2. Having procured another Polyglot, he read over the Hebrew text again and again, diligently compared the Alexandrian and Vatican editions of the Septuagint with all the fragments of Origen's Hexapla, collated all the variations in the Chaldee, Arabic, and Syriac texts, with the principal critics, as exhibited in Pool's Synopsis; but not understanding the Arabic and Syriac, he was obliged to trust to their Latin versions in the Polyglot. He compared also Tindal's and the Bishops' Bible, of which he says, Qua licet non prorsus infallibili, perfectiorem in ulla lingua me visurum non spero: "which, although not altogether infallible, anything more perfect in any language I never expect to see."

3. Having gone through all this previous labor, he then consulted all the commentators within his reach, principally relying on what he had been able to acquire from the above collation of the original text, and ancient versions in the Polyglot.

4. As he did not design to write a commentary on the book, he wrote down the titles of subjects on which he designed to write dissertations for the general elucidation of the book.

5. He then relates the assistance he had from books; and mentions with peculiar gratitude and respect the help he received from the library of Lord Milton; without whose kindness, hospitality, and munificence, the work, he says, would have come into the world mutilated, or perished as an abortion.

6. The authors he consulted were principally Pliny, Bunting's Travels of the Patriarchs, Salmasius, Mercator, Jerome, Eusebius, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Luitsius, Sanson, Purchas, Hakluyt, De la Valle, and Peutinger's Tables, for the geographical part. Bochart, worth all the rest put together, he had, he says, only for a few days. Calmet, Pineda, Spanheim, Dr. Hyde, Bishop Cumberland, Greaves, Sandys, &c., gave him help in the same line.

7. For the chronology, he consulted Usher, Lloyd, Marshal, Ptolemy, Cellarius, Reyland, and Maundrell.

8. Mr. Romley, teacher of the Wroote Charity School; Maurice Johnson, Esq., founder of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding; and his three sons, Samuel, John, and Charles, were those from whom he had his principal assistance. Samuel corrected the press; and he and his brothers did everything in the work that dutiful sons should do for an aged and most respectable parent.

In the history of the Spalding Society, contained in the Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, vol. iii, it is said, Mr. Maurice Johnson read to the society, in 1730, a dissertation in Latin, drawn up by him, at the instance of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, in 1727, entitled, "Jurisprudentia Jobi;" with critical notes and drawings of the Δεφρος, or *seat* from whence Job administered justice, Job xxix, 7, (LXX:) "When I prepared my *seat* in the street." The dissertation on this article is very short in Mr. Wesley's book, (pp. 258–260;) perhaps an abridgment of Mr. Johnson's, whose assistance is acknowledged in the preface.

9. By close application to this work for many years, he greatly impaired his health, and brought on himself both gout and palsy. He died the year before it was finished, and his son Samuel completed and edited the work.

10. In this work there are a good many engravings by Vertue, Seale, and Cole; and there are several plates anonymous. Of the engravings in general, Mr. Badcock

says, "They seem to be the first rude efforts of an untutored boy; nothing can be conceived more execrable." We must except from this censure the head by Vertue, which is really fine. The crocodile, hippopotamus, and war-horse, by Cole, are tolerable. The rest are very indifferent; and the anonymous, which were the work of Mr. John Whitelamb, his amanuensis and pupil for several years, whom, as has been observed, he sent to the university, and who afterward married his daughter Mary, are among the worst that ever saw the sun. Mr. Badcock guessed right, that they were the first rude efforts of an untutored boy.

The frontispiece by Vertue is well imagined, and well done; except the arch and portcullis in the ancient gate, under which Mr. Wesley, in the character of Job dispensing justice, is sitting in an ancient chair, with a sceptre in his hand, and two pyramids in the distance. The arch and portcullis most certainly did not exist in the days of Job. Over the top of the gate is written, JOB PATRIARCHA; and at the bottom of the leaf are these words upon a label:—

AN. ETAT. CIRCITER LXX.
QUIS MIHI TRIBUAT, UT SCRIBANTUR
SERMONES MEI, UT IN LIBRO EXCULPANTUR.*

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1785, (p. 758,) says that this inscription "marks it out as the quaint device of a man in years, who thought himself neglected." I cannot think there was any such design, or that Mr. Wesley thought himself neglected. In no part of his private correspondence have I found even the shadow of such a complaint. He rather spoke of what he had as something, in the way of providence, beyond anything he had either sought or expected. The words are taken, with a slight alteration, from Job xix, 23, as they stand in the Vulgate:—

Quis mihi tribuat ut scribantur sermones mei?
Quis mihi det ut exarantur in libro?

O that my words were now written!
O that they were written in a book!

* Only three words were inserted, agreeably to the statement of a friend, who refers to the work itself; further remarking, that "a small plate was printed with *both lines*."—EDITOR.

Of this work there were five hundred copies printed, as stated in a preceding letter; and he had a list of three hundred and forty-three subscribers.*

The most useful part of this volume, and what must have cost the author incredible pains and trouble, is the last part, entitled, Libri Jobi Textus Hebraicus, cum Paraphrasi Chaldaica et Versionibus plurimis collatus—"The Hebrew text of the Book of Job, collated with the Chaldee Paraphrase and numerous Versions."

The following are the versions :—

The Septuagint, in the Aldine, Grabean, and Bossian editions, and in the Complutensian Polyglot, with the fragments of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion.

The Chaldee Paraphrase.

The Syriac and Arabic versions.

The Latin version of Castellio.

——————————— of Arias Montanus.

——————————— of St. Ambrose.

——————————— of Junius Tremellius.

——————————— of Piscator.

——————————— of the Zurich divines.

The English version of Tindal.

The present authorized version.

Every verse of the whole book has been collated as above, and all the variations set down; and this part of the work occupies no less than one hundred and eighty-four folio pages. It is one of the most complete things of the kind I have ever met with; and must be invaluable to any man who may wish to read this book critically.

The work having been dedicated by permission to the queen, Mr. John Wesley was appointed to present it in the name of his deceased father; which he did on Sunday, October 12, 1735. Himself told me, that "when he was introduced into the royal presence, the queen was romping with her maids of honor; but she suspended her play, heard, and received him graciously, took the book from his hand, which he presented to her kneeling on one knee, looked at the outside, said, 'It is very prettily bound,' and

* In the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1736, (p. 99,) the work is thus advertised: "Dissertationes et Conjecturæ in Librum Jobi; Tabulis et Geographicis et Figuris æncis illustratæ. By S. Westley. Sold by C. Rivington and S. Bort."

then laid it down in a window, without opening a leaf. He rose up, bowed, walked backward, and withdrew. The queen bowed and smiled, and spoke several kind words, and immediately resumed her sport."

In a letter from Mr. Badcock, published by Mr. Nichols in his Literary Anecdotes, vol. v, p. 219, and also in the Gentleman's Magazine, mention is made of Mr. John Wesley presenting the book to Queen Caroline. He says, "Mr. John Wesley, in a letter to his brother Samuel, acknowledges the very courteous reception he was honored with from her majesty, who gave him 'bows and smiles, but nothing for his poor father.'"

That this cannot be correct will appear from the following advertisement of Mr. Wesley's death, in vol. v, of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1735, p. 276, which is thus recorded: "Died, April 25, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, M. A., rector of that parish, a person of singular parts, piety, and learning; author of several poetical and controversial pieces. He had for some years been composing a critical dissertation on the Book of Job, which he has left unfinished, and almost printed. He proved ever since his minority a most zealous asserter of the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England."

Mr. Samuel Wesley thus appears to have died April 25, 1735, and the work in question bears date 1736. It was in this year it was published, and it certainly was not finished when he died; for in the account of his father's death, which Mr. Charles Wesley wrote from Epworth to his brother Samuel, dated April 30, 1735, we find these remarkable words: "The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest human desires, of finishing Job, paying his debts, and seeing you." The book could not have been presented before it was finished; there must, therefore, be a mistake in Mr. Badcock's statement, which represents Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., as alive when his son John presented the book to the queen: "Her majesty gave him bows and smiles, but nothing for his poor father."

But Mr. John Wesley's letter to his brother puts the matter beyond dispute. It is dated

"*Gravesend, on board the Simmonds, Oct.* 15, 1735.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I presented Job to the queen on Sunday, and had many good words and smiles. Out of what is due to me on that account, I beg you first pay yourself what I owe you; and if I live till spring, I can then direct what I would have done with the remainder."

Here is the whole that Mr. J. Wesley says on the subject. And thus we see the book was not presented till more than six months after Mr. Samuel Wesley's death. Mr. J. Wesley embarked on Tuesday, the 14th. The book was presented on Sunday, the 12th.

On returning to the personal narrative of the rector of Epworth, we shall find, by referring to his correspondence, a few of the subjects which occupied his attention, and exercised his feelings, during the few past months of his life. James Oglethorpe, Esq., has been noticed; and his further letters to that gentleman will show the deep interest he took in the prosperity of Georgia.* But previously to the introduction of these, the following letter may be noticed, as expressive of his concern for the spiritual welfare of his friends:—

"*Epworth, near Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, July* 11, 1734.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have not been worthy to hear from you, or to have seen any letter of yours since I saw you last, yet I cannot but retain the same warmth of Christian affection for you which I conceived at our first sight and acquaintance, as I believe you did the like for me and mine. Your friend of Queen's, whom we call Nathaniel, and who brought us the last good news of your health, is gone to his relations in Yorkshire, but promises to return and meet you here, when you and your friends come down to see us at our fair in August next. If Charles is short of money, pray tell him he is welcome to twenty shillings here, to make him easier in his journey.

* It is remarkable that none of Mr. Wesley's biographers have adverted to the friendship subsisting between Mr. Samuel Wesley and Mr. Oglethorpe, as one of those links in the chain of cause and effect which led to the selection of Mr. John Wesley for the mission to Georgia; and more especially, as the appointment of the latter followed so soon after the date of the correspondence.—EDITOR.

But I think I can tell you of what will please you more; for last Sunday, at the sacrament, it was darted into my mind, that it was a pity you and your company, while you are here, should be deprived of the benefit of weekly sacraments, which you enjoy where you are at present, and therefore resolved, if you desire it, while you are here, to have the communion every Sunday; and lest some of the parish should grumble at it, the offerings of us who communicate will defray the small expense of it; and if there be anything else which you can desire, that would be more acceptable to you while you are here, (though I am sure there cannot,) and which is in my power to grant or procure, you are hereby already assured of it. If I could write anything kinder, my dear friend, I would; and I shall see by your acceptance of it, and compliance with it, whether you believe me,

"Your sincere friend and half namesake,

"Samuel Wesley."

As in the preceding letter it will be found that he contemplated the religious prosperity of his friends at home, so the following will show he was not less anxious for the happiness of persons abroad.

TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

"*Epworth, near Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, Nov.* 7, 1734.

"Honored Sir,—I am at length, I thank God, slowly recovering from a long illness, during which there have been few days or nights but my heart has been working hard for Georgia, and for my townsman, John Lyndal. It is in answer to the favor of yours, and of his last, that I write these to both. I am extremely concerned lest an inundation of rum should break in upon your colony, and destroy that, as it has almost done some others. But I have some better hopes, because I hear you do not design to plant it with canes, but with some more innocent, and I hope as profitable, produce; any of which, whether mulberries or saffron, I should be glad to hear were yet begun in Georgia. I confess I cannot expect God's blessing, even on the greatest industry, without true piety, and the fear of God. I had always so dear a love for your colony, that if it had but been ten years ago, I would gladly have

devoted the remainder of my life and labors to that place, and think I might before this time have conquered the language, without which little can be done among the natives, if the bishop of London would have done me the honor to have sent me thither, as perhaps he then might: but that is now over. However, I can still reach them with my prayers, which I am sure will never be wanting.

"My letter to Mr. Lyndal relates to his own particular affairs here in the country; for, though his effects are not large, they ought by no means to be neglected, and I have given him the best advice that I am able; but if your wisdom should think otherwise, I desire the letter may be sunk, or else go forward to him by the first opportunity. With all the thanks I am capable of, I remember your goodness to my son, formerly at Westminster, to myself, and to my parishioner Lyndal; and am, with the truest respect and gratitude,

"Your honor's most obliged, and most humble servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY, Sen."

"*Epworth, near Gainsborough, Nov.* 7, 1734.

"MR. LYNDAL,—I have not been a little concerned for the unsettledness of your affairs at Wroote, and in this country, which it is likely might have been in some confusion if I had dropped, as I lately narrowly escaped two dangerous sicknesses. Indeed, what little concerns of yours I had in my hands, being somewhat above £10, the remainder of the brief money, I have taken what care of them I could; and think the best and honestest way you could do would be to pay that money, as far as it will go, toward the interest of what your father had taken up upon his estate, while he was living. Mr. Epworth has been with me several times from his mother. The last time he came, he brought me a letter from her, wherein she says there was a bond of £10, and a note of £20, as I remember, due to Mr. Epworth's father. She desired that you would pay off the £10 with interest, and they would stay for the £20. I told him that could not be done, because there was so little money among us all; and therefore I thought the fairest and wisest way was to divide the money I had in my hand, to pay the interest proportionally, as far as it would go, for then it would, at least, sink some of it.

"As for your estate, which is in the tenure of Robert Brumby, I suppose about £5 or £6 a year, I cannot think it at all advisable to put him under such a temptation as to leave it entirely in his disposal, but think it would be much better for you to fix two or three trustees, and make him yearly accountable to them. If you like it, I will be one of them myself, as long as I live; my son Whitelamb would be another; and we think we could persuade Mr. Romley, the schoolmaster, to be the third, who so well understands the whole matter.

"And now I have some little inquiries to make of your new country. Whether there is any of our ministers understands their language, and can preach to them without an interpreter? Whether they speak the same language with those Indians who are near them, of Saltzburg and Carolina; or of those of New-England, who, I know, have the Bible translated into their language? Whether your Indians have the Lord's Prayer in their own language? which if they have, I desire you would send me a copy of it in your next. In all which, especially in loving God and your neighbor, you would exceedingly oblige

"Your sincere friend,

"Samuel Wesley, Sen.

"P. S. I have just now sent for your uncle, John Barrow, and find your father owed him £4 10*s*., borrowed money, and Goody Stephenson, of our town, (left her by her sister of Wroote,) £5. John Barrow is willing to take it when you can pay him, without interest; and so should Stephenson too, but only she is poor; and therefore, I'll give her 5*s*. on your account, if you think fit. Let me hear from you as soon as you can, after the receipt of this."

TO MR. OGLETHORPE.

"*Epworth, Dec.* 7, 1734.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot express how much I am obliged by your last kind and instructive letter concerning the affairs of Georgia. I could not read it over without sighing, (though I have read it several times,) when I again reflected on my own age and infirmities, which made such an expedition utterly impracticable for me. Yet my mind worked hard about it; and it is not impossible but Provi-

dence may have directed me to such an expedient as may prove more serviceable to your colony than I should ever have been.

"The thing is thus:—There is a young man who has been with me a pretty many years, and assisted me in my work of Job; after which I sent him to Oxford, to my son, John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College, who took care of his education, where he behaved himself very well, and improved in piety and learning. Then I sent for him down, having got him into deacon's orders, and he was my curate in my absence in London; when I resigned my small living of Wroote to him, and he was instituted and inducted there. I likewise consented to his marrying one of my daughters, there having been a long and intimate friendship between them. But neither he nor I were so happy as to have them live long together; for she died in child-bed of her first child. He was so inconsolable at her loss, that I was afraid he would soon have followed her; to prevent which I desired his company here at my own house, that he might have some amusement and business, by assisting me in my cure during my illness. It was then, sir, I just received the favor of yours, and let him see it for his diversion; more especially, because John Lyndal and he had been fellow-parishioners and school-fellows at Wroote, and had no little kindness one for the other. I made no great reflection on the thing at first; but soon after, when I found he had thought often upon it, was very desirous to go to Georgia himself, and wrote the inclosed letter to me on the subject, and I knew not of any person more proper for such an undertaking, I thought the least I could do was to send the letter to your honor, who would be so very proper a judge of the affair: and if you approve, I shall not be wanting in my addresses to my lord bishop of London, or any other, since I expect to be in London myself at spring, to forward the matter as far as it will go.

"As for his character, I shall take it upon myself that he is a good scholar, a sound Christian, and a good liver. He has a very happy memory, especially for languages, and a judgment and intelligence not inferior. My eldest son at Tiverton has some knowledge of him, concerning whom I have writ to him since your last to me. My two

others, his tutor at Lincoln, and my third of Christ Church, have been long and intimately acquainted with him; and I doubt not but they will give him, at least, as just a character as I have done. And here I shall rest the matter, till I have the honor of hearing again from you; and shall either drop it, or prosecute it, as appears most proper to your maturer judgment; ever remaining your honor's most sincere and most obliged friend and servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

The following letter is more varied as well as more painful in its character than the preceding:—

TO SON SAM, AT TIVERTON.

"*Epworth, Dec.* 4, 1734.

"DEAR SON,—Having a pretty many things to write to you, and those of no small moment; and being for the most part confined to my house by pain and weakness, so that I have not yet ventured to church on a Sunday; I have just now sat down to try if I can reduce my thoughts into any tolerable order; though I can write but few lines in a day, which, yet being under my own hand, may not be the less acceptable to you.

"I shall throw what I have a mind you should know under three heads.

"1. What most immediately concerns our own family. 2. Dick Ellison, the wen of my family, and his poor insects that are sucking me to death. 3. J. Whitelamb;—and, perhaps, in postscript, a little of my own personal affairs; and of the poor.

"1. Of our family—where, if I see anything, all Job is at stake, for your brother John has at last writ me, 'That it is now his unalterable resolution not to accept of Epworth living, if he could have it;' and the reason he gives for it is in these words: 'The question is not whether I could do more good to others *there* or *here*,' (though I am apt to think that is the very pinch of the question to every good man; for, indeed, what he adds is the same in effect, and I can make no more than an identical proposition of it, which differs not in sense from the former; for thus he goes on with it,) 'but whether I could do more good to myself; seeing wherever I can be most holy myself, there,

I am assured, I can most promote holiness in others. But I am equally assured, there is no place under heaven so fit for my improvement as Oxford. Therefore,' &c.

"Thus stands his argument, the whole of which seems to me to be existical, as his manner is, following that great man's words too close, as he did the sophists, though not to his honor; for this way was much better calculated to silence an adversary, and to puzzle and perplex a cause, than to instruct or convince others, as is now generally owned of his argument from reminiscence, and many more, cast in the same or the like mold with it. Yet, though I am no more fond of this griping and wrangling distemper than I am of Mr. Harpur's boluses and clysters, (for age would again have rest,) I sat myself down to try if I could unravel his sophisms, and hardly one of his assertions appeared to me to be universally true. I think the main of my answer was, that he seemed to mistake the end of academical studies, which were chiefly preparatory, in order to qualify men to instruct others. He thinks there is no place so fit for his improvement as Oxford. As to many sorts of useful knowledge, it may be nearly true; but surely there needs be a knowledge, too, of men and things, (which have not been thought the most attainable in a cloister,) as well as of books, or else we shall find ourselves of much less use in the world. And I am not assured that there is not a *ne plus ultra*, as to parts and useful knowledge, in particular men, as I am too sure there is in the strength of the body; and that and the strength of the mind depend very much on one another. But the best and greatest improvement is in solid piety and religion, and which is handy to be got, or promoted, by being hung up in Socrates' basket. Besides, be austerity and mortification either a means of promoting holiness, or in some degree a part of it, yet why may not a man exercise these in his own house as strictly as in any college, in any university in Europe; and, perhaps, with less censure and observation? Neither can I understand the meaning or drift of being thus ever learning, and never coming to a due proficiency in the knowledge and practice of the truth, so as to be able commendably to instruct others in it.

"Thus far I have written with my own hand in the original, both to you and your brother, for many days together;

but am now so heartily tired, that I must, contrary to my resolution above, get my son Whitelamb to transcribe and finish it. I have done what I could with such a shattered head and body, to satisfy the scruples which your brother has raised against my proposal, from conscience and duty: but if your way of thinking be the same with mine, especially after you have read and weighed what follows, you will be able to convince him in a much clearer and stronger manner; though, if you are not satisfied yourself of his obligation to take it, if it may be procured, I cannot expect you should satisfy him. The remaining considerations I offered to him on that head, were for the most part such as follow:—I urged to him, among other things, the great precariousness of my own health, and sensible decay of my strength, so that he would hardly know me if he saw me now, which will not admit of a long time for consultation. The deplorable state in which I should leave your mother and the family, without an almost miraculous interposition of Providence, which we are not to presume upon, when we neglect the means, if my offer should be rejected till it were too late. The loss of near forty years' (I hope honest) labor in this place, where I could expect no other, but that the field which I have been so long sowing with (I trust) good seed, and the vineyard which I have planted with no ignoble vine, must be soon rooted up, and the fences of it broken down; for I think I know my successor, who, I am morally satisfied, would be no other than Mr. P., if your brothers both slight it; and I shall have work enough, if my life should last so long, to accomplish it; and, behold, there seems to be a price now put into their hands, or, at least, some probability of it. If they go on to reject it, I hope I am clear before God and man as to that whole affair. I hinted at one thing, which I mentioned in my letter to your brother, whereon I depend more than upon all my own simple reasoning, and that is, earnest prayer to Him who smiles at the strongest resolutions of mortals, and can, in a moment, change or demolish them; who alone can bend the inflexible sinew, and order the irregular wills of us sinful men to his own glory, and to our happiness; and, while the anchor holds, I despair of nothing, but firmly believe, that He who is best will do what is best, whether we earnestly will it, or appear never so averse

from it; and there I rest the whole matter, and leave it with Him to whom I have committed all my concerns, without exception and without reserve, for soul and body, estate and family, time and eternity.

"2. As to the second part of my letter, concerning R. Ellison, I have at least as little hope in the prospect of it, as I have in the former, though I have charity crammed down my throat every day, and sometimes his company at meals, which you will believe as pleasant to me as all my physic. That is beyond the reach of all my little prudence; and therefore I find I must leave it, as I have done in some good measure before, to Him who orders all things.

"The third part of my letter, which is of almost as great concern as the former, and on some accounts perhaps greater, is in relation to my son Whitelamb. The whole affair whereof you will find contained in a letter I lately sent to Mr. Oglethorpe, and in my son Whitelamb's to myself, which I sent inclosed a post or two since, to the same gentleman, who desired me in his last to give his respects to you at Tiverton, when I wrote next to you; which letters are so full, that they have exhausted what we had to say on that subject; and nothing at present need or can be added. I desire you, therefore, to weigh the whole with the utmost impartiality; and if you are of the same mind with myself and your mother, who entirely approves of the design, that you would yourself write to Mr. Oglethorpe, as I promised you would, and send him your thoughts, and use your good offices about it.

"And now, as to my own minute affairs, I doubt not but you will, as you gave me hopes when you went into Devon, improve your interest among the gentlemen, your friends, and get me some more subscribers, as likewise an account whether there be any prospect yet remaining of obtaining any favor from the duke of (I think) Newcastle, in relation to the affair.

"Yours, S. W."

We have already seen that the infirmities of Mr. Samuel Wesley were greatly increased by his labors on the Book of Job; from which his advanced age forbade any hopes of recovery. Mrs. Wesley, in a letter to her son John, says, "Your father is in a very bad state of health; he

sleeps little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit; but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs divine service on the Lord's day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Everybody observes his decay but himself." He acted on the maxim, "Rather wear out than rust out;" and he sunk, fairly worn out with labors, old age, and infirmities, April 25, 1735, in the seventy-second year of his age.

His two sons, John and Charles, were present at his death. The former gives the following brief account of it in a letter, dated, Dublin, March 22, 1747: "My father, during his last illness, which continued eight months, enjoyed a clear sense of his acceptance with God. I heard him express it more than once. 'The inward witness, son, the inward witness,' said he to me, 'that is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity.' And when I asked him, (the time of his change drawing nigh,) 'Sir, are you in much pain?' he answered aloud, with a smile, 'God does chasten me with pain; yea, all my bones with strong pain. But I thank him for all; I bless him for all; I love him for all.' I think the last words he spoke, when I had just commended his soul to God, were, 'Now you have done all.' And with the same cheerful countenance he fell asleep, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan."

In a sermon preached at Savannah, Feb. 20, 1736, Mr. John Wesley further adds, in giving an account of two persons "going out of this life, in what I call (says he) a comfortable manner;" the one, referring to the death of his father in England, the other to one at Savannah: "I attended the first," says he, "during a great part of his last trial, as well as when he yielded up his soul to God. He cried out, 'God doth chasten me with strong pain; but I thank him for all; I bless him for all; I love him for all.' When asked, not long before his release, 'Are the consolations of God small with you?' he replied aloud, 'No, no, no!' Calling all that were near him by their names, he said, 'Think of heaven, talk of heaven; all the time is lost when we are not thinking of heaven.' Now this was the voice of love. And so far as it prevailed, all was comfort, peace, and joy. But as his love was not perfect, so neither was his comfort. He had intervals of

fretfulness, and therein of misery; giving by both an incontestable proof that love can sweeten both life and death."—*Wesley's Works*, vol. ii, p. 524.

Mr. Charles Wesley's account, however, in a letter to his brother Samuel, is the most circumstantial; and is as follows:—

"*Epworth, April 30th*, 1735.

"DEAR BROTHER,—After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are at last assured you must see his face no more, till raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he uttered I have saved. Some of them were, 'Nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death. To-morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink of it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I die.'

"'The morning he was to communicate, he was so exceeding weak and full of pain, that he could not, without the utmost difficulty, receive the elements, often repeating, 'Thou shakest me! thou shakest me!' But immediately after receiving, there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest human desires, of finishing Job, paying his debts, and seeing you. He often laid his hands upon my head, and said, 'Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' To my sister Emily he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.' When we were met about him, his usual expression was, 'Now let me hear you talk about heaven.' On my asking him whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, 'O, my Charles, I feel a great deal. God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise him for it; I thank him for it; I love him for it.' On the 25th his voice failed him, and nature seemed entirely spent; when on my brother's

asking, 'whether he was not near heaven?' he answered distinctly, and with the most of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, 'Yes, I am.' He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the commendatory prayer. His last words were, 'Now you have done all.' This was about half an hour after six; from which time till sunset he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother having again used the prayer, the very moment it was finished he expired.

"His passage was so smooth and insensible, that, notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a good while, in doubt whether the soul was departed or no. My mother, who, for several days before he died, hardly ever went into his chamber but she was carried out again in a fit, was far less shocked at the news than we expected; and told us that 'now she was heard, in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened so to bear it.'

"Though you have lost your chief reason for coming, yet there are others which make your presence more necessary than ever. My mother would be exceedingly glad to see you as soon as can be.

"We have computed the debts, and find they amount to above £100, exclusive of cousin Richardson's. Mrs. Knight, her landlady, seized all her quick stock, valued at above £40, for £15 my father owed her, on Monday last, the day he was buried.* And my brother this afternoon gives a note for the money, in order to get the stock at liberty to sell, for security of which he has the stock made over to him, and will be paid as it can be sold. My father was buried very frugally, yet decently, in the church-yard, according to his own desire.

"It will be highly necessary to bring all accounts of what he owed you, that you may mark all the goods in the house as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage. *Chartas omnes, et epistolas præcipuas opposita cera in adventum tuum reservo.* [All papers and letters of importance I have sealed up, and keep till you come.]

* It appears from the register of burials belonging to Epworth church, that he was buried on the 28th of April, three days after his death.—EDITOR.

"Kezzy and Mr. H. have parted for ever. Your advice in hers, and in many other cases, will be absolutely necessary. If you take London in your way, my mother desires you will remember that she is a clergyman's widow. Let the society give her what they please, she must be still in some degree burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share it with you! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank.

"I should be ashamed of having so much business in my letter, were it not necessary. I would choose to write and think of nothing but my father. 'Ere we meet, I hope you will have finished his elegy.*

"I am your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES WESLEY.

"*To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, at Tiverton, Devon.*"

I believe Mr. Samuel had not only a high esteem, but also an ardent affection, for his father; and therefore to be deprived of the opportunity of witnessing his closing scene must have been to him the cause of deep affliction and regret. When Mr. Charles states in the above letter that his father gave up his last human hopes of seeing his son Samuel, finishing his Dissertations on Job, and paying his debts, the sympathetic reader will anxiously inquire, What were these debts? They were small; and more property was left than was necessary to cover them all. For, on examination, Mr. Charles tells us, they were found to amount only to a little more than one hundred pounds, independently of some pecuniary obligations to some parts of his own family! Such a debt, when enough was left to pay it, need not have occupied, in any serious way, his last moments.

His death may be found recorded not only in the Gentleman's Magazine, as already noticed, but also in the London Magazine, and Political Events, of the same year; in both of which he is designated, "the Rev. and learned Samuel Wesley;" thus confirming the epithet which Pope

* See the succeeding pages for the "elegy" referred to.

applied to him. A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1818, p. 601, thus speaks of him: "Mr. Samuel Wesley was a man of considerable learning and great ingenuity. His paraphrase of the Book of Job incontestably proves the extent and depth of his erudition. His poetry, indeed, is not generally admired; yet there is one performance which abundantly compensated for all those in which he failed—his translation of Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator." This hymn has already passed in review.

We have seen, in the letter of Mrs. Wesley to her son John, giving an account of Mr. Wesley's dangerous fall, (see pp. 250, 251,) that in 1731 they had rented a piece of ground from a Mrs. Knight, at Low Millwood. It is very probable that Mr. Wesley held this ground till he died; for we find, in a part of the preceding letter, that £15 were owing to this Mrs. Knight at the time of his interment. This inhuman woman, who appears to have been a widow herself, took advantage of the family distress; and not having the fear of God before her eyes, and instigated thereto by the malice of the devil, seized the whole of poor Mr. Wesley's cattle on the same day, without giving one hour's grace for the payment! A more unfeeling, a more abominable, a more inhuman act, I never heard of. I record this action, that I may hand down the name of this Mrs. Knight, and all such unpiteous and cruel characters, with deserved infamy, while my page shall last:

"And time their blacker name shall blurr with blackest ink."

In a periodical publication, for its matter and spirit below criticism, inflammatory and contemptible, this act of justice against this cruel woman's conduct has been severely censured. It does not appear that the writer of the article thought the conduct of this woman very reprehensible, and in similar circumstances would have acted a similar part. "My soul, come not thou into their secret: my honor, be not thou united unto them."

Mr. Wesley lies buried in Epworth church-yard, under a plain grit tomb-stone, supported by brick-work; on which is engraved the following inscription. I give it line for line with the original.

Here
Lyeth all that was
Mortal of Samuel Wesley,
A. M. He was rector of Ep-
worth 39 years and departed
this Life 25 of April 1735
Aged 72.
As he liv'd so he died,
in the true Catholick Faith
of the Holy Trinity in Unity,
And that Jesus Christ is God
incarnate: and the only
Saviour of Mankind,
Acts iv, 12.
Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord, yea
saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their Labors and
their works do follow them.
Rev. xiv, 13.

This was the original inscription, cut in the manner above represented; under whose direction and management I cannot tell. Becoming nearly obliterated, the brickwork was repaired in the year 1819, the stone turned and recut, with the same inscription; only the lines do not end in the same way as above, but with equal absurdity and unskillfulness in the division.

The whole is utterly unworthy of the man, the Christian, and the minister; and as the family is now nearly extinct, it is hoped that the Methodist body will erect a decent monument for the father of John Wesley, their founder, that may serve to perpetuate the memory of his excellence; and their gratitude to God, who from this source raised up the man who has been such a blessing to the British nation, to the isles of the sea, and to the ends of the earth.

It has been supposed that the poem, entitled, "The Parish Priest," written by S. Wesley, jun., was in memory of his father, the rector of Epworth; but there is decisive evidence that Mr. S. Wesley draws in it the character of his father-in-law, the Rev. John Berry, vicar of Wotton, in Norfolk. See in the Memoir of Sam. Wesley, jun., where the poem is inserted, and the evidence adduced. The poem really addressed to his father is the following, which should not be passed by:—

UPON MY FATHER.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

Arise, my song! with utmost vigor rise,
And bear a long-tried virtue to the skies.
Ere yet his soul, released from moldering clay,
Springs from the slighted earth, and wings away,
Essay thy strength; let praise salute his ear,—
The only truth he never wish'd to hear.
Let but a father read with favoring eyes,
And bless me yet again before he dies;
Paid are the strains! His blessing far outweighs
A courtier's patronage, or critic's praise,
Or a Young's pension, or a Dryden's bays.

With opening life his early worth began;
The boy misleads not, but foreshows the man.
Directed wrong, though first he miss'd the way,
Train'd to mistake, and disciplined to stray,
Not long, for reason gilded error's night,
And doubts well-founded shot a dawn of light.
Nor prejudice o'ersway'd his heart and head:
Resolved to follow truth where'er she led,
The radiant track audacious to pursue,
From fame, from interest, and from friends he flew.
Those shock'd him first who laugh'd at human sway,
Who preach, "Because commanded, disobey,"
Who law's and gospel's bonds in sunder rend,
And blush not Bradshaw's saintship to defend.
Alike the crown and mitre who foreswore,
And scoff'd profanely at the martyr's gore,
Though not in vain the sacred current flow'd,
Which gave this champion to the church of God.

No worldly views the real convert call;
He sought God's altar when it seem'd to fall;
To Oxford hasted, even in dangerous days,
When royal anger struck the fated place;
When senseless policy was pleased to view
With favor, all religions but the true.
When a *king's hand stretch'd out* amazed they saw,
And troops were order'd to supply the law;
Then luckless James possess'd the British throne,
And for the Papal grandeur risk'd his own;
Enraged at all who dared his schemes oppose,
Stern to his friends, but ductile to his foes.
Then Jesuits wild our Church's fall combined,
Till Rome, to save her, with Geneva join'd.
Lo! Orange sails, the prudent and the brave,
Our fears to scatter, and our rights to save.

This Briton's* pen first pleaded William's cause,
And pleaded strongly for our faith and laws.

Nor yet unmention'd shall in silence lie
His slighted and derided poetry.
Should Brownt revile, or Swift my song despise,
Should other Garths, and other legions rise:
Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deign'd t' expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire.
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page;
Not cursed like syren Dryden to excel,
Who strew'd with flowerets fair the way to hell;
With atheist doctrines loosest morals join'd,
To rot the body, and to damn the mind:
All faith he scoff'd, all virtue bounded o'er,
And thought the world well barter'd for a whore;
Sworn foe to good, still pleading Satan's cause,
He crown'd the devil's martyrs with applause.
No Christian e'er would wish that dangerous height:
"Nor would I write like him; like him to write,
If there's hereafter, and a last great day,
What fire's enough to purge his stains away?
How will he wish each lewd applauded line,
That makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,
Had been as dull as honest Quarles', or mine!"
So chaunts the bard his unapplauded lays,
While Dunton's prose a golden medal‡ pays,
And Cibber's forehead wears the regal bays.
Though not inglorious was the poet's fate,
Liked and rewarded by the good and great;
For gracious smiles not pious Anne denied,
And beauteous Mary bless'd him when she died.

From some family papers, I learn that Mr. Samuel Wesley was of a short stature; of a spare, but athletic make; and, from what I can collect, nearly resembling in person his son John. This is further confirmed by Palmer, who, in his controversy, says: "The great Salmasius

* See p. 258. † Censures of New Testament in Verse.

‡ On the accession of George I., Dunton was presented with a gold medal, by order of his majesty, in consequence of some political tracts which he wrote. Of these, the best was "Neck or Nothing," which passed through ten editions, and which is highly commended by Swift. Dunton was mortified when his appeal for a pension was disregarded; and, by way of revenge, published a "Narrative, entitled, Mordecai's Memorial; or, there's nothing done for him; and proving, it is now a national complaint, that the author of 'Neck or Nothing' has gone nine years unrewarded for his distinguished services to his king and country."

trembled before Milton;" to which Mr. Wesley replies, "As much, I suppose, as *little Wesley* before his nameless adversary."—See *Palmer's Defense*, p. 18; *Wesley's Defense*, p. 54. It is very likely that the picture engraved by Vertue, and prefixed to his Dissertations on the Book of Job, was a correct resemblance; the hands, however, are out of all proportion to the rest of the picture.

His spirit and temper may be seen in his writings, and in the preceding account. I have taken pains also to inquire upon the spot concerning this man and his communications, and have had the highest character of his moral worth and pastoral diligence.

He was earnest, conscientious, and indefatigable in his search after truth. He thought deeply on every subject which was either to form an article in his creed, or a principle for his conduct. And having formed these, he boldly maintained them; conscious of his own integrity, and zealous for what he conceived to be the orthodox faith. His orthodoxy was pure and solid; his religious conduct strictly correct in all respects; his piety toward God ardent; his loyalty to his king unsullied; and his love to his fellow-creatures strong and unconfined. Though of high-church principles, and high-church politics, yet he could separate the *man* from the *opinions* he held, and the party he had espoused; and when he found him in distress, knew him only as a friend and brother. He was a rigid disciplinarian both in his church and his family. He knew all his parishioners; and he knew them as the flock over which he believed the Holy Spirit had made him an overseer; and for whom he must give an account to the great Bishop and Shepherd of souls. He visited his parishioners from house to house; he sifted their creed, and permitted none to be corrupt in their opinions or in their practices, without instruction or reproof.

These things have been attested to me by aged respectable inhabitants of Epworth, to whom the memory of the man and the pastor is still dear.

This is supported by Mr. John Wesley, in a letter to a gentleman who desired he would send him an account of what Mr. Samuel Wesley called his *Notitia Parochialis;* to whom he replies, dating his letter from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 16, 1742: "My father's method was to visit

all his parishioners, sick or well, from house to house, to talk with each of them on the things of God, and observe severally the state of their souls. What he then observed, he minuted down in a book kept for that purpose. In this manner he went through his parish (which was near three miles long) three times. He was visiting it the fourth time round, when he fell into his last sickness."

His family he kept in the strictest order; and though authoritative in all his deportment toward them, yet he was ever sufficiently tender; so that he had entirely secured their affection and respect. It is pleasing to behold this in all the letters that passed between him and his children. Had not his authority and parental tenderness been duly attempered, his children would have either feared him as their judge, or treated him as their play-fellow. I have often seen great evils produced by parents acting on one only of these opposite extremes.

As a controversial writer, he had considerable dexterity in managing an argument, and defending himself. But he sometimes betrays an acrimony of spirit against his opponents, the common fault of polemic divines.

To his judicious method of instructing and managing his family we owe, under God, many of those advantages and blessings, which, as a religious people, we possess; and even on this account his name among the Methodists should be held in everlasting remembrance.

Mr. Wesley had a large share of vivacity. In his private conversation he was very entertaining and instructive. He had a large fund of anecdote, and a profusion both of witty and wise sayings, which he knew well how to apply for the instruction or correction of those who were favored with his company.

The extempore lines spoken by him at the house of an eccentric and covetous man, at Temple Belwood, near Epworth, who had acted contrary to the whole tenor of his life in giving a dinner to Mr. W. and some other gentlemen, are a proof of his wit, and ready felicity in composition:—

"Behold a miracle! for 'tis no less
Than eating manna in the wilderness.
Here some have starved, where we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef.

Here chimneys smoke, which never smoked before;
And we have dined, where we shall dine no more."*

It is said that the gentleman confirmed the closing line, by immediately adding, "No, gentlemen; it is too expensive."

This anecdote is from a gentleman of Gainsborough, whose grandfather was a clergyman in the neighborhood of Epworth, contemporary with Mr. Wesley, and probably one of the dinner party.

Mr. Wesley had a clerk, a well-meaning, honest, but weak and vain man. He believed the rector, his master, to be the greatest man in the parish—if not in the county; and himself, as he stood next to him in church ministrations, to be next to him in worth and importance. He had the advantage and privilege of wearing out Mr. Wesley's cast-off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was by far too small; and the figure he cut in it was most ludicrously grotesque. The rector, finding him particularly vain of one of these canonical substitutes for hair which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself, in his near approach to his master. One morning, before church time, Mr. W. said, "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual." John was pleased; and the service went forward as it was wont to do till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line,—

"Like to an owl in ivy bush"—

This was sung; and the following line, John, peeping out of the large canonical wig in which his head was half lost, gave out, with an audible voice, and appropriate connecting twang—

"That rueful thing am I!"

The whole congregation, struck with John's appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and could not refrain from laughter.

* A different version of these lines is given in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1802; and in Watson's Life of Wesley.—EDITOR.

The rector was pleased; for John was mortified, and his self-conceit lowered.*

This is the same man who, when King William returned to London after some of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth church,—"Let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing:—

"King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's call'd 'Te D'um.'"

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* I have met with three editions of this story:—

1. That the anecdote relates to another person, and to another parish, and was related as such by Mr. S. Wesley, sen., to his family.

2. The story is true, as far as connected with the rector of Epworth and his clerk; but the choice of the psalm was entirely casual. It was chosen by the clerk himself, and not by the rector; and must be considered inconsistent with that gravity and deep reverential decorum with which Mr. S. Wesley conducted every part of divine worship.

3. The third is that which I have related above.

The first is all apocrypha.

The second has the semblance of truth, and is related in this way among the remaining branches of the family, and with the reasons assigned above.

The third, which I believe to be the truth, I had from Mr. John Wesley himself; and, as near as I can possibly recollect, in the very words given above.

A critic, in the Methodist Magazine for 1824, p. 251, takes up the story confidently in the second sense, and questions the propriety of its being introduced at all, as being worthless in itself. Had I been of this opinion, it would not have been introduced at first; and could I alter my opinion, it would not be continued. I cannot view this simple anecdote in the light which some have done: from all I have learned of the person in question, it was the only way in which a weak, well-meaning, but vain man, could be cured of a vanity discreditable to himself, and troublesome to others; and I think the means employed were as innocent as they were appropriate and efficient. But it was not in reference to this merely that I introduced the account; it is characteristic of the man, and it is from facts of this nature that the biographer forms a proper estimate of the character he describes. If he avail not himself of such incidents as these, he may plod on, in dry detail of facts, destitute of all enlivening circumstances, which can be but little pleasing to himself, and must be unsatisfactory, if not insupportable, to his readers. The three forms of this story are now before the reader, and he may receive which he pleases: that which I believe to be authentic, I have related as such. As to the petulant* critic in the Magazine, he is worthy of little notice. He was unacquainted with the whole business; was misled by report; and should have held his peace.

* "Petulant" is unusually severe, as an epithet on such an occasion, from the pen of Dr. Clarke; but he had a tolerably correct knowledge of the reviewer, who had sought for opportunities to assail him in other instances. To that gentleman the doctor owed nothing, though he had, by way of heaping coals of fire on his head, embraced occasions to serve him; and his private opinion was, as appears from his own correspondence, that the writer had another object in view, besides that of giving an honest critique. "It appeared to me," says he, when referring to the first edition of the "Wesley Family," "that the review of it in the Methodist Magazine was designed to disparage it."—EDITOR.

I may add, that a sycamore-tree, planted by Mr. Wesley in Epworth church-yard, is now (1821) two fathoms in girth, and proportionably large in height, boughs, and branches; but is decaying at the root, where the tree is now becoming hollow: a melancholy emblem of the state of a very eminent family, in which the prophetic office and spirit had flourished for nearly two hundred years,* but now nearly dried up from the earth, and is no more likely to give a messenger to the churches, or a healer to Israel! unless it revive in the fourth generation, in a young gentleman of good promise, *Charles*, grandson of the late Rev. Charles Wesley, who has lately entered into holy orders; and on whom may a double portion of the spirit of his progenitors descend and abide!

I have dwelt the longer upon this life, as no adequate justice has ever yet been done to it, though it is of the utmost consequence in the history of Methodism, for reasons which have doubtless appeared to the reader in its perusal.

The rector of Epworth has been frequently noticed as a Biblical critic. His judgment relative to the Greek version of the Septuagint, and its use in Biblical criticism, he has given in a dissertation on that version, which, as far as I know, is unfortunately lost. Several letters, containing, probably, the substance of it, and which I judge too valuable to be suppressed, will be found in No. 3 Appendix, at the end of these Memoirs.

I have mentioned him also as a conscientious disciplinarian. Of this abundant evidence will be found in a curious correspondence, No. 4 Appendix, at the end of the Memoirs.

On the facts and incidents the most implicit confidence may be safely placed, as they are all taken from authentic documents.

* Mr. Wesley, in a letter to his brother Charles, dated London, Jan. 15, 1768, remarks: "So far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*, preaching the gospel, nay, and the genuine gospel, in a line. You know Mr. White, some time chairman of the assembly of divines, was my grandmother's father."—*Works*, vol. vi, p. 671. Query: Is this the Thomas White whose name stands in the petition of the ministers of London to the king, to which Calamy and other eminent men appended their names, in 1662?—EDITOR.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, LL. D., AND HIS CHILDREN.

Dr. Samuel Annesley is too nearly connected with the Wesley family, as being the father of Susannah, wife of the rector of Epworth, to be passed by without notice, in any Memoirs of this family.

Dr. Samuel Annesley was born at Haxeley in Warwickshire, in the year 1620. He was descended of a good family; for his father, and the then earl of Anglesea, were brother's children.* He was the only child of his parents,

* The family of Annesley, or Annesly, or as it is in Domesday Book, Aneslei, is of great antiquity; deriving its name from the wapentake of Oswardebee, or Broxton, in the county of Nottingham, of which the family was possessed before the Conquest; and Richard de Aneslei was proprietor of it in 1086, when the Domesday survey was taken by command of the conqueror.

To him succeeded Ralph de Aneslei, called Brito de Bret; who gave to St. Mary, and the house of Felly, in the county of Nottingham, and to the brethren thereof, the domain and sole right of the patronage of the church of Aneslei, in pure alms for the salvation of himself, his wife, and heirs, and for the relief of his departed friends: which donation was confirmed to the canons by Geoffry, archbishop of York.

I must pass by the splendid marriages and heraldic honors of this family, continued from the Conquest down to the seventeenth century, and briefly note, that

Francis Annesley, created Baron Mount Norris, and Viscount Valentia, was secretary of state and vice-treasurer of Ireland, in the reign of Charles I.

Arthur Annesley, first earl of Anglesea, was his eldest son by his first wife, and succeeded his father in his Irish honors. He was distinguished for his loyalty to Charles II., to whom he strictly adhered during his exile, and advanced his interest at the hazard of his life and property; for which, after the Restoration, this Baron Annesley, of Newport Pagnel, and earl of the Isle of Anglesea, was appointed one of the commissioners for settling the affairs of Ireland, where he was then vice-treasurer and receiver-general. In 1673 he was made lord privy seal, and one of the privy council in both kingdoms. He died in 1686, leaving seven sons and six daughters. Dr. Samuel Annesley was brother's son to this first earl of Anglesea.

The aforesaid Francis Viscount Valentia had by his second wife, who was daughter to Sir John Stanhope, brother to the first earl of Chesterfield, seven sons and two daughters. Francis, George, and Samuel lived; the other sons died young. George was drowned in the Thames, stepping into a packet-boat with dispatches for Charles II. Samuel married, and died without issue. Francis Annesley was attainted by King James's parliament, for opposing the arbitrary measures of that prince, by raising some horse and foot in the north of Ireland. He married the daughter of the bishop of Meath, by whom he had Francis his heir, and Arthur and Henry, who died without issue.

Francis was appointed, by act of parliament of King William, one of the trustees for the sale of forfeited estates in Ireland: and on the ninth of Queen Anne, one of the commissioners for public accounts. He was elected member of parliament for Preston in 1705, and for Westbury, in six succeeding parliaments. He was the first promoter in the House of Commons

and had a considerable paternal estate. His father dying when he was but four years of age, his education devolved on his pious mother, who brought him up in the fear of the Lord; and as he was inclined from his earliest youth to the work of the ministry, she took care to procure him a suitable education.

His grandmother, who was a very pious woman, dying before he was born, requested that the child, if a boy, should be called Samuel; for, said she, "I can say, I have asked him of the Lord."* He was piously disposed

for building fifty new churches in the city of London; and one of the commissioners for that purpose.

He married, first, in 1695, the daughter of Sir John Martin, of London, by whom he had seven sons and two daughters. The eldest son was Francis, LL. D., rector of Winwick, in Lancashire. John, the fourth earl of Anglesea, was in the privy council of Queen Anne. Arthur, his brother, was in three parliaments during her reign, and was one of the privy council to George I.

On the death of the sixth earl of Anglesea, who was created Lord Altham, and died without issue, the title devolved on Richard Annesley, D. D., prebend of Westminster, and dean of Exeter.

Dr. Francis Annesley, rector of Winwick, married the daughter of Robert Gager, of Stoke Paget, Bucks, by the lady Anne, daughter of James, the second earl of Anglesea, his cousin.

Francis Annesley, Esq., D. C. L., master of Downing College, Cambridge, who sat in six parliaments, and was in 1805 member for Reading, since dead, was a descendant from Dr. Samuel Annesley. He was one of the trustees of the British Museum, representing the family of Sir Robert Cotton.

We see that the family of Annesley was among the most ancient and respectable in the kingdom, and existed previously to the Norman Conquest.

The connection of the present Wesley family with the Annesleys stands thus:—John Wesley, late fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, was son to Samuel and Susannah Wesley. Susannah was daughter to Dr. Samuel Annesley. Dr. Annesley was son to —— Annesley, who was brother to Arthur, first earl of Anglesea.

In some of the original letters of Mrs. Wesley, I find that she sealed with the Annesley arms, which are paly of six pieces, argent and azure; a bend gules; crest a blackamore's head, sidefaced proper, wreathed about the temples, argent and azure.

* To this devout act De Foe refers, in his "character of the late Dr. Samuel Annesley, by way of elegy:"—

> "His parents dedicated him by vow,
> To serve the church, and early taught him how.
> As Hannah, when she for her Samuel pray'd,
> The welcome loan with thankfulness repaid;
> So they, foreseeing 'twould not be in vain,
> Ask'd him of God, and vow'd him back again;
> And he again as early did prepare
> To list a willing soldier in the sacred war."

See a scarce and "True Collection of the Writings of the Author of the True-Born Englishman. Corrected by himself. London: printed, and are to be sold by most booksellers in London and Westminster. 1703."—Ed.

from his earlier years, and his heart set on being a preacher of the gospel; and to qualify him for that sacred work, he began when he was only five or six years old seriously to read the Bible; and so ardent was he in this study that he bound himself to read twenty chapters every day, a practice which he continued to the end of his life. This made him a good textuary; and, consequently, an able divine. Though a child when he formed the resolution to be a minister of the gospel, it is said he never varied from his purpose; nor was he discouraged by a singular dream, in which "he thought he was a minister, and was sent for by the bishop of London to be burned as a martyr."

When he was fifteen years of age he went to the University of Oxford, and entered of Queen's College, where he took his degrees at the usual times. While at the university, he was remarkable for temperance and industry; and though he is said to have been but of slow parts, yet he supplied this defect in nature by prodigious application. There is some dispute with regard to his ordination; that is to say, whether he received it from a bishop, or according to the Presbyterian method. Anthony Wood asserts the former, and Dr. Calamy the latter; to decide between them will be difficult without further documentary evidence.

In 1644 he became chaplain of his majesty's ship Globe, under the command of the earl of Warwick, then lord high admiral, who procured him his diploma of LL. D., having had an honorable certificate of his ordination signed by Mr. Gouge, and six other respectable ministers.

He spent some time in the fleet, and kept a journal of the voyage, and is very particular as to what passed when the earl of Warwick went to Holland in pursuit of the ships that had gone over to the prince. But not liking a seafaring life, he left the navy, and settled at Cliff, in Kent, in the place of a minister* who had been sequestered for scandalous conduct, such as attending public meetings of the people for dancing, drinking, and merriment on the Lord's day. But it was *like pastor like people;* for the inhabitants of the place were so attached to their sinful leader, that when his successor came they assailed him with spits, forks, and stones, threatening to take away his

* Dr. Griffith Higges.—EDITOR.

life. He told them that, "let them use him as they would, he was determined to stay with them till God should fit them by his ministry to profit by one better, who might succeed him; and solemnly declared, that when they became so prepared, he would leave the place."

In a few years his labors had surprising success, so that the people became greatly reformed. However, he kept his word, and left them; lest any seeming inconsistency of his might prove a stumbling-block to his young converts; for though he had £400 per annum there, it was no temptation to him to induce him to break the promise he had made.

In July, 1648, he was called to London, to preach the fast sermon before the House of Commons, which, by their order, was printed. But though greatly approved by the parliament, it gave great offense to some other persons, as reflecting upon the king, then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. This is the ground of Mr. Wood's bitterness against him; and it cannot be denied, that the author went all the lengths of the Presbyterian party.*

I give an extract from it: "The people are now, as then, (namely, under the Jewish theocracy.) 'We will have a king.' He hearkens to the people, and sets the king upon his throne; they shout out, *Vivat;* surely they are now happy. He reigns one year well—two years indifferent. What then? You see the Scripture veils; I waive it. What he did in the business of Amalek, Gibeon, David, Abimelech; what wars, famine, cruelty, Israel lay under; I would rather you should read than I speak. God give the king a spirit of grace and government! 'Wo unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child,' is rather meant of a child in manners, than in years."—See *Nichols's Arminianism and Calvinism compared,* p. 387.

A very signal providence, it is said, directed him to a settlement in London, in 1652, by the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of St. John the Apostle. Soon after, in 1657, through Oliver Cromwell's nomination, he was made lecturer of St. Paul's, and, in 1658, became vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; two of the largest congregations in the city.

On the 14th of May, 1659, he was appointed, by act of

* See Biog. Brit., article Annesley.

parliament, one of the commissioners for the approbation and admission of ministers of the gospel, after the Presbyterian mode; but that act soon vanished upon the restoration of Charles II.—See *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. iv.

On the Restoration, he was confirmed in the vicarage of St. Giles's by the king, who presented the living to him, August 28, 1660. It was at that time worth £700 per annum.*

But this did not screen him from the oppressive operation of the Act of Uniformity, by which he was ejected from this vicarage, in 1662, having been removed from his lectureship at St. Paul's about two years before. It is said the earl of Anglesea took some pains to persuade him to conform, and offered him preferment in case he complied. But the doctor, from conscience, declined the offer, and continued to preach privately during that and the following reigns. After this he met with many troubles for conscience' sake, and many signal deliverances. God was not pleased with his persecutors. One magistrate, while signing a warrant to apprehend him, dropped down dead! Might not the hand of God have been seen in this? and yet the living laid it not to heart.

Among the Nonconformists, Dr. Annesley was particu-

* The following pastoral address to the people over whom he was placed, the year after his confirmation, shows the deep concern he felt for their immortal interests:—

TO MY BELOVED PARISHIONERS OF ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

"*Nov.* 14, 1661.

"My Dear Friends,—I never yet, that I remember, went through my parish, without some heart-aching yearnings toward my charge, to think how many thousands here are posting to eternity, that within a few years will be in heaven or hell, and I know not so much as to ask them whither they are going. While God continues me your watchman, I shall affectionately desire, and solicitously endeavor, to keep myself pure from the blood of all men; and that, not only for the saving of my own soul, by delivering my message, but that you also may be saved by entertaining it. I can, without boasting, use the apostle's spiritually compassionate expressions: that I greatly long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and this I pray, that your love (to truth and holiness) may abound yet more and more in saving knowledge, and in all sound judgment; that you may practically approve things that are excellent; that you may be sincerely gracious, and universally without offense, till the day of Christ; and that you may be filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God. These, my beloved, are, and shall be, through grace, the constant desires and restless endeavors of your most affectionate soul-servant,

Samuel Annesley."

—Editor.

larly and deservedly eminent. He had in effect the care of all those churches; and was the chief, often the sole, instrument in the education and subsistence of several ministers, of whose useful labors the church had otherwise been deprived.

He licensed a meeting-house, on the indulgences in 1672, in Little St. Helen's, now St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate-street, where he raised a large and flourishing society, of which he continued pastor till his death. It was here, as appears from Calamy's Account of his own Life, that the first public ordination among the Dissenters took place after the passing of the Act of Uniformity. Till then, the ordination had been attended to in private; no person being present but those immediately concerned. Mr. Calamy, however, wished to be publicly ordained, and consulted several aged ministers in London respecting its propriety. In this he found considerable difficulty. Mr. Howe refused taking any part in it, through fear of offending government; and Dr. Bates urged other reasons, in order to excuse himself. He was at length ordained, with six other young men, June 22, 1694. Dr. Annesley, Vincent Alsop, Daniel Williams, Thomas Kentish, Matthew Sylvester, and Richard Stretton assisted on the occasion; and the service continued from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening.

After the division in Pinner's Hall Lecture, in 1694, and the establishment of a new one at Salter's Hall, Dr. Annesley was one of the ministers chosen to fill up the numbers at the latter, in conjunction with Dr. Bates and Mr. Howe.

Of all gifts, salaries and income, he always laid aside the tenths for charity, before any part was spent. By this means he had always a fund at hand for charitable uses, besides what he was furnished with by others for the same purposes.

Dunton, speaking of two eminent ministers, says, "I might be large in their character; but when I tell you they are true pictures of Dr. Annesley, (whom they count a second St. Paul,) it is as high as I need go." In another place, he observes, "The great business of his life was to bring sinners to God. His nonconformity created him many troubles; however, all the difficulties and disappoint-

ments he met with from an ungrateful world did never alter the goodness and the cheerfulness of his humor." Elsewhere he remarks, "He had a good estate, but this did not, as in too many instances, narrow his spirit, but made him more charitable. He would scorn to be rich while any man was poor."*

He was the main support of the morning lecture, for which so many have cause to be thankful to God. And after the death of old Mr. Case, of St. Mary Magdalene, Milk-street, who was the first that set up the morning exercises, Dr. Annesley took the care of this institution upon himself.

This morning lecture, or exercise, originated in the following way. Most of the citizens in London having some friend or relation in the army of the earl of Essex, so many bills were sent up to the pulpit every Lord's day for their preservation, that the ministers had not time to notice them in prayer, or even to read them. It was therefore agreed to set apart an hour every morning at seven o'clock; half of it to be spent in prayer for the welfare of the public, as well as particular cases; and the other half to be spent in exhortations to the people. Mr. Case began it in his church in Milk-street, from which it was removed to other remote churches in rotation, a month at each church. A number of the most eminent ministers conducted this service in turn; and it was attended by great crowds of people. After the heat of the war was over, it became what was called a casuistical lecture, and continued till the Restoration. The sermons delivered at these lectures were collected and published in six vols. 4to.

It is worthy of remark, that the sermon on the question, *Wherein lies that exact righteousness which is required between man and man?* Matt. vii, 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you," &c., was preached by Mr.

* De Foe, in his Elegy on Dr. Annesley, has this couplet:—

"With such a soul, that, had he mints in store,
He'd ne'er be rich while any man was poor."

It is of no importance whether Dunton or De Foe claims the last thought; the good doctor bears away the credit of the virtue exhibited. De Foe further adds,—

"For if to gifts he ever was inclined,
He laid none up, nor left us none behind."—EDITOR.

Tillotson, afterward archbishop of Canterbury, who then ranked with the Nonconformists!—See *Neal's History of the Puritans*, vol. i, p. 707, 4to.; and *Nonconf. Memorial*, vol. i, p. 125, &c.

In August, 1685, Dunton, having consulted the doctor relative to a voyage to New-England, in order to clear off a dead stock of books, and to collect sundry debts due to him, receives the following answer:—

"*Tunbridge, August* 10, 1685.

"Dear Son,—I received yours, but cannot give so particular and direct an answer as you may expect. The infinitely wise God direct you! My opinion is, that you should not carry too great a cargo; for I think it will be the less trouble to you, to wish there that you had brought more, than to fret at the want of a market for too many. If you observe the course of the world, the most of all worldly trouble is through frustration of our expectation: where we look not for much, we easily bear a disappointment. Moderation in all things, but in love to God, and serious godliness, is highly commendable. Covet earnestly the best gifts, and the best graces, and the best enjoyments; for which you shall never, while I live, want the prayers of

"Your most affectionate father,

"S. Annesley."

Dunton, on his arrival at Boston, wrote the doctor an account of his tedious and perilous voyage, to which he replied as follows:—

"*London, May* 10, 1686.

"Dear Son,—I was glad to hear of your safe arrival, after your tedious and hazardous passage. Those mercies are most observed, and, through grace, the best improved, that are bestowed with some grievous circumstances. I hope the impression of your voyage will abide, though the danger is over. I know not what to say to you about your trading. Present providences upon present circumstances must be observed; and therefore I shall often (in prayer) recommend your case to God, who alone can, and, I hope, will, do both in you, and for you, exceedingly abundantly beyond what can be asked or thought by

"Your most affectionate father,

"S. Annesley."

In speaking of Dr. Annesley's character, Dr. Calamy says, "He was an Israelite indeed; one that might be said to be sanctified from the womb, for he was early under serious impressions; so that he himself said, he knew not the time when he was unconverted."*

He had a large soul, flaming zeal, and was remarkably successful in his ministry.

He had great courage, as may be seen in his first settlement at Cliff, in Kent. He never feared the utmost malice of any of his enemies; and nothing that he met with ever abated his cheerfulness. He had uninterrupted peace in his soul, and assurance of God's favor, for thirty years before his death, though for some time before that he had passed through severe mental exercises. The last time he entered the pulpit, being dissuaded from preaching on account of his illness, he said, "I must work while it is day."

In his last illness he was full of comfort, and could say, "Blessed be God! I have been faithful in the work of the ministry for more than fifty-five years." Some of his last words were the following. Just before his departure he often said, "Come, my dearest Jesus! the nearer the more precious, the more welcome." Another time his joy was so great, that in an ecstasy he cried out, "I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm! I cannot express the thousandth part of what praise is due to thee! It is but little I can give thee; but, Lord, help me to give thee my all! I will die praising thee, and rejoice that

* De Foe, in the Elegy already quoted, dwells particularly on early piety:

"His pious course with childhood he begun,
And was his Maker's sooner than his own;
As if design'd by instinct to be great,
His judgment seem'd to antedate his wit;
His soul outgrew the natural weight of years,
And full-grown wit at half-grown youth appears;
Early the vigorous combat he began,
And was an elder Christian than a man.
The sacred study all his thoughts confined:
A sign what secret hand prepared his mind:
The heavenly book he made his only school,
In youth his study, and in age his rule.
Thus he in blooming years and hopes began,
Happy, beloved, and bless'd of God and man;
Solid, yet vigorous too, both grave and young,
A taking aspect, and a charming tongue." EDITOR.

others can praise thee better. I shall be satisfied with thy likeness. Satisfied! satisfied! O my dearest Jesus! I come!"

See the funeral sermon preached for him by Dr. Williams;* and his character as drawn by De Foe.†

During seventeen weeks' pain, though he had before enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health, he never discovered the least degree of impatience; and quietly resigned his soul to God, Dec. 31, 1696, aged seventy-seven years.

Dr. Annesley's figure was fine; his countenance dignified, highly expressive, and amiable. His constitution, naturally strong and robust, was capable of any kind of fatigue. He was seldom indisposed; and could endure the coldest weather without hat, gloves, or fire. For many years he scarcely ever drank anything but water; and even to his last sickness his sight continued so strong that he could read the smallest print without spectacles. His piety, diligence, and zeal, caused him to be highly esteemed, not only by the Dissenters, but by all who knew him. The celebrated Richard Baxter, who was no eulogist, says, "Dr. Annesley is a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God."

A curious anecdote is entered by his grandson, Mr. J. Wesley, in his Journal:—"Monday, Feb. 6, 1769, I spent an hour with a venerable woman, nearly ninety years of age, who retains her health, her senses, her understanding,

* Mr. John Wesley republished this excellent sermon in the Arminian Magazine, vol. xv, p. 248.—EDITOR.

† De Foe, as well as his parents, sat under Dr. Annesley's ministry; and Daniel, in all probability, owed, under God, the best part of his religious training to this exemplary and learned divine. In the Elegy, more than once referred to, he associates himself with the doctor's auditory:—

> "The sacred bow he so divinely drew,
> That every shot both hit and overthrew.
> His native candor and familiar style,
> Which did so oft his hearers' hours beguile,
> Charm'd us with godliness; and while he spake,
> We loved the doctrine for the teacher's sake.
> While he inform'd us what those doctrines meant,
> By dint of practice more than argument,
> Strange were the charms of his sincerity,
> Which made his actions and his words agree,
> At such a constant and exact a rate,
> As made a harmony we wondered at."

And again:—

> "Long he charm'd us with his heavenly song."—EDITOR.

and even her memory, to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday, and whom she remembers to have seen frequently, in his study at the top of the house, with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years; and would probably have lived longer, had he not begun water drinking at seventy." This had been a former practice, for Anthony Wood particularly remarks, that from the time he entered Queen's College, at the age of fifteen, he usually drank nothing but water.

His remains were deposited by the side of his wife's, in Shoreditch church; and Dunton states, that the countess of Anglesea desired, on her deathbed, to be buried, as she expressed it, "upon the coffin of that good man, Dr. Annesley."—*Life and Errors*, p. 280.

His last will and testament is too singular to be omitted.

"In the name of God! Amen.

"I, Doctor Samuel Annesley, of the liberty of Norton Folgate, in the county of Middlesex, an unworthy minister of Jesus Christ, being, through mercy, in health of body and mind, do make this my last Will and Testament, concerning my earthly pittance.

"For my soul, I dare humbly say, it is through grace devoted unto God, (otherwise than by legacy,) when it may live here no longer. I do believe that my body, after its sleeping awhile in Jesus, shall be reunited to my soul, that they may both be for ever with the Lord.

"Of what I shall leave behind me, I make this short disposal,—

"My just debts being paid, I give to each of my children one shilling, and all the rest to be equally divided between my son Benjamin Annesley, my daughter Judith Annesley, and my daughter Ann Annesley, whom I make my Executors of this my last Will and Testament; revoking all former, and confirming this with my hand and seal this 29 of March, 1693.

"SAMUEL ANNESLEY."*

Among his works, which are neither numerous nor large, are,—

* See Arminian Magazine, vol. ix, p. 672.

1. A Fast Sermon before the House of Commons, July 26, 1648: Job xxvii, 5, 6.

2. Communion with God; two Sermons at St. Paul's, 1654–55: Psa. lxxiii, 25, 26.

3. A Sermon at St. Lawrence Jewry, to the Gentlemen of Wilts., 1654: 1 Chron. xii, 38–40.

4. A Funeral Sermon for the Rev. W. Whitaker, 1673: Zech. i, 5, 6.

5. Five Sermons in the Morning Exercises, 1674 to 1690.

6. Funeral Sermon for the Rev. T. Brand, and Account of his Life, 1692: Josh. i, 2.

7. He edited 4 vols. of the Morning Exercises, and wrote a preface to each of them.*

8. He also wrote a preface to Mr. Richard Alleine's "Instructions about Heart-work;" and joined with Dr. Owen in a preface to Mr. Elisha Cole's "Practical Treatise on God's Sovereignty."—See *Wood's Athenæ*, and *Biog. Brit.*

His grandson, Mr. John Wesley, has inserted a sermon in vol. xxxvi, of the Christian Library, on 1 Tim. v, 22, "*How must we reprove, that we may not partake of other men's sins?*" which he attributes to Dr. Annesley: but this is a mistake, as it appears the sermon in question was delivered by Mr. Kitchen, of St. Mary Abchurch. And in volume xxxviii, he attributes two others to him,—1. On *Universal Conscientiousness;* Acts xxiv, 16, "And herein do I exercise myself," &c. 2. On *How Ministers or Christian Friends may apply themselves to sick Persons for their good*, &c.; Job xxxiii, 23, 24, "If there be a messenger with him," &c. But both these were written by Mr. Matthew Pool, author of the Synopsis Criticorum.† But those in

* It will be found, on examination, that Dr. Annesley only wrote *three* prefaces to the Morning Exercises, and not *four*, as stated above, and also by other writers. The preface to vol. iv is by Nathaniel Vincent, 1675.—EDITOR.

† Mr. Wesley, in thus attributing these two sermons to his grandfather, has followed Wood's Athenæ, and Biog. Brit. By referring to Dr Annesley's third sermon, in the third volume of the "Morning Exercises," on Eccles. vi, 11, 12, we shall find a striking coincidence of thought and expression, which would lead to a preference of Mr. Wesley's opinion, unless a first or early impression of the sermons can be found with Pool's name prefixed to them as the author. "I began my Morning Exercises," says the doctor, "with this comprehensive case, *How to be in all things, at all times, exactly conscientious;* and the supplement with this, *How to attain and*

vol. xliv,—1. On *God's Sovereignty our Support in all worldly Distractions;*" Psa. xcvii, 1, 2, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice," &c.—2. *The Hinderances and Helps to a Good Memory in Spiritual Things;* 1 Cor. xv, 2, "By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory," &c.,—were written by Dr. Annesley.—See *Palmer's Nonconformist's Memorial*, vol. i, p. 127.

Dr. Annesley was succeeded in Little St. Helen's by Mr. Woodhouse.

As a writer, the doctor was lively and emphatic, and must have been a very useful preacher. The following extracts, taken at random from his sermon, "*On a Good Memory in Spiritual Things*," will prove this:—

"Violent passions spoil the memory; such as anger, grief, love, fear. Passions we must have; but constitution and education allay them in some, reason moderates them in others, and grace regulates them in all. Where these bridles are wanting, they shake all the faculties as an earthquake doth a country. For example: anger, when it rages, manifestly inflames the blood, and consequently the spirits, and melts off the impression in the brain, just as the fire melts the wax and the impressions that were fixed upon it.

"A multitude of undigested notions hurt the memory. If a man have a stock of methodical and digested knowledge, it is admirable how much the memory will contain; as you know how many images may be discerned at once in a glass. But when these notions are heaped incoherently in the memory, without order or dependence, they confound and overthrow the memory. Thus, many hear or read much, too much, perhaps, for their capacities; they have not stowage for it; and so they are ever learning, and never come to the knowledge of the truth. Therefore, look that you understand and digest things by meditation; run not on too fast. He that rides post can never draw maps of the country.

"Custom, or using your memories, is an excellent way of improving them. Thus many wise persons charge their

improve such love to God, as may influence all the graces, actions, and passages of our lives; and now I fain would direct you, *How to prevent or cure the vanity that is incident to every condition.*" Here is the germ of the sermons in question.—EDITOR.

memories at the present, and thereby strengthen them, and then commit what they have remembered to writing when they come home, that no time may wear it away. We say, Use legs, and have legs; and so, use the memory, and have a memory.

"If you oblige your children and your servants to bring you away an account of a sermon, you will see that use and custom will make it easy. I have seen an old man's girdle, who could not read a word, yet by the only help of the girdle which he wore, and which was hung about with some knotted points, he could bring home every particular of a sermon.

"Due estimation is a help to the memory; the more we love and admire anything, the better we remember it. This is the reason given of children remembering things so well, because they admire everything as being new to them. And of old people the saying is known, that they remember all such things as they care for: for when we esteem anything, the affections work upon the spirits, which are the instruments of the memory, and so seal things upon it. Why is it that a woman cannot forget her sucking child? Because she doth vehemently love it; and the like affection in us to good things would keep us from forgetting them."

To this I shall add the first paragraph of his sermon on God's sovereignty, from Psa. xcvii, 1, 2, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice," &c.

"The state of affairs is often so involved and confused, that we need not wonder if we see men of wisdom greatly perplexed in their spirits, and almost sunk into discouragement. The best of men, whose hearts are most mortified with grace, would be of all others most subject to discomposure, were it not that they feel peace and comfort flowing into them from the remembrance and sweet consideration of a God above. What good man could have any tolerable enjoyment of himself, or possess his soul in patience, while he observes the irregular motions of things below; the restlessness, tumblings, and tossings of the world; desirable comforts and delights blasted in a moment; afflictions and troubles breaking in with a sudden surprise; order quite subverted; laws violated, and the edge of

them turned against those that are faithful and peaceable in the land; and all things indeed turned upside down, wickedness rampant, and religion oppressed? These things would soon break his heart, did he not see Him who is invisible, and firmly believe *a wheel within a wheel;* an unseen hand which steadily and prudently guides and directs all things, keeping up a beautiful order, where reason can discern nothing but confusion."

Some Account of Dr. Annesley's Children.

Dr. Annesley had several children—no less than twenty-five! Dr. Manton baptizing one of them, and being asked how many children Dr. Annesley had, he answered, he "believed it was two dozen, or a quarter of a hundred." The reckoning children by dozens is a singular circumstance—an honor to which few persons ever arrive. Of this numerous family I have met with the names only of Samuel, Benjamin, Judith, Sarah, Ann, Elizabeth, and Susannah.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, JUN.

Samuel went abroad in the service of the East India Company. He there accumulated a considerable fortune, and made frequent remittances to his family at home. He had borne strong testimony against the mismanagement and peculations of certain persons in the company's service, which probably created him mortal enemies. Intending to return home, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Wesley, to purchase for him an estate of £200 or £300 per annum, somewhere between London and Oxford. But it seems he suddenly disappeared, and no account was ever received either of his person or property. The very time of his coming home, and the ship by which he was to come, were announced; and his sister, Mrs. Susannah Wesley, came to London, expecting to meet him: but no brother appeared when the ship arrived. And all the information that was ever received was to this effect: that he had gone up into the country, and was never heard of more.* There is most certainly a mystery in this trans-

* When the noises were heard in the parsonage house at Epworth, Mrs. Wesley supposed they betokened the death of her brother in India; but it is certain that he was alive several years after these noises ceased at Epworth.

action, which it is possible a future day may explain. Mr. John Wesley used to say to his nephews, "You are heirs to a large property in India, if you can find it out; for my uncle is said to have been very prosperous."

Mr. Annesley's conduct in India has met with public censure, though probably unmerited. In "Cope's History of the East Indies" I find the following entry:—"1663, Sepr. Lord Mulbery arrived at Bombay, with Sir Abraham Shipman. The latter was the first English governor of that island. 2d. Humphrey Cook. 3d. Mr. Aungier, 1674. 4th. Sir John Child, bart., 1682. 5th. John Vaux, 1690. Mr. Vaux was detained at Surat as a hostage, that the mogul's firman should not be infringed, while Mr. Harris and Mr. Annesley held the actual government; and in consequence of their maladministration, Sir John Gayer was sent out in 1694, with the high title of governor of all India. He continued in the government beyond the year 1700, and was succeeded by Sir Nicholas White."—*East India Chronologist.*

I possess an original letter of this gentleman to his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth; which I shall here faithfully transcribe, in the hope that even this may be a means of casting some light on this dark affair. The letter refers to transactions which were then transpiring in India, and which those conversant with India affairs may easily comprehend. It seems to be written on purpose to vindicate himself from the above aspersions:—

"Brother Wesley,—Via Grand Caire, und cover of Monsr. Pelavoine, the directore here for the French company, (as in Feb. last,) I wrote you; which I can't copy, but extract.

"I have been told 'twas the practice of Sr. Nicholas White to bribe some of the committee, thereby stifling all complaints against him. If you suspect that, declare to the company themselves what I have wrote, being of such vast importance at their convention in April to chuse new directors. Let them keep my salary, and the wreck's money, (some thousands of pounds,) till I prove what I write is true, or a great part of it; if they will give me, as proposed, the power to do it. If you can get 2*s.* 9*d.* or 3*s.* the rupee, to be received in England, or interest of 5 per

cent (as usual in bills drawn here on the company) from the time I pay it, to payment to you and Mr. Eaton, I will give from 10 to 15,000 rupees to their order in Suratt; if they'l let me invest it for 'em in diamonds, I will faithfully serve 'em. Thus Sr. S. Evance and the Jew Alvaro de Costa did to Capn. Owen for his son's money.

"I desired you to let out to commanders, &c., responsible persons, bound hither, £500 on each ship, and (if you can) to be invested by me, advising overland how much; as in what goods. To procure what consignment you can to me, that I may have the laying out of most or part, if not all money brought hither; which I think I can do cheaper and better than any one on the place. I write not so out of vanity or opinativeness.

"Sr. S. Evance has a large packet enclosing Mr. Pennyng's account by the fleet, which pray desire of Sr. Ceasar Child. If I am in the company's service, pray desire Sr. Ceasar Child to let me *alone* have the adjustment of his accts. with the Parracks, provided they are not to this time finisht. Mr. Aislabie is most unaccountably slow, remiss, and negligent of such an advantage; so deserves to have it slip his hands, as I have wrote him I believe it will. Besides, he never did nor can do anything to conclude it; it has and will lye upon me.

"If a good purchase offers between London and Oxford of 2 to £300 a year, I desire you to secure it for me against I come home, if God pleases. I would have it a healthy air, near a market-town and river; somewhat woody; no religious lands. I wil take care to send effects or bils to pay for it.

"Mr. Wyche's broker told me it was concerted between his master and Rustum not to take my Nunsasee and Broach goods, that disposing of them other ways, I might lose, and meddle no more to interrupt 'em in his roguerys. A faithful servant of the company. He tels me he has received a commission to be cherif broker, gave 2600 rupees to the governor to let Mr. Wyche go to Bombay to show himself obedient to the company's orders, but will speedily return with a general letter that 'tis necessary to do so. He says the genl is for paying the old company's debts, and Mr. Wyche has a mind to pay 'em here, both desiring to squeeze something from the creditors, and to

ingratiate themselves with the company to make them take single (not compound) interest. But that won't do; for then the company must take single interest on their demands on the brokers, which will be a great loss. In the interim, who must pay the company the interest of their money that lyes dead,—a vast sum when it shall be made up! They owe me about *thirty-five hundred pounds*, besides my salary and the wreck's money: but I cannot get a groat of it til brought about said dishonourable intentions; therefore, pray address the court of directors for their order to pay off my acc^{ts}. I have saved the old company 36,200 rupees in Viltul Parrack's demands on 'em, on which 5 per cent. is due to me; but I can't get it paid: the reason is plain, that getting nothing for my trouble, I may leave off. I was nine months contending with him. Pray get an order for it. Said broker says the English credit in these parts daily declines; and his master by little and little wil venture (as the Dutch) to take a part of al goods he buys or sels for the company, but in a private manner. As, suppose he sels copper at 14 rupees per m^{d}. he'l credit 'em perhaps 13½, and so in other merchandise. Already (as before hinted) they have no regard to the company's fraights, provided the commanders will let 'em buy their goods, for which they have 5 per cent. commission, they may as usual (as among the Dutch) bring or carry what they please, fraight free.

"I could fil more than a quire of paper with these matters; but 'twil be in vain, if what I have wrote be not considered. I hinted to you, Mr. Samuel Sheppard was displeased with Mr. Proby for writing him of the great cheat in sale of the English broadcloth, concerning which Mr. Proby may be subpœna'd in, and the company's registry may be examin'd. Some matters may be erroneously inform'd, but I am satisfied as to the main 'tis true. I have heard Capt^{n} Beawes gave 500 to command the Albemarle; and scarce anything is done without money, and everything almost with it.

"About Abdul Guffere's dispute with the company (who seized their goods by a former governor, for those the pirates plundered from him, and restored 'em to the gen^{l}) is, according to the best acc^{t}, (as yet I have got,) as follows. Ibe sent to Sellimongee (a Moor, one of the greatest

merchants in town) to mediate with Mr. Wyche's broker, between the gen^{l} (who had seized his ships for payment) and him. He at first offered to pay 450,000 rupees, and Sellimongee sent Mr. Wyche word he'd bring it to rupees 500,000: but he would not hearken to him, nor Rustum tell him or the gen^{l} of it, (as he sent me word;) he'l at any time tel him to his face. But they applyed themselves to the governor, gave him of it, as they pretend, 120,000 rupees, the fourth of 480,000, Rustum says, Abdul Guffere gave, (tho' he affirms he gave 482,000,) and 63,950 to the officers, which in the end I presume will be proved he, &c., shared among 'em; so that for the 500,000 rupees, the company might have had instantly paid down, they have by that villain, and &c.'s means, rec^{d} but 296,950, with large charges besides. I have often wrote the gen^{l} for the acc^{t}, that there is a great cheat in't, but can get no answer. Pray does he not give sufficient grounds to suspect he has had a part of it? I have a hundred times, to no purpose, desired the same of Mr. Wyche.

"SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

"*Surat*, *March* 13, 1712–3."

Indorsed. "Sam^{l} Annesley, to the Rev^{d}. Sam^{l} Wesley, Mar. 13, 1712–3."

In the hands of a good investigator, this letter might lead to some discovery relative to the end of Mr. Annesley, and *where* his property has been left, and *who* has possessed it. That there were nefarious transactions in the management of the company's concerns at that time, the above letter sufficiently states; and that Mr. Annesley's honesty might have led to his ruin, is a possible case. That he should disappear and never more be heard of, and that his property should all have been lost, are mysteries which probably at this distance of time cannot entirely be cleared up: but some discovery may yet be made.

In Dunton's Conversations in Ireland, extracts from which are published by Mr. Nichols, with the Life and Errors, p. 570, I meet with the following observation: "I told the lieutenant of my brother Annesley's death, at which he was highly concerned." Whether this may refer to Samuel or not, I am unable now to determine.

From the preceding letter, we find that Mr. Annesley

wished to employ his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth, to transact some business in his behalf with the East India Company; and Mr. Wesley appears to have undertaken the office; but owing to his natural easiness, and too great confidence in the promises of men, the business was neglected, and had no favorable issue, at which Mr. Annesley was greatly offended, transferred the agency into another hand, and wrote a severe letter to his sister, Mrs. Wesley, in which he most liberally blamed the conduct of his brother-in-law. A part only of Mrs. Wesley's answer to her angry brother has fallen into my hands; but I am happy to find that a complete copy has been found among Mr. Wesley's papers, at present in the hands of the Rev. H. Moore:* from this I shall supply the deficiency in that which I had before published. This letter is worthy of insertion, as it shows her good sense, great modesty, and faithful attachment to her husband.

TO MR. ANNESLEY.

"Sir,—The unhappy differences between you and Mr. Wesley have prevented my writing for some years, not knowing whether a letter from me would be acceptable, and being unwilling to be troublesome. But feeling life ebb apace, and having a desire to be at peace with all men, especially you, before my exit, I have ventured to send one letter more, hoping you will give yourself the trouble to read it without prejudice.

"I am, I believe, got on the right side of fifty, infirm and weak; yet old as I am, since I have taken my husband 'for better, for worse,' I'll take my residence with him. 'Where he lives, will I live; and where he dies, will I die; and there will I be buried. God do so unto me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me.' Confinement is nothing to one that, by sickness, is compelled to spend great part of her time in a chamber; and I sometimes think, that if it were not on account of Mr. Wesley and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul, whether she ascended to the supreme Origin of being from a jail or a palace, for God is everywhere.

* Moore's Life of Wesley, vol. i, p. 327.

'No walls, nor locks, nor bars, nor deepest shade,
Nor closest solitude excludes his presence;
And in what place soever he vouchsafes
To manifest his presence, there is heaven.'

And that man whose heart is penetrated with divine love, and enjoys the manifestations of God's blissful presence, is happy, let his outward condition be what it will. He is rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things. This world, this present state of things, is but for a time. What is now future will be present, as what is already past once was; and then, as Mr. Pascal observes, a little earth thrown on our cold head will for ever determine our hopes and our condition; nor will it signify much who personated the prince or the beggar, since, with respect to the exterior, all must stand on the same level after death.

"Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe, that it is much easier to be contented without riches than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make his gold his god, (for whatever a person loves most, that thing, be it what it will, he will certainly make his god;) it is so very difficult not to trust in, not to depend on it, for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions.

"You say, 'I hope you have recovered your loss by fire long since.' No; and, it is to be doubted, never shall. Mr. Wesley rebuilt his house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned, yet it is not half furnished, nor his wife and children half clothed to this day. It is true, that by the benefactions of his friends, together with what he had himself, he paid the first; but the latter is not paid yet, or, what is much the same, money which was borrowed for clothes and furniture is yet unpaid. You go on: 'My brother's living of three hundred a year, as they tell me.' *They:* who? I wish those who say so were compelled to make it so. It may as truly be said that his living is ten thousand a year as three hundred. I have, sir, formerly laid before you the true state of our affairs. I have told you, that the living was always let for a hundred and sixty pounds a year. That taxes, poor assessments, sub-rents, tenths, procurations, synodals, &c., took up nearly thirty pounds of that

moiety; so that there needs no great skill in arithmetic to compute what remains.

"What we shall or shall not need hereafter, God only knows; but at present there hardly ever was a greater coincidence of unprosperous events in one family than is now in ours. I am rarely in health. Mr. Wesley declines apace. My dear Emily, who in my present exigencies would exceedingly comfort me, is compelled to go to service in Lincoln, where she is a teacher in a boarding-school. My second daughter, Sukey, a pretty woman, and worthy a better fate, when, by your last unkind letters, she perceived that all her hopes in you were frustrated, rashly threw away herself upon a man (if a *man* he may be called, who is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness) that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family. O sir! O brother! Happy, thrice happy are you, happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy! secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, or loss of friends! They are safe beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery: being gone hence, nothing can touch them further. Believe me, sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living; and I have buried many. But here I must pause awhile.

"The other children, though wanting neither industry nor capacity for business, we cannot put to any, by reason we have neither money nor friends to assist us in doing it. Nor is there a gentleman's family near us in which we can place them, unless as common servants; and that even yourself would not think them fit for, if you saw them; so that they must stay at home, while they have a home; and how long will that be? Innumerable are other uneasinesses, too tedious to mention; insomuch that, what with my own indisposition, my master's infirmities, the absence of my eldest, the ruin of my second daughter, and the inconceivable distress of all the rest, I have enough to turn a stronger head than mine. And were it not that God supports, and by his omnipotent goodness often totally suspends all sense of worldly things, I could not sustain the weight many days, perhaps hours. But even in this low ebb of fortune, I am not without some kind interval. Unspeakable are the blessings of privacy and leisure; when the mind emerges from the corrupt animality to which she

is united, and, by a flight peculiar to her nature, soars beyond the bounds of time and place, in contemplation of the invisible Supreme, whom she perceives to be her only happiness, her proper centre; in whom she finds repose inexplicable, such as the world can neither give nor take away.

"The late archbishop of York once said to me (when my master was in Lincoln Castle) among other things, 'Tell me,' said he, 'Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread.' My lord, said I, I will freely own to your grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then, I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all. 'You are certainly in the right,' replied my lord, and seemed for a while very thoughtful. Next morning he made me a handsome present; nor did he ever repent having done so. On the contrary, I have reason to believe it afforded him comfortable reflections before his exit."

Mrs. Wesley, having stated to her brother, that in all his transactions her husband had acted with a clear conscience, both before God and man, proceeds to notice the blame cast on him by Mr. Annesley, and adds:—

"These things are unkind, very unkind. Add not misery to affliction: if you will not reach out a friendly hand to support, yet I beseech you, forbear to throw water on a people already sinking.

"But I shall go on with your letter to me. You proceed: 'When I come home'—O, would to God that might ever be!—'should any of your daughters want me'—as I think they will not—'I shall do as God enables me!'—I must answer this with a sigh from the bottom of my heart. Sir, you know the proverb, 'While the grass grows, the steed starves.'

"That passage relating to Ansley I have formerly replied to; therefore I'll pass it over, together with some hints I am not willing to understand. You go on:—

"'My brother has one invincible obstacle to my business, his distance from London.'—Sir, you may please to remember, I put you in mind of this long since.—'Another

hinderance, I think he is too zealous for the party he fancies in the right; and has unluckily to do with the opposite faction.'—Whether those you employ are factious or not, I'll not determine; but very sure I am, Mr. Wesley is not so; he is zealous in a good cause, as every one ought to be, but the furthest from being a party man of any man in the world.—'Another remora is, these matters are out of his way.'—That is a remora indeed, and ought to have been considered on both sides before he entered on your business; for I am verily persuaded that that, and that alone, has been the cause of any mistakes or inadvertency he has been guilty of, and the true reason why God has not blessed him with desired success.—'He is apt to rest upon deceitful promises.'—Would to heaven that neither he, nor I, nor any of our children, had ever trusted to deceitful promises! But it is a right hand error, and I hope God will forgive us all.—'He wants Mr. Eaton's thrift.'—This I can readily believe.—'He is not fit for worldly business.'—This I likewise assent to, and must own I was mistaken when I did think him fit for it: my own experience hath since convinced me that he is one of those who, our Saviour saith, 'are not so wise in their generation as the children of this world.' And did I not know that almighty Wisdom hath views and ends, in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness, and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge, in relation to the church of God, should be confined to an obscure corner of the country, where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish; and it is with pleasure that I behold in my eldest son an aversion from accepting a small country cure; since, blessed be God! he has a fair reputation for learning and piety, preaches well, and is capable of doing more good where he is. You conclude:—'My wife will make my cousin Emily.'—It was a small and insignificant present to my sister indeed; but, poor girl, it was her whole estate; and if it had been received as kindly as it was meant, she would have been highly pleased.

"I shall not detain you any longer, not so much as to apologize for the tedious length of this letter.

"I should be glad if my service could be made acceptable to my sister; to whom, with yourself, the children tender their humblest duty. We all join in wishing you a happy new year, and very many of them.

"I am your obliged and most obedient servant and sister,

"SUSANNAH WESLEY.

"*Epworth, Jan. 20th*, 1721–2.

"My birth-day."

From the above letter we find that Mr. Samuel Annesley was alive at Surat in 1722, seven years after the noises had ceased at the parsonage house at Epworth; which Mrs. Wesley had supposed portended his death. In the year 1724, it was reported that Mr. Annesley was coming home in one of the company's ships. Mrs. Wesley, hearing the news, came up from Epworth to London, to meet him; but the report was incorrect. This is the last mention I find of Mr. Samuel Annesley in any of the family papers which have come under my notice. Nor is there any certainty when he died. We know he was alive in 1712, and possibly in 1720 or 1721. Mrs. Wesley's letter to him is dated Jan. 20, 1722; his, to which it is an answer, was most probably written in 1720. It is said that his wife survived him, and that "she left £1,000 to Mrs. Wesley, the interest to be paid her during her life, and at her decease the principal sum to be divided among the children." Howsoever left, there is no evidence that this money ever came into the family. They had large expectations, built on Mr. Annesley's promises, which were never realized; and hence that saying of Mr. J. Wesley to his nephews, already mentioned: "You are heirs to a large property in India, if you can find it out; for my uncle is said to have been very prosperous."

Of BENJAMIN ANNESLEY I have not been able to collect any particulars. He was appointed an executor of his father's will, and came into possession of one-third of his property.

Dunton, speaking of him, says, "That grateful and most ingenuous youth, Ben Annesley;" a form of expression highly complimentary to character, both moral and intellectual.

Of Miss Sarah Annesley I find nothing on record except her name, mentioned in one of her sister Elizabeth's letters to Mr. Dunton, inserted in his Life and Errors, p. 68.

Of Miss Judith Annesley, Mr. Dunton, her brother-in-law, gives the following character: "She is a virgin of eminent piety. Good books (above all, the Book of books) are her sweetest entertainment; and she finds more comfort there than others do in their wardrobe. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul and the course of her actions by daily and strict examination of both."

There is a painting of her in the family of Mr. Charles Wesley, probably by Sir Peter Lely, where she is represented as a very beautiful woman. A gentleman of splendid fortune paid his addresses to her, and the attachment was mutual; but when she perceived that he was addicted to much wine, she utterly refused to marry him, and died single.

Of Miss Ann Annesley, Mr. Dunton, her brother-in-law, gives the following character: "To drop her pious character would be ungrateful. She is a wit for certain; and however time may have dealt by her, art never feigned, nor nature formed, a finer woman."

This lady was afterward married to Mr. James Fromantle, and had a son, named Annesley Fromantle, who was educated for the ministry at the college of Glasgow.—*Wilson's History*, vol. i, p. 370. I conclude this is correct, from the following observation of Dunton, in his Characters of Eminent Persons: "Madam Fromantle (my sister before her advancement) is the only person I ever knew whom an estate made more humble and condescending. Her life is one continued act of tenderness, wit, and piety."—P. 358.

We have already seen that Miss Elizabeh Annesley was married to Mr. John Dunton, the eccentric bookseller, Aug. 3, 1682. She appears to have been very eminent, both for piety and good sense. Dunton has shown his attachment to her by the account he published of her death, and some extracts which he gives from her papers, found after her death.

That Elizabeth Dunton was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley was not less her honor than her happiness; and of this care of Providence, she discovers, in her private papers, a very grateful sense.

Religion had made early impressions on her mind. The new life had sprung up by such insensible degrees, that, like her noble and reverend father, she knew not the time of her being turned to the wisdom of the just.

Her Bible was the great companion and pleasure of her life; and she was so well acquainted with it, that no portion of it could be mentioned which she could not refer to the book, chapter, and verse, in which it might be found.

Dunton describes her as being tall, of a good aspect, with dark eyes, and of a fair complexion. She had that solid but ready wit, that rendered her conversation very desirable. It is said she never gave any one an ill word when absent, nor when present commended them. In short, she was an agreeable acquaintance, a trusty friend, and mistress of all those graces that could be desired to make a woman complete. When Mr. Dunton commenced business, he says, "She gave me an early specimen of her prudence and diligence that way, and thereupon commenced bookseller, cash-keeper, managed all my affairs, and left me entirely to my own rambling and scribbling humors." Her piety and conjugal affection are strongly evinced in the following extract from one of her letters to her husband, dated, London, May 14, 1686: "I was very much overjoyed for your safe arrival at Boston, though much troubled for your illness in the way to it. Those mercies are the sweetest that we enjoy after waiting and praying for them. I pray God help us both to improve them to his glory. If there is any encouragement for settling in New-England, I will joyfully come over to you. Pray God to direct you what to do; and in the mean time, take care of your health, and want for nothing. I had rather have your company with bread and water, than enjoy, without you, the riches of both Indies; but I must conclude, begging of God to keep you from the sins and temptations which every place and every condition expose us to. So wishing you a speedy and safe voyage back again to England, I remain yours, beyond expression." At another time she writes to him, "Be cheerful; want for nothing; doubt not but God will pro-

vide for us. Now is the time for us to live a life of faith, to depend wholly upon him; for he never yet disappointed any that put their trust in him."—*Life and Errors*, pp. 68, 79, 93, 144.

She had an amiable disposition, and a heart full of charity to all who differed from her in their religious opinions. She was a considerable proficient even in polemical divinity, and had acquainted herself well with the controversy on original sin, and the effects of it on the faculties of the soul, on free will, foreknowledge, grace, the revealed and secret will of God, &c. Upon this last subject she writes: "I will obey God's revealed will, and adore his secret will; rest upon his promises, and cast myself at the feet of Christ, attentive to my present duty. The belief of God's foreknowledge, or his decreeing whatsoever comes to pass, should not hinder me from duty, but render me diligent in it. I ought to do more for my soul than my body; and respecting the latter, though I know not what food may nourish it, or what medicines relieve, I will not neglect the means."

She owned that repentance is the gift of God, and that sin cannot be pardoned but through the blood, the merits, and intercession of Christ Jesus; and that no spiritual act can be performed without divine assistance.

In a diary kept by her for twenty years, the gracious state of her mind was particularly pointed out: but so far was she from vain glory, that in her last illness she entreated her husband to burn those large collections; and it was with difficulty he obtained her permission for Mr. Rogers, who preached her funeral sermon, to extract those passages which he has inserted in the discourse, entitled, "The Character of a Good Woman, preached on the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunton." Her reflections on a bed of sickness her husband published in the Post Angel, for Feb., 1701, and in Turner's Folio, p. 37, the latter of which I have not seen.

She was a great lover of solitude, because it gave her the opportunity of conversing with God and her own heart. But this did not infringe on the public means of grace, or public duties. Public worship, sermons, sabbaths, and sacraments, were her refreshments on her way to glory. On one of these occasions she wrote: "O how should the

thought of free, unmerited grace fill us with love to God! I am filled with joy inexpressible, and with hope full of glory! What amazing love, that God should give his Son to die for sinners! That he should become man, and not have where to lay his head, when he came to enrich the world! Blessed God! at this sacrament I cannot take a denial of thy presence: I come to meet my God; I cannot be comforted without him."

Her husband observes: "Her conjugal affection was as remarkable as the rest of her character. Her happiness seemed wrapped up in mine; our interests and our inclinations were the same. When affairs were perplexing, she never discovered uneasiness; she made use of means, and left the issue to Providence. When I happened to be ill, she was much concerned; and would impair her own health rather than permit any one else to wait on me. I never went home, and found her out of temper. But Heaven had a greater interest in her than I could have: she was my better half; but I knew my property in her was not absolute.

"In her last illness, which continued seven months, she never uttered one repining word; and was always willing to depart and to be with God." About a month previous to her death, her husband being from home, she wrote to him as follows: "Though God has exercised me with a long and languishing sickness, and my grave lies in view, yet he hath dealt tenderly with me, so that I find, by experience, no compassions are like those of a God. It is true, I have scarce strength to answer your letter; but seeing you desire a few lines, I will attempt something. As you desire to lie with me in the same grave, so I hope we shall be happy together hereafter, in the enjoyment of the beatific vision, and in the knowledge of one another; for I agree with you, that we shall know our friends in heaven. Wise and learned men of all ages, and several scriptures, plainly show it; though I verily believe, was there none but God and one saint in heaven, that saint would be perfectly happy, so as to desire no more. But, while on earth, we may lawfully please ourselves with hopes of meeting hereafter. I shall only add my hearty prayer, that God would bless you, both in soul and body; and that when you die, you may be conveyed by angels into Abraham's

bosom, where I hope you will find your tender and dutiful," &c., &c. "Through the whole of her sickness," continues her husband, "she declared she had no doubt upon her mind as to her eternal happiness. When near death she said to one who stood by, 'Heaven will make amends for all. In a short time I shall be happy. I have good ground to hope that when I die I shall, through Christ, be blessed, for I dedicated my *youth* to God.'

"When I saw her departing, and was overwhelmed with sorrow, she said, with sweetness, 'Do not be so concerned at parting, for I trust we shall meet where we shall part no more. Yet it is a solemn thing to die, whatever men may think of it. O this eternity! There is no time for preparing for heaven like the time of youth. Though death be near, I can look back with joy on some of the early years I sweetly spent in my father's house, and think how comfortably I lived there. What a mercy to be dedicated to God betimes!'

"When her soul was just fluttering on her lips, she exclaimed, 'Lord, pardon my sins, and perfect me in holiness! Accept of praises for the mercies I have received, and fit me for whatsoever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake!'

"A little after this she fell asleep in Jesus, on the 28th of May, 1697;" and her remains were interred in Bunhill-fields, agreeably to her request.

In all the Annesley family, of which we have any particulars, we see the truth of that word, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A pious education is next, in efficiency, to the all-powerful grace of Christ.

The Annesley and Wesley families are striking proofs of this. How many thousands perish for want of a pious example and religious instruction in the house of their parents!

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

Miss Susannah Annesley, afterward Susannah Wesley, was the youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, already mentioned. She was born on the 20th of January,

in the year 1669 or 1670. She was endowed with a fine natural understanding, which was advanced to a very high pitch of perfection by an education at once religious and literary. A mind such as hers, nurtured under the roof and parental cares of Dr. Annesley, had the highest advantages, and must have greatly profited by them. Though her father was a conscientious Nonconformist, he had too much dignity of mind, leaving his religion out of the question, to be a bigot. Under the parental roof, and before she was thirteen years of age, she examined without restraint the whole controversy between the Established Church and the Dissenters. The issue of which was, she renounced her religious fellowship with the latter, and adopted the creed and forms of the Church of England; to which she faithfully and zealously adhered as long as she lived. It does not appear that her father threw any obstacles in her way, or that he afterward disapproved of her marrying a rigid orthodox Churchman; who, from a similar process, became a convert from the peculiar tenets of his Nonconformist ancestors to the ecclesiastical establishment of the kingdom. Nor have I learned, after the most extensive search and the closest inquiry, that the slightest difference ever existed between him, his son-in-law, and daughter, upon the subject. "I do not find," says Miss Wesley in a letter now before me, "that Dr. Annesley or any of his family were prejudiced against my grandfather for leaving the Dissenters; but his mind was too enlarged to be prejudiced, whatever preference he had to his own community." Susannah was a kind friend to her brother-in-law, John Dunton, as appears from his poem, entitled, "The Character of a Summer-friend," when he says,—

> "While I was rich, I was the best of men;
> 'Twas then proclaim'd, (so high my praises ran,)
> 'O! what a blessing is our brother John!'
> But when my fortune did begin to wane,
> But *two* of all my crowd of friends remain."

A note informs us that these were "sister Wesley, and sister Sudbury," p. 483.

It was about the year 1689 that she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Wesley, when she was in the nineteenth or twentieth year of her age. As Mr. Wesley was born in

1662, he was then in his twenty-eighth year, and she seven or eight years younger than he. It is something remarkable, that she survived him about the same number of years; so that their pilgrimage through life was nearly of the same duration. Her youth, and having children in quick succession, and at different times two at a birth, will account for the numerous family with which they were blessed.

As their circumstances were narrow and confined—a subject already repeatedly referred to—the education of their progeny fell particularly upon themselves; and especially on Mrs. Wesley, who seems to have possessed every qualification requisite for either a public or private teacher. Her manner was peculiar to herself, and deserves a distinct mention. She has detailed it in a letter to her son John, (July 24, 1732,) where, speaking of the children, she says, "None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours.

"One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull: but the reason why I thought so was, because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the 10th of February; the next day he began to learn; and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; and so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and at Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well, for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was

yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson, he knew whenever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well.

"The same method was observed by them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were first put to spell, and read one line, and then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time without any intermission; and before we left school, each child read what he had learned that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learned that day."

I consider the above as positive facts, and have no doubt concerning any of them; and take it for granted that almost any children may be taught in the same way, and with similar success. But should it be copied, and generally recommended? I think not. A child should be taught what is necessary for it to know, as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning. Among children there is a great disparity of intellect, and in the power of apprehension and comprehension. Many children have such a precocity of intellect, as to be more capable of learning to read at two, than others are at five years of age; and it would be high injustice indeed to prevent them acquiring much useful knowledge, and some hundreds, if not thousands, of ideas, by waiting for a prescribed term of five years. When a child is capable of learning anything, give that teaching: but let the teaching be regularly graduated; let it go on from step to step, never obliging it to learn what it cannot yet comprehend. We begin very properly with letters, or the elementary signs of language; teach the child to distinguish them from each other, and give them in their names some notion of their power. We then teach them to combine them into simple SYLLABLES; syllables into WORDS; words into SENTENCES; sentences into SPEECHES, or regular discourse. This process is as philosophic as it is natural: but who follows it through the successive steps of education? Scarcely any. Because a child can understand a little, and shows aptness in learning, parental fondness, or the teacher's ignorance, comes into powerful operation; and the child is pushed unnatu-

rally forward to departments of learning to which he has not been gradually inducted. The mind is puzzled and bewildered; a great gulf is left behind which cuts off all connection with what has been already learned, and what is now proposed to the understanding; and the issue is, the child is confounded and discouraged, and falls either under the power of hebetude, or learns superficially, and never becomes a correct scholar. A child must understand what it is doing, before it can do what it ought.

Few are taught to spell their mother tongue correctly. They are hurried on from reading to reading and prating, and never learn to spell a sentence with propriety. Thus mothers, in general, teach their children their mother's tongue.

I have before me original letters of lords and ladies who were correspondents of the Wesley family, where the writing is elegant, and the spelling execrable. The learned languages cannot be acquired in this way; and hence they are more correctly learned in England than English itself. Dr. Edmund Castel (author of the Heptaglot Lexicon, that usually goes with Wolton's Polyglot Bible) was, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Æthiopic, Arabic, and Persian, the most learned man of his day in Great Britain; yet this same eminent scholar could not write a sentence in English correct in its orthography.

Mrs. Wesley says nothing of teaching the children to spell; but her plan in this must have been excellent, as all the family wrote, in this respect, with the greatest accuracy.

"But why did Mrs. Wesley postpone the teaching her children their letters till they were five years of age? If this were not the best plan, so very sensible a woman would never have adopted it." There is perhaps a little mystery here, that may easily be explained. Samuel was the eldest of Mrs. W.'s children: he was the first on which she tried this method of instruction. "But why did she not begin with him sooner?" For this plain reason: he could not speak. Mr. Wesley himself told me the following anecdote.

"My brother Samuel did not attempt to speak till he was between four and five years old; nor did the family

know whether he would ever be able to speak. To their surprise he began at once. There was a cat in the house which was a great favorite with him; he would frequently carry it about, and retire with it into private places. One day he disappeared; the family sought up and down for him to no purpose; my mother got alarmed for his safety, and went through the house loudly calling him by his name. At last she heard a voice from under a table, saying, 'Here am I, mother!' Looking down, she to her surprise saw Sammy and his cat. From this time he spoke regularly, and without any kind of hesitation."

Had this story come to me by tradition, I should have found it difficult of credit.

It was probably this circumstance that induced Mrs. Wesley to adopt the five years' plan. With Sam she could not begin sooner. Mary and Anne she found it difficult to forward in the same way. Kezzy she was persuaded to try before the time, and was unsuccessful. She appears, therefore, to have fixed the term of five years, partly from necessity, and partly from experience. I have no doubt she might have begun much sooner with most of them, with equal advantage to herself, and much more to them. I do not hesitate therefore to transcribe my own maxim:—"A child should be taught what it is necessary for it to know as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning."

Such was Mrs. Wesley's method of teaching her children to read; and she was equally assiduous in teaching them their duty to God, and to their parents. She had nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated; and ten came to man and woman's estate. Her son John mentions "the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children." All these were educated by herself. And as she was a woman that lived by rule, she methodized and arranged everything so exactly, that to each operation she had a time, and time sufficient to transact all the business of the family. It appears also, from several of the private papers, that she had no small share in managing the secular concerns of the rectory. The tithes and glebe were much under her inspection. As to the children, their times of going to rest, rising in the morning,

dressing, eating, learning, and exercise, she managed by rule, which was never suffered to be broken, unless in case of sickness. From her Mr. John Wesley derived all that knowledge in the education of children, which he has detailed so amply, and so successfully enforced. It has been wondered at, that a man who had no children of his own could have known so well how they should be managed and educated; but that wonder will at once cease, when it is recollected by whom he was himself educated, and who was his instructress in all things, during his infancy and youth.

Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their earliest age their duty to their parents. She had little difficulty in breaking their wills, or reducing them to absolute subjection. They were early brought, by rational means, under a mild yoke; they were perfectly obsequious to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in everything they were to have, and in everything they were to perform.

They were taught also to ask a blessing upon their food, to behave quietly at family prayers, and to reverence the sabbath. They were never permitted to command the servants, or to use any words of authority in their addresses to them. Mrs. Wesley charged the servants to do nothing for any of the children unless they asked it with humility and respect; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. This is the foundation, and indeed the essence, of good breeding. Insolent, impudent, and disagreeable children are to be met with everywhere, because this simple but important mode of bringing up is neglected. "Molly, Robert, be pleased to do so and so," was the usual method of request both from the sons and the daughters; and, because the children behaved thus decently, the domestics reverenced and loved them; were strictly attentive to, and felt it a privilege to serve them.

They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings among them, and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions; and they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln! How much evil may be prevented, and how

much good may be done, by judicious management in the education of children!

But Mrs. Wesley's whole method, in bringing up and managing her family, is so amply detailed in the letter from which I have made the extract relative to the mode of teaching them to read, that it would be as great an injustice to her to omit it, as it will be profitable to every reader to see it.

"*Epworth, July* 24, 1732.

"Dear Son,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old, (and some before,) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

"As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings, they always had spoonmeat; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating

between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat: if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

"At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of, in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

"They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

"In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterward broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no willful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as

the nature and circumstances of the offense may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

"I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we further consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

"Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed time constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, Pray give me such a thing; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

"Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing,

profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

"There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of; but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offense.

"For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behavior, which made them admired when they were at home, by all who saw them, was in a great measure lost; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

"When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon. When the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament: as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying; and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed upon by false colors and equivocations, which none would have used but one, had they been kindly dealt with; and some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering at church or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarreling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should be ever chid or beat twice for the same fault; and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterward.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin, which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given, unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

After such management, who need wonder at the rare excellence of the Wesley family!

Mrs. Wesley never considered herself discharged from the care of her children. Into all situations she followed them with her prayers and counsels; and her sons, even when at the university, found the utility of her wise and parental instructions. They proposed to her all their doubts, and consulted her in all difficulties. The following letter to her son John, in answer to queries proposed concerning some authors, and their opinions, will show how able she was to instruct, and what her opinion was relative to the doctrine of predestination especially:—

"*Wroote, Jan.* 8, 1725.*

"DEAR SON,—I cannot recollect the passages you mention; but believing you do the author, I positively aver that he is extremely in the wrong in that impious, not to say blasphemous, assertion, that God, by an irresistible decree, hath determined any man to be miserable, even in this life. His intentions, as himself, are holy, and just, and good; and all the miseries incident to men here or hereafter spring from themselves. The case stands thus:—This life is a state of probation, wherein eternal happiness or misery are proposed to our choice; the one as the reward of a virtuous, the other as a consequence of a vicious, life. Man is a compound being, a strange mixture of spirit and matter; or, rather, a creature wherein those opposite principles are united without mixture, yet each principle, after an incomprehensible manner, subject to the influence of the other. The true happiness of man, under this consideration, con-

* This letter, as given by the Rev. J. Wesley, in the Arminian Magazine, vol. i, p. 33, is dated "June 8th," and as no notice is taken of it in the errata at the close of the volume, the probability is in favor of that date. —EDITOR.

sists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers; of the animal to the rational nature; and of both to God.

"This was his original righteousness and happiness that was lost in Adam; and to restore man to this happiness by the recovery of his original righteousness was certainly God's design in admitting him to the state of trial on the world, and of our redemption by Jesus Christ. And surely this was a design truly worthy of God, and the greatest instance of mercy that even omnipotent goodness could exhibit to us.

"As the happiness of man consists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers, &c., so the inversion of this order is the true source of human misery. There is in us all a natural propension toward the body and the world. The beauty, pleasures, and ease of the body strangely charm us; the wealth and honors of the world allure us; and all, under the manage of a subtil, malicious adversary, give a prodigious force to present things: and if the animal life once get the ascendent of our reason, it utterly deprives us of our moral liberty, and, by consequence, makes us wretched. Therefore, for any man to endeavor after happiness in gratifying all his bodily appetites in opposition to his reason, is the greatest folly imaginable, because he seeks it where God has not designed he shall ever find it. But this is the case of the generality of men; they live as mere animals, wholly given up to the interests and pleasures of the body; and all the use of their understanding is to make provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof, without the least regard to future happiness or misery.

"It is true our eternal state lies under a vast disadvantage to us in this life, in that, that it is future and invisible; and it requires great attention and application of mind, frequent retirement, and intense thinking, to excite our affections, and beget such an habitual sense of it as is requisite to enable us to walk steadily in the paths of virtue, in opposition to our corrupt nature, and all the vicious customs and maxims of the world. Our blessed Lord, who came from heaven to save us from our sins, as well as the punishment of them, as knowing that it was impossible for us to be happy in either world unless we were holy, did not

intend, by commanding us to take up the cross, that we should bid adieu to all joy and satisfaction indefinitely; but he opens and extends our views beyond time to eternity. He directs us where to place our joys; how to seek satisfaction durable as our being, which is not to be found in gratifying, but in retrenching, our sensual appetites; not in obeying the dictates of our irregular passions, but in correcting their exorbitancy, bringing every appetite of the body and power of the soul under subjection to his laws, if we would follow him to heaven. And because he knew we could not do this without great contradiction to our corrupt animality, therefore he enjoins us to take up this cross, and to fight under his banner against the flesh, the world, and the devil. And when, by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, we are so far conquerors, as that we never willingly offend, but still press after greater degrees of Christian perfection, sincerely endeavoring to plant each virtue in our minds, that may, through Christ, render us pleasing to God, we shall then experience the truth of Solomon's assertion, 'The ways of virtue are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

"I take Kempis to have been an honest, weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge, by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many direct and plain texts of Scripture. Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure; of the innocence or malignity of actions? take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself. And so on the contrary.

"'Tis stupid to say nothing is an affliction to a good man. That is an affliction that makes an affliction, either to good or bad. Nor do I understand how any man can thank God for present misery; yet do I very well know what it is to rejoice in the midst of deep afflictions; not in the affliction itself, for then it would necessarily cease to be one; but in this we may rejoice, that we are in the hand of a God who never did, and never can, exert his power in any act of injustice, oppression, or cruelty; in

the power of that supreme Wisdom which disposes all events, and has promised that all things shall work together for good (for the spiritual and eternal good) of those that love him. We may rejoice in hope that almighty Goodness will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. In a word, we may and ought to rejoice that God has assured us he will never leave or forsake us; but, if we continue faithful to him, he will take care to conduct us safely through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to those blessed regions of joy and immortality where sin and sorrow can never enter."

There are many excellent sentiments and observations in the preceding letter; and the whole proves a capacious and well-disciplined mind, that tried itself to the bottom, and saw how little it could depend on its own exertions without the especial help of the grace and Spirit of Christ.

In the following month she wrote a more direct answer to the question concerning election and predestination; and especially the seventeenth article of the Church, on which her son appears to have been not a little puzzled.

To many these points will appear to be clearly stated, and satisfactorily discussed, in this letter.

"*Wroote, July* 18, 1725.

"——I have often wondered that men should be so vain to amuse themselves by searching into the decrees of God, which no human wit can fathom; and do not rather employ their time and powers in working out their salvation, and making their own calling and election sure. Such studies tend more to confound than inform the understanding; and young people had best let them alone. But since I find you have some scruples concerning our article of predestination, I will tell you my thoughts of the matter; and if they satisfy not, you may desire your father's direction, who is surely better qualified for a casuist than me.

"The doctrine of predestination, as maintained by rigid Calvinists, is very shocking, and ought utterly to be abhorred, because it charges the most holy God with being the author of sin. And I think you reason very well and justly against it; for it is certainly inconsistent with the justice and goodness of God to lay any man under either a physi-

cal or moral necessity of commiting sin, and then punish him for doing it. Far be this from the Lord! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

"I do firmly believe that God, from all eternity, hath elected some to everlasting life; but then I humbly conceive that this election is founded in his foreknowledge, according to that in the eighth of Romans, verses 29, 30: 'Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son: moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.'

"*Whom*, in his eternal prescience, God saw would make a right use of their powers, and accept of offered mercy, *he did predestinate*—adopt for his children, his peculiar treasure. And that they might be *conformed to the image of his only Son*, he *called them* to himself by his eternal Word, through the preaching of the gospel; and internally, by his Holy Spirit: which *call* they obeying, repenting of their sins, and believing in the Lord Jesus, he *justifies* them—absolves them from the guilt of all their sins, and acknowledges them as just and righteous persons, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. And *having* thus *justified*, he receives them to *glory*—to heaven.

"This is the sum of what I believe concerning predestination, which I think is agreeable to the analogy of faith; since it does in no wise derogate from the glory of God's free grace, nor impair the liberty of man. Nor can it with more reason be supposed that the prescience of God is the cause that so many finally perish, than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its rising."

Mr. Wesley found it difficult to reconcile the seventeenth article of the Church, concerning predestination, to the general doctrines of the Church, and to the Holy Scriptures. He knew, and has often demonstrated, that the Calvinistic doctrines of reprobation and election are false; but still there appeared to be something to support them in the above article, and it was in reference to this that he wished to have his mother's views of the subject.

The following letter, written to him nearly two years after, will show what care this excellent mother took of

her son's spiritual progress, and of his regular deportment through life:—

"*Jan.* 31, 1727.

"——I am verily persuaded, that the reason why so many seek to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able, is, there is some Delilah, some one beloved vice, they will not part with; hoping that by a strict observance of their duty in other things, that particular fault will be dispensed with. But, alas! they miserably deceive themselves. The way which leads to heaven is so narrow, the gate we must enter in so strait, that it will not permit a man to pass with one known unmortified sin about him. Therefore let every one in the beginning of their Christian course seriously weigh what our Lord says in St. Luke xiv, 27–34: 'For whosoever, having put his hand to the plough, looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'

"I am nothing pleased we advised you to have your plaid; though I am that you think it too dear; because I take it to be an indication that you are disposed to thrift, which is a rare qualification in a young man who has his fortune to make. Indeed, such a one can hardly be too wary, or too careful. I would not recommend taking thought for the morrow any further than is needful for our improvement of present opportunities, in a prudent management of those talents God has committed to our trust. And so far I think it is the duty of all to take thought for the morrow. And I heartily wish you may be well apprised of this while life is young. For,—

> Believe me, youth, (for I am read in cares,
> And bend beneath the weight of more than fifty years,)

believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our lives or our fortunes. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions; and if we neglect, while strength and vigor last, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us; it is a hundred to one odds that we shall die both poor and wicked.

"Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the verge of life, and saw before your eyes a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you can't conceive how all the inadvertencies, mis-

takes, and sins of youth would rise to your view; and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and pernicious friendships of the world, would be then, from what they are now, while health is entire, and seems to promise many years of life."

The following letter on the nature and properties of love would be a gem even in the best-written treatise on the powers and passions of the human mind. The concluding advice relative to the mode of treating such matters in public preaching must interest all those who minister at the altar of the Lord.

"*Wroote, May* 14, 1727.

"DEAR SON,—The difficulty there is in separating the ideas of things that nearly resemble each other, and whose properties and effects are much the same, has, I believe, induced some to think that the human soul has no passion but LOVE; and that all those passions or affections which we distinguish by the names of hope, fear, joy, &c., are no more than various modes of love. This notion carries some show of reason, though I can't acquiesce in it. I must confess I never yet met with such an accurate definition of the passion of love, as fully satisfied me. It is indeed commonly defined 'a desire of union with a known or apprehended good.' But this directly makes love and desire the same thing; which, on a close inspection, I conceive they are not, for this reason: desire is strongest, and acts most vigorously, when the beloved object is distant, absent, or apprehended unkind or displeased; whereas, when the union is attained, and fruition perfect, complacency, delight, and joy fill the soul of the lover, while desire lies quiescent; which plainly shows (at least to me) that desire of union is an *effect* of love, and not love *itself*.

"What then is love? or how shall we describe its strange, mysterious essence? It is—I do not know what! A powerful something! source of our joy and grief! Felt and experienced by every one, and yet unknown to all! Nor shall we ever comprehend what it is, till we are united to our First Principle, and there read its wondrous nature in the clear mirror of uncreated Love; till which time it is best to rest satisfied with such apprehensions of its es-

sence as we can collect from our observations of its effects and properties; for other knowledge of it in our present state is too high and too wonderful for us; neither can we attain unto it.

"Suffer now a word of advice. However curious you may be in searching into the nature, or in distinguishing the properties, of the passions or virtues of human kind, for your own private satisfaction, be very cautious in giving nice distinctions in public assemblies; for it does not answer the true end of preaching, which is to mend men's lives, and not fill their heads with unprofitable speculations. And after all that can be said, every affection of the soul is better known by experience than any description that can be given of it. An honest man will more easily apprehend what is meant by being zealous for God and against sin, when he hears what are the properties and effects of true zeal, than the most accurate definition of its essence.

"Dear son, the conclusion of your letter is very kind. That you were ever dutiful, I very well know. But I know myself enough to rest satisfied with a moderate degree of your affection. Indeed, it would be unjust in me to desire the love of any one. Your prayers I want and wish; nor shall I cease while I live to beseech almighty God to bless you. Adieu."

It appears that about this time Mr. J. Wesley had written to his mother concerning afflictions, and what was the best method of profiting by them; also expressing a wish that he might not survive so kind and good a parent; and stating his conviction how happy she, who had lived so much devoted to God, must be in her last hours. To all of which she answers with her usual good sense, strong judgment, and deep piety.

"*Wroote, July* 26, 1727.

"It is certainly true that I have had large experience of what the world calls adverse fortune. But I have not made those improvements in piety and virtue, under the discipline of Providence, that I ought to have done; therefore I humbly conceive myself to be unfit for an assistant to another in affliction, since I have so ill performed my own duty.

But, blessed be God! you are at present in pretty easy circumstances, which, I thankfully acknowledge, is a great mercy to me as well as you. Yet if hereafter you should meet with troubles of various sorts, as it is probable you will in the course of your life, be it of short or long continuance, the best preparation I know of for sufferings is a regular and exact performance of present duty; for this will surely render a man pleasing to God, and put him directly under the protection of his good providence, so that no evil shall befall him, but what he will certainly be the better for it.

"It is incident to all men to regard the past and the future, while the present moments pass unheeded; whereas, in truth, neither the one nor the other is of use to us any further than they put us upon improving the present time.

"You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. And besides, I ought surely to have the pre-eminence in point of time, and go to rest before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief, I know not; perhaps you could; it is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you, or any other of my children, were like to reap any spiritual advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. But as I have been an unprofitable servant, during the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honor, so high a favor, as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It were well if you spake prophetically, and that joy and hope might have the ascendent over the other passions of my soul in that important hour. Yet I dare not presume, nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our almighty Saviour, to do with me both in life and death just what he pleases, for I have no choice."

The following letter, on the absolute necessity of a Redeemer to save fallen man, and of faith in him in order to salvation, will doubtless meet with the full approbation of every pious reader:—

"*Epworth, Feb.* 14, 1735.

"DEAR SON,—Since God is altogether inaccessible to us but by Jesus Christ, and since none ever was or ever will be saved but by him, is it not absolutely necessary for all people, young and old, to be well grounded in the knowledge and faith of Jesus Christ? By *faith*, I do not mean an assent only to the truths of the gospel concerning him, but such an assent as influences our practice; as makes us heartily and thankfully accept him for our God and Saviour upon his own conditions. No faith below this can be saving. And since this faith is necessary to salvation, can it be too frequently or too explicitly discoursed on to young people? I think not.

"But since the natural pride of man is wont to suggest to him that he is self-sufficient, and has no need of a Saviour, may it not be proper to show (the young especially) that without the great atonement there could be no remission of sin; and that, in the present state of human nature, no man can qualify himself for heaven without the Holy Spirit, which is given by God incarnate? To convince them of this truth, might it not be needful to inform them, that, since God is infinitely just, or, rather, that he is justice itself, it necessarily follows that vindictive justice is an essential property in the divine nature; and if so, one of these two things seems to have been absolutely necessary; either, that there must be an adequate satisfaction made to the divine justice for the violation of God's law by mankind, or else that the whole human species should have perished in Adam, (which would have afforded too great matter of triumph to the apostate angels;) otherwise how could God have been just to himself? Would not some mention of the necessity of revealed religion be proper here? since, without it, all the wit of man could never have found out how human nature was corrupted in its fountain; neither had it been possible for us to have discovered any way or means whereby it might have been restored to its primitive purity. Nay, had it been possible for the brightest angels in heaven to have found out such a way to redeem and restore mankind as God hath appointed, yet durst any of them have proposed it to the uncreated Godhead? No; surely the offended must appoint the way to save the offender, or man must be lost for ever. 'O the

depth of the riches of the wisdom, and knowledge, and goodness of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways than our ways!'

"Here, surely, you may give free scope to your spirits; here you may freely use your Christian liberty, and discourse without reserve of the excellency of the knowledge and love of Christ, as his Spirit gives you utterance.

"What, my son, did the pure and holy person of the Son of God pass by the fallen angels, who were far superior, of greater dignity, and of a higher order in the scale of existence, and choose to unite himself to the human nature? And shall we soften, as you call it, these glorious truths? Rather let us speak boldly, without fear. These truths ought to be frequently inculcated, and pressed home upon the consciences of men; and when once men are affected with a sense of redeeming love, that sense will powerfully convince them of the vanity of the world, and make them esteem the honor, wealth, and pleasures of it as dross or dung, so that they may win Christ.

"As for *moral* subjects, they are necessary to be discoursed on; but then I humbly conceive we are to speak of moral virtues as Christians, and not like heathens. And if we would indeed do honor to our Saviour, we should take all fitting occasions to make men observe the essence and perfection of the moral virtues taught by Christ and his apostles, far surpassing all that was pretended to by the very best of the heathen philosophers. All their morality was defective in principle and direction; was intended only to regulate the outward actions, but never reached the heart; or, at the highest, it looked no further than the temporal happiness of mankind. 'But moral virtues, evangelized or improved into Christian duties, have partly a view to promote the good of human society here, but chiefly to qualify the observers of them for a much more blessed and more enduring society hereafter.' I cannot stay to enlarge on this vast subject; nor, indeed, (considering whom I write to,) is it needful; yet one thing I cannot forbear adding, which may carry some weight with his admirers, and that is, the very wise and just reply which Mr. Locke made to one that desired him

to draw up a system of morals. 'Did the world,' said he, 'want a rule, I confess there could be no work so necessary nor so commendable; but the gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics, that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself.'

"That you may continue steadfast in the faith, and increase more and more in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ; that holiness, simplicity, and purity, (which are different words signifying the same thing,) may recommend you to the favor of God incarnate; that his Spirit may dwell in you, and keep you still (as now) under a sense of God's blissful presence, is the hearty prayer of, dear son,

"Your affectionate mother, and most faithful friend,

"S. W."

With respect to the angelic nature, my creed is different from that of Mrs. Wesley. I believe man, as he came from the hands of God, was much higher in the excellence and perfection of his nature than angels. "Man was created in the image and likeness of God." This is not said of angels nor archangels; and it appears to me that it was the superior excellence of this nature that caused Jesus Christ to take upon him the nature of man, and not the nature of angels.*

The last of her letters I shall give the reader in this place. It is one written to her son John near the close of this year, on the happiness resulting from a close and constant communion with God. She had a few months before buried the husband of her youth; and was now, as I collect, on a visit to her daughter Emily, who had taken up a school at Gainsborough, about twelve miles from Epworth.

"*Gainsborough, Nov. 27th*, 1735.

"——— God is Being itself! the I AM! and therefore must necessarily be the supreme Good! He is so infinitely blessed, that every perception of his blissful presence imparts a vital gladness to the heart. Every degree of approach toward him is, in the same proportion, a degree of

* Dr. Clarke has entered largely into this subject in his discourse on "The Love of God to a Lost World," founded on John iii, 16.—EDITOR.

happiness. And I often think, were he always present to our mind, as we are present to him, there would be no pain nor sense of misery. I have long since chose him for my only Good; my All; my pleasure, my happiness in this world, as well as in the world to come. And although I have not been so faithful to his grace as I ought to have been; yet I feel my spirit adheres to its choice, and aims daily at cleaving steadfastly unto God. Yet one thing often troubles me, that, notwithstanding I know that while we are present with the body we are absent from the Lord; notwithstanding I have no taste, no relish left for anything the world calls pleasure, yet I do not long to go home as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me: and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son; so I beg you likewise to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best.

"Your loving mother,

"Susannah Wesley."

We have now seen, 1. The plan this extraordinary woman adopted in the nursing and bringing up her children; and, 2. The pains she took with her son John, when at the university, to instill into him those heavenly truths which he afterward, with such clearness, strength, and effect, declared to the world. 3. We shall find from what follows, that she endeavored to imbody all her knowledge and experience, and form them into a regular system, for the future edification of her family.

Mrs. Wesley not only examined the grounds of the controversy between the Church and the Dissenters with conscientious carefulness, but she examined in a similar way the evidences of natural and revealed religion; and under every article set down the reasons which determined her to receive the Bible as a revelation from God. On these subjects I have several things in her own hand-writing, which shall be introduced in their proper place: but her master-piece is entirely lost. A letter of hers to her son Samuel, dated October 11th, 1709, will illustrate the above particulars:—

"——— There is nothing I now desire to live for but to do some small service to my children; that as I have brought them into the world, I may, if it please God, be an

instrument of doing good to their souls. I had been for several years collecting from my little reading, but chiefly from my own observation and experience, some things which I hoped might be useful to you all. I had begun to correct and form all into a little manual, wherein I designed you should have seen what were the particular reasons which prevailed on me to believe the being of a God, and the grounds of natural religion; together with the motives that induced me to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ, under which was comprehended my own private reasons for the truth of revealed religion. And because I was educated among the Dissenters, and there was something remarkable in my leaving them at so early an age, not being full thirteen, I had drawn up an account of the whole transaction, under which I had included the main of the controversy between them and the Established Church, as far as it had come to my knowledge; and then followed the reasons which had determined my judgment to the preference of the Church of England. I had fairly transcribed a great part of it, when you, writing to me for some directions about receiving the sacrament, I began a short discourse on that subject, intending to send them all together; but before I could finish my design, the flames consumed both this and all my other writings. I would have you at your leisure do something like this for yourself, and write down what are the principles on which you build your faith; and though I cannot possibly recover all I formerly wrote, yet I will gladly assist you what I can in explaining any difficulty that may occur."

We have already seen that the parsonage house at Epworth was three parts consumed July 31, 1702. But a more severe conflagration took place on the 9th February, 1709, which has also been noticed, by which the whole house and the property were totally destroyed, the family escaping with their lives, almost by miracle; the particulars of which calamity are given in a letter from Mrs. W. to a neighboring clergyman; and some incidents supplied by Mr. John Wesley himself.

"*Epworth, August 24th*, 1709.

"On Wednesday night, Feb. 9, between the hours of eleven and twelve, some sparks fell from the roof of our house

upon one of the children's (Hetty) feet. She immediately ran to our chamber, and called us. Mr. Wesley, hearing a cry of fire in the street, started up, (as I was very ill, he lay in a separate room from me,) and opening his door, found the fire was in his own house. He immediately came to my room, and bid me and my eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for ourselves. Then he ran and burst open the nursery door, and called to the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her; the three others, in another bed. She snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow; which the three elder did. When we were got into the hall, and were surrounded with flames, Mr. Wesley found he had left the keys of the doors above stairs. He ran up and recovered them, a minute before the stair-case took fire. When we opened the street door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence, that none could stand against them. But some of our children got out through the windows, the rest through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows, neither could I get to the garden door. I endeavored three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was; which did me no further harm, than a little scorching my hands and my face.

"When Mr. Wesley had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the soul of the child to God."

"I believe," observes Mr. John Wesley, "it was just at that time I waked; for I did not cry as they imagined, unless it was afterward. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the door beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest, which stood near the window: one in the yard saw

me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him upon my shoulders.' They did so; and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough.' The next day, as he was walking in the garden, and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglot Bible, on which just those words were legible: Vade; vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et sequere me. 'Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross, and follow me.'"*

But the severest loss, at least to posterity, then sustained, was the destruction of all the family papers. All Mr. Wesley's writings† and correspondence, and the very important writings of Mrs. Wesley, such as those mentioned above, besides many papers and other matters relative to the Annesley family, and particularly Dr. Annesley him-

* Mr. John Wesley was of opinion that this fire was the effect of *design*, and not of *accident*. Mr. Moore observes, "The following anecdote, related to me by Mr. John Wesley, will throw some light upon this event. Many of his father's parishioners gave him much trouble about his tithes. At one time they would only pay in kind. Going into a field, upon one of these occasions, where the tithe-corn was laid out, Mr. Wesley found a farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears, cutting off the ears of corn, and putting them into a bag which he had brought with him for that purpose. Mr. Wesley said not anything to him, but took him by the arm, and walked with him into the town. When they got into the market-place, Mr. Wesley seized the bag, and, turning it inside out before all the people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him, with his pilfered spoils, to the judgment of his neighbors, and walked quietly home."—*Moore's Life of Wesley*, vol. i, p. 67. If we connect with Mr. J. Wesley's opinion, that "some of his father's wicked parishioners could not bear the plain dealing of so faithful and resolute a pastor," the political squabbles in which he had been embroiled only a few years before, and which are too often the means of exciting feelings that are not soon allayed, together with the injuries inflicted upon his property, as related in a letter from Lincoln Castle, dated September 12, 1705, we shall find his suspicions of *design* tolerably well supported.—EDITOR.

† He wrote largely upon Hebrew poetry, and speaks of a work he had composed on the Psalms, in which the Hebrew was reduced into "rhimed verses." The same he had done by the other poetical books, and the hymns which are in the Pentateuch and the Judges. Psalm cl, is the only one preserved as a specimen.

self; for, as Mrs. Susannah Wesley was his most beloved child, he had intrusted to her many invaluable documents. This information I have received from a particular and learned friend, who received it from Mr. John Wesley himself.

After the last fire, the family, as will have been seen, were scattered to different parts; the children were divided among neighbors, relatives, and friends, till the house could be rebuilt. Mr. Matthew Wesley, the surgeon, took two, Susan and Mehetabel, with whom their mother corresponded, in order to instruct them in divine matters, and to confirm them in the truths they had already received. Having lost the fruits of her former labor on the evidences of revealed religion, &c., she began her work *de novo;* and, in a long letter to her daughter Susan, went over the most important parts of the same ground, and produced a treatise on the chief articles of the Christian faith, taking for her ground-work the Apostles' Creed.

This invaluable paper I rejoice to be able to lay before the reader, as one of the most precious relics of this extraordinary woman. And it will be considered the more important, as itself was saved from a fire not less ruinous than that in which its predecessor was consumed.* It

* Among other little mementos of this calamity, four leaves of music may be noticed, the edges of which bear the marks of the fire, and may be handed down to posterity as a curiosity. Charles Wesley, jun., has written on one of the leaves, "The words by my grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Probably the music adapted by Henry Purcell, or Dr. Blow." Then follows,—

"A Hymn on the Passion. The words by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in the diocese of Lincoln.

1

Behold the Saviour of mankind, &c.

2

Tho' far unequal our low praise
To thy vast sufferings prove,
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,
Thus will we grieve and love.

3

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, &c.

4

'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid, &c.

5

Tho' far unequal our low praise, &c.

6

Thy loss our ruins did repair,
Death, by thy death, is slain;
Thou wilt at length exalt us where
Thou dost in glory reign."—EDITOR.

was written but a few months after that to Samuel, already mentioned.

"*Epworth, Jan.* 13, 1709–10.

"DEAR SUKEY,—Since our misfortunes have separated us from each other, and we can no longer enjoy the opportunities we once had of conversing together, I can no other way discharge the duty of a parent, or comply with my inclination of doing you all the good I can, but by writing.

"You know very well how I love you. I love your body; and do earnestly beseech almighty God to bless it with health, and all things necessary for its comfort and support in this world. But my tenderest regard is for your immortal soul, and for its spiritual happiness; which regard I cannot better express, than by endeavoring to instill into your mind those principles of knowledge and virtue that are absolutely necessary in order to your leading a good life here, which is the only thing that can infallibly secure your happiness hereafter.

"The main thing which is now to be done is, to lay a good foundation, that you may act upon principles, and be always able to satisfy yourself, and give a reason to others of the faith that is in you: for any one who makes a profession of religion, only because it is the custom of the country in which they live, or because their parents do so, or their worldly interest is thereby secured or advanced, will never be able to stand in the day of temptation; nor shall they ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. And though, perhaps, you cannot at present comprehend all I shall say, yet keep this letter by you, and as you grow in years your reason and judgment will improve, and you will obtain a more clear understanding in all things.

"You have already been instructed in some of the first principles of religion: that there is one, and but one God; that in the unity of the Godhead there are three distinct persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that this God ought to be worshiped. You have learned some prayers, your creed, and catechism, in which is briefly comprehended your duty to God, yourself, and your neighbor. But, Sukey, it is not learning these things by heart, nor your saying a few prayers morning and night, that will bring you to heaven; you must understand what you say, and you must practice what you know: and since knowledge

is requisite in order to practice, I shall endeavor (after as plain a manner as I can) to instruct you in some of those fundamental points which are most necessary to be known, and most easy to be understood. And I earnestly beseech the great Father of spirits to guide your mind into the way of truth.

"Though it has been generally acknowledged that the being and perfections of God, and a great part of man's duty toward him, as that we should love him, and pray to him for what we want, and praise him for what we enjoy, as likewise much of our duty toward ourselves and neighbor, are discoverable by the light of nature, that is, by that understanding and reason which are natural to man; yet, considering the present state of mankind, it was absolutely necessary that we should have some revelation from God to make known to us those truths upon the knowledge of which our salvation depends, and which unassisted reason could never have discovered. For all the duties of natural religion, and all the hopes of happiness which result from the performance of them, are all concluded within the present life; nor could we have had any certainty of the FUTURE STATE of the being of SPIRITS, of the immortality of the soul, or of a judgment to come.

"And though we may perceive that all men have by nature a strong bent or bias toward evil, and a great averseness from God and goodness; that our understandings, wills, and affections, &c., are extremely corrupted and depraved; yet how could we have known by what means we became so, or how sin and death entered into the world? since we are assured that whatever is absolutely perfect, as God is, could never be the author of evil; and we are as sure that whatever is corrupt or impure must necessarily be offensive and displeasing to the most holy God, there being nothing more opposite than good and evil. Nay, further, sin is not only displeasing to God, as it is contrary to the purity of his divine nature; but it is the highest affront and indignity to his sacred majesty imaginable.

"By it his most wise and holy laws are contemned and violated, and his honor most impiously treated; and therefore he is in justice obliged to punish such contempt, and to vindicate the honor of his own laws: nor can he, with-

out derogating from his infinite perfections, pardon such offenders, or remit the punishment they deserve, without full satisfaction made to his justice.

"Now I would fain know which way his justice could be satisfied, since it is impossible for a finite being like man to do it; or how the nature of man should be renewed, or he again be admitted into the favor of God; or how reason could suggest that our weak endeavors and petitions should be acceptable instead of perfect obedience, unless some others were substituted in our stead, that would undergo the punishment we have deserved, and thereby satisfy divine justice, and purchase pardon and favor with God, the merit of whose perfect obedience should atone for the imperfection of ours, and so obtain for us a title to those glorious rewards, to that eternal happiness, of which we must acknowledge ourselves utterly unworthy, and of which we must have despaired without such a Saviour?

"Or how should we have had any certainty of our salvation, unless God had revealed these things unto us? The soul is immortal, and must survive all time, even to eternity; and consequently it must have been miserable to the utmost extent of its duration, had we not had that sacred treasure of knowledge which is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament—a treasure infinitely more valuable than the whole world, because therein we find all things necessary for our salvation. There also we find many truths, which, though we cannot say it is absolutely necessary that we should know them, (since it is possible to be saved without that knowledge,) yet it is highly convenient that we should, because they give us great light into those things which are necessary to be known, and solve many doubts which could not otherwise be cleared.

"Thus we collect from many passages of Scripture, that before God created the visible world, or ever he made man, he created a higher rank of intellectual beings, which we call angels or spirits; and these were those bright morning stars, mentioned in Job, which sung together; those sons of God which shouted for joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. To these he gave a law or rule of action, as he did afterward to the rest of his creation; and they being free agents, having a principle of liberty, of choosing or refusing, and of acting accordingly, as they

must have, or they could not properly be called either good or evil; for upon this principle of freedom or liberty the principle of election or choice is founded; and upon the choosing good or evil depends the being virtuous or vicious, since liberty is the formal essence of moral virtue; that is, it is the free choice of a rational being that makes them either good or bad; nor could any one that acts by necessity be ever capable of rewards or punishments;—the angels, I say, being free agents, must, I think, necessarily be put on some trial of their obedience; and so consequently were at first only placed in a state of probation or trial. Those who made a good use of their liberty, and chose to obey the law of their Creator, and acquiesced in the order of the divine wisdom, which had disposed them in several ranks and orders subservient to each other, were, by the almighty fiat, confirmed in their state of blessedness; nor are they now capable of any defection.

"But those accursed spirits that rebelled against their Maker, and aspired above the rank in which his providence had placed them, were, for their presumption, justly excluded the celestial paradise, and condemned to perpetual torments, which were the necessary consequences of their apostasy.

"After the fall of the angels, and perhaps to supply their defects, it pleased the eternal Goodness to create Adam, who was the first general head of mankind; and in him was virtually included the whole species of human nature. He was somewhat inferior to the angels, being composed of two different natures, body and soul. The former was material, or matter made of the earth; the latter immaterial, or a spiritual substance, created after the image of God. And as man was also a rational free agent like the angels, so it was agreeable to the eternal Wisdom to place him likewise in a state of probation; and the trial of his obedience was, not eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the penalty of his disobedience was death.

"This trial was suited to the double or mixed nature of man; the beauty, scent, and taste of the fruit was the trial of their senses or appetites; and the virtue of it being not only good for food, but also to be desired to make one wise, was the trial of their minds; and by this God made proof of our first parents, to see whether they would deny

their sensual appetites, and keep the body in due subjection to the mind; or whether they would prefer the pleasures of sense, and thereby dethrone their reason, break the covenant of their obedience, and forfeit the favor of God and eternal happiness; and whether they would humbly be content with that measure of knowledge and understanding which God thought best for them, or boldly pry into those things which he had forbidden them to search after.

"Now the devil, envying the happiness of our first parents, being grieved that any less perfect beings should possess the place he had lost, took occasion from the reasonable trial God had proposed to Adam, to attack the woman by a subtil question, 'Yea, hath God said, that ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?' Hath he created this beauteous world, this great variety of creatures, for your use and enjoyment, and made these delicious fruits which he himself hath pronounced good, and yet forbidden you to taste them? To which she replied, 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.' Upon which the malicious tempter boldly presumed to give the lie to his Maker: 'Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat,' &c.

"Thus pride and sensuality ruined our first parents, and brought them and their posterity into a state of mortality. Thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and thus was human nature corrupted at its fountain; and as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, so of consequence the children of guilty Adam must be corrupt and depraved. Any one who will make the least reflection on his own mind, may soon be convinced of this great truth, that not only the body is weak and infirm, subject to divers diseases, liable to many ill accidents, and even to death itself, but also the superior powers of the soul are weakened; as the apostle expresses it, 'at enmity with God.'

"The understanding, which was designed chiefly to be exercised in the knowledge and contemplation of the supreme Being, is darkened; nor can it, without the divine assistance, discern the radiant glories of the Deity. And though it should naturally press after truth, as being its proper object; yet it seldom, and not without great difficulty, attains to the knowledge of it; but is subject to ignorance, which is the sin of the understanding, because it generally proceeds from our natural indisposition to search after truth. Error is the sin or defect of the judgment, mistaking one thing for another, not having clear and distinct apprehensions of things; for which reason it is frequently guilty of making wrong determinations. Not choosing or not inclining to good, or adhering to and preferring evil before it, is the sin of the will. A readiness in receiving vain, impure, corrupt ideas or images, and a backwardness in receiving good and useful ideas, is the sin of the imagination or fancy; and a facility in retaining evil and vain ideas, and a neglect of or a readiness to let slip those which are good, is the sin or defect of the memory.

"Loving, hating, desiring, fearing, &c., what we should not love, hate, desire, fear, &c., at all in the least degree; or when the object of such passions are lawful, to love, hate, desire, &c., more than reason requires; or else not loving, hating, desiring, &c., when we ought to love, hate, desire, &c.; in short, any error, either in defect or excess, either too much or too little, is the vice or sin of the passions or affections of the soul.

"Now, if we consider the infinite, boundless, incomprehensible perfections of the ever-blessed God, we may easily conceive that evil, that sin is the greatest contradiction imaginable to his most holy nature; and that no evil, no disease, pain, or natural uncleanness whatever, is so hateful, so loathsome to us, as the corruptions and imperfections of the soul are to him. He is infinite purity, absolutely separated from all moral imperfection. The divine intellect is all brightness, all perfect; was never, and can never be, capable of the least ignorance. He is TRUTH; nor can he be weary or indisposed in contemplating that great attribute of his most perfect nature, but has a constant, steady view of truth.

"And as he fully comprehends at once all things past,

present, and to come; so all objects appear to him simple, naked, undisguised in their natures, properties, relations, and ends, truly as they are; nor is it possible that he should be guilty of error or mistake; of making any false judgment or wrong determination.

"He is goodness, and his most holy will cannot swerve or decline from what is so. He always wills what is absolutely best; nor can he possibly be deceived or deceive any one.

"The ideas of the divine Mind are amiable, clear, holy, just, good, useful; and he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. His love, desire, &c., though boundless, immense, and infinite, are yet regular, immutable, always under the direction of his unerring wisdom, his unlimited goodness, and his impartial justice.

"But who can by searching find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? What angel is worthy to speak his praise, who dwelleth in the inaccessible light which no man can approach unto? And though he is always surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of those pure and happy spirits, yet are they represented to us as veiling their faces, as if conscious of too much imperfection and weakness to behold his glory. And if he charged his angels with folly, and the stars are not pure in his sight, how much less man, that is a worm; and the son of man, that is a worm?

"And as we are thus corrupt and impure by nature, so are we likewise the children of wrath, and in a state of damnation; for it was not only a temporal death with which God threatened our first parents if they were disobedient; but it was also a spiritual death, an eternal separation from him who is our life; the consequence of which separation is our eternal misery.

"But the infinite goodness of God, who delighteth that his mercy should triumph over his justice, though he provided no remedy for the fallen angels, yet man being a more simple kind of creature, who perhaps did not sin so maliciously against so much knowledge as those apostate spirits did, he would not suffer the whole race of mankind to be ruined and destroyed by the fraud and subtilty of Satan; but he laid help upon one that was mighty, that is able and willing to save to the uttermost all such as shall

come unto God through him. And this Saviour was that seed of the woman that was promised should bruise the head of the serpent, break the power of the devil, and bring mankind again into a salvable condition. And upon a view of that satisfaction which Christ would make for the sins of the whole world was the penalty of Adam's disobedience suspended, and he admitted to a second trial; and God renewed his covenant with man, not on the former condition of perfect obedience, but on condition of faith in Christ Jesus, and a sincere though imperfect obedience of the laws of God. I will speak something of these two branches of our duty distinctly.

"By faith in Christ is to be understood an assent to whatever is recorded of him in Holy Scripture; or is said to be delivered by him, either immediately by himself, or mediately by his prophets and apostles; or whatever may, by just inferences or natural consequences, be collected from their writings. But because the greater part of mankind either want leisure or capacity to collect the several articles of faith which lie scattered up and down throughout the sacred writ, the wisdom of the Church hath thought fit to sum them up in a short form of words, commonly called THE APOSTLES' CREED, which, because it comprehends the main of what a Christian ought to believe, I shall briefly explain unto you: and though I have not time at present to bring all the arguments I could to prove the being of God, his divine attributes, and the truth of revealed religion; yet this short paraphrase may inform you what you should intend when you make the solemn confession of our most holy faith; and may withal teach you that it is not to be said after a formal, customary manner, but seriously, as in the presence of the almighty God, who observes whether the heart join with the tongue, and whether your mind do truly assent to what you profess, when you say,—

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

I do truly and heartily assent to the being of a God, one supreme, independent Power, who is a Spirit infinitely wise, holy, good, just, true, unchangeable.

"I do believe that this God is a necessary, self-existent Being; necessary, in that he could not but be, because

he derives his existence from no other than himself; but he always is

THE FATHER.

And having all life, all being in himself, all creatures must derive their existence from him; whence he is properly styled the Father of all things, more especially of all spiritual natures, angels and souls of men: and since he is the great Parent of the universe, it naturally follows that he is

ALMIGHTY.

And this glorious attribute of his omnipotence is conspicuous in that he hath a right of making anything which he willeth, after that manner which best pleaseth him, according to the absolute freedom of his own will; and a right of possessing all things so made by him as he pleaseth: nor can his almighty, infinite power admit of any weakness, dependence, or limitation; but it extendeth to all things—is boundless, incomprehensible, and eternal. And though we cannot comprehend, or have any adequate conceptions of what so far surpasseth the reach of human understanding, yet it is plainly demonstrable that he is omnipotent, from his being the

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Of all things visible: nor could anything less than almighty power produce the smallest, most inconsiderable thing out of nothing. Not the least spire of grass, or most despicable insect, but bears the divine signature, and carries in its existence a clear demonstration of the Deity. For could we admit of such a wild supposition as that anything could make itself, it must necessarily follow that a thing had being before it had a being, that it could act before it was, which is a palpable contradiction; from whence, among other reasons, we conclude that this beautiful world, that celestial arch over our heads, and all those glorious heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars, &c.; in fine, the whole system of the universe, were in the beginning made or created out of nothing, by the eternal power, wisdom, and goodness of the ever-blessed God, according to the counsel of his own will; or, as St. Paul better expresses it, Col. i, 16, 'By him were all things created that are in heaven,

and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him.'

AND IN JESUS.

Jesus signifies a Saviour; and by that name he was called by the angel Gabriel before his birth, to show us that he came into the world to save us from our sins and the punishment they justly deserve, and to repair the damage human nature had sustained by the fall of Adam; that as in Adam all died, so in Christ all should be made alive: and so he became the second general Head of all mankind. And as he was promised to our parents in paradise, so was his coming signified by the various types and sacrifices under the law, and foretold by the prophets, long before he appeared in the world.

"And this Saviour—this Jesus—was the promised Messiah, who was so long the hope and expectation of the Jews, the

CHRIST,

which, in the original, signifies anointed. Now among the Jews it was a custom to anoint three sorts of persons, prophets, priests, and kings; which anointing did not only show their designation to those offices, but was also usually attended with a special influence or inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to prepare and qualify them for such offices. Our blessed Lord, who was by his almighty Father sanctified, and sent into the world, was also anointed, not with material oil, but by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him, to signify to us that he was our Prophet, Priest, and King; and that he should first, as our PROPHET, fully and clearly reveal the will of God for our salvation, which accordingly he did. And though the Jews had long before received the law by Moses, yet a great part of that law was purely typical and ceremonial, and all of it that was so was necessarily vacated by the coming of our Saviour; and that part which was moral, and consequently of perpetual obligation, they had so corrupted by their misrepresentations and various traditions, that it was not pure and undefiled, as God delivered it on Mount Sinai, which occasioned the words of our Lord, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill:'

to accomplish the predictions of the prophets concerning himself, and to rescue the moral law from those false glosses they had put on it. Though the rest of the world were not altogether without some precepts of morality, yet they lay scattered up and down in the writings of a few wiser and better than the rest: but morality was never collected into a complete system till the coming of our Saviour; nor was life and immortality brought fully to light till the preaching of the gospel.

"He was also our PRIEST, in that he offered up himself a sacrifice to divine justice in our stead; and by the perfect satisfaction he made, he did atone the displeasure of God, and purchase eternal life for us, which was forfeited by the first man's disobedience.

"And as he is our Prophet and Priest, so likewise he is our KING, and hath an undoubted right to govern those he hath redeemed by his blood; and as such, he will conquer for us all our spiritual enemies, sin, and death, and all the powers of the kingdom of darkness; and when he hath perfectly subdued them, he will actually confer upon us eternal happiness. This satisfaction and purchase that Christ hath made for us is a clear proof of his divinity, since no mere man is capable of meriting anything good from God; and therefore we are obliged to consider him in a state of equality with the Father, being

HIS ONLY SON.

"Though we are all children of the almighty Father, yet hath he one only Son, by an eternal and incomprehensible generation, which *only Son* is Jesus the Saviour; being equal to the Father as touching his Godhead; but inferior to the Father as touching his manhood: God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God; begotten, not made. And this only Son of God we acknowledge to be

OUR LORD;

In that he is co-equal and co-essential with the Father, and by him were all things made. Therefore, since we are his creatures, we must, with the apostle St. Thomas, confess him to be our Lord and our God. But besides this right to our allegiance, which he hath by creation, he

hath redeemed us from death and hell, and he hath purchased us with his own blood: so that upon a double account we justly call him Lord, namely, that of creation and purchase. And as the infinite condescension of the eternal Son of God in assuming our nature was mysterious and incomprehensible, surpassing the wisest of men or angels to conceive how such a thing might be; so it was requisite and agreeable to the majesty of God, that the conception of his sacred person should be after a manner altogether differing from ordinary generations; accordingly it was he

WHICH WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST;

Whose miraculous conception was foretold by the angel, when his blessed mother questioned how she who was a virgin could conceive. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And as all the sacrifices which represented our Saviour under the law were to be without spot or blemish, so likewise Christ, the great Christian sacrifice, was infinitely pure and holy, not only in his divine, but also in his human nature: he was perfectly immaculate, having none but God for his Father, being

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

Whose spotless purity no age of the catholic church hath presumed to question. That the promised Messiah should be born of a virgin is plain from Jer. xxxi, 22, 'The Lord hath created a new thing upon the earth; a woman shall compass a man.' And from Isaiah vii, 14, 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel.' And this *seed of the woman* must necessarily have assumed our nature, or he could never have been our Jesus, the Saviour of the world; for the divine nature of the Son of God is infinitely happy, utterly incapable of any grief, pain, or sense of misery. Nor could its union with humanity any way defile or pollute it, or derogate the least from its infinite perfection: so it was only as man that he

SUFFERED

those infirmities and calamities incident to human nature. What transactions passed between the almighty Father and

his eternal Son concerning the redemption of the world, we know not; but we are sure that by an express agreement between them he was from eternity decreed to suffer for mankind. And in several places of the Old Testament it was written of the Son of man, that he must suffer many things. And the Spirit of Christ that was in the prophets testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ; particularly in Isa. liii, we have a sad but clear description of the sufferings of the Messiah. Indeed, his whole life was one continual scene of misery. No sooner was he born, than he was persecuted by Herod, and forced to flee into Egypt, in the arms of a weak virgin, under the protection of a foster-father. And when he returned into his own country, he for thirty years lived in a low condition, probably employed in the mean trade of a carpenter, which made him in the eyes of the world despicable, of no reputation. And when, after so long an obscurity, he appeared unto men, he entered upon his ministry with the severity of forty days' abstinence.

"Behold the eternal Lord of nature transported into a wild and desolate wilderness, exposed to the inclemency of the air, and tempted by the apostate spirits!

"The almighty Being, who justly claims a right to the whole creation, was himself hungry and athirst; often wearied with painful traveling from place to place. And though he went about doing good, and never sent any one away from him who wanted relief, without healing their diseases, and casting out those evil spirits which afflicted them; yet was he despised and rejected of men! The possessor of heaven and earth, the sovereign Disposer of all things, from whose bounty all creatures receive what they enjoy of the necessary accommodations of life, was reduced to such a mean estate, that the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, yet the Son of man had not where to lay his head! All his life he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet his greatest sufferings were

UNDER PONTIUS PILATE,

Who was at that time the Roman governor of Judea, under Tiberius, the emperor of Rome. His office was that of a procurator, whose business it was not only to take an ac-

count of the tribute due to the emperor, and to order and dispose of the same to his advantage; but, by means of the seditious and rebellious temper of the Jews, they were further trusted with some of the supreme power among them; a power of life and death, which was a signal instance of divine providence, and a clear proof of the predictions of the prophets, which had long before foretold that the Messiah should suffer after a manner that was not prescribed by the law of Moses: and this circumstance of time is mentioned to confirm the truth of our Saviour's history.

"And now behold a mysterious scene of wonders indeed! The immaculate Lamb of God, who came to save the world from misery, under the greatest, most amazing apprehensions of his approaching passion! 'He began to be sorrowful,' saith St. Matthew; 'To be sore amazed, and very heavy,' saith St. Mark. His soul was pressed with fear, horror, and dejection of mind; tormented with anxiety, and disquietude of spirit, which he expressed to his disciples in these sad words, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!' See him retire to a solitary garden at a still, melancholy hour of the night! Behold him prostrate on the ground, conflicting with the wrath of his almighty Father! He perfectly knew what God is, the severe purity of the Deity; and was absolutely conformed to his will.

"He knew the evil of sin, in its nature and consequences; the perfect justice, wisdom, and goodness of the divine laws. He understood the inexpressible misery man had brought upon himself by the violation of them, and how intolerable it would be for man to sustain the vengeance of an angry God; and perhaps he was moved with extreme concern and pity, when he foresaw that, notwithstanding all he had already done and was then about to suffer for his salvation, there would be so many that would obstinately perish! He had a full prospect of all he had yet to undergo; that the conflict was not yet over, but that the dregs of that bitter cup still remained; that he must be forsaken of his Father in the midst of his torments, which made him thrice so earnestly repeat his petition, that if it were possible that cup might pass from him. But the full complement of his sufferings we may suppose to be,—he did at that time actually sustain the whole weight of that

grief and sorrow which was due to the justice of God for the sins of the whole world. And this, we may believe, caused that inconceivable agony, when his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground.

"And though his torments were so inexpressibly great, yet the Son of man must suffer many things. He must be betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, and forsaken by all. And as he had suffered in his soul, by the most intense grief and anguish, so he had to suffer in his body the greatest bitterness of corporeal pains, which the malice and rage of his enemies could inflict upon it. And now the sovereign Lord and Judge of all men is haled before the tribunal of his sinful creatures; the pure and unspotted Son of God, who could do no wrong, neither could guile be found in his mouth, accused by his presumptuous slaves of no less a crime than blasphemy. And though the witnesses could by no means agree together, and he was so often declared innocent by Pilate, an infidel judge, yet still the rude and barbarous rabble, being instigated by the envy and malice of the chief priests and elders, persist in demanding that he should be condemned.

"And when, in compliance with their usual custom of having a malefactor released at their feast, Pilate, in order to save him, proposed his release instead of Barabbas, who was a seditious murderer, yet they persisted in their fury, and preferred the murderer before the Prince of life and glory; nor would they be satisfied till he

WAS CRUCIFIED;

To which ignominious death the Romans commonly condemned their greatest malefactors; and it was accounted so vile and so shameful among them, that it was deemed a very high crime to put any freeman to death after such a dishonorable manner; and as the shame was great, so it was usually accompanied with many previous pains. They were first cruelly scourged, and then compelled to bear their cross on their bleeding wounds to the place of crucifixion; all which the meek and patient Jesus underwent cheerfully for his love toward mankind. 'The ploughers ploughed on his back, and made long their furrows.' But there were other painful circumstances which attended and increased the sufferings of our Saviour. They had not

only accused him of blasphemy, but of treason and sedition: 'We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cesar, saying, that he himself was Christ, a king;' which, as it moved Pilate to condemn him, so it moved the rude soldiers to insult him by their mock ensigns of royalty. 'They arrayed him in a purple robe, and put a reed in his hand, and they bowed the knee before him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!' And that crown of thorns, which they platted and put on his head, not only expressed the scorn of his tormentors, but did, by the piercing of his sacred temples, cause exquisite pain. That blessed face, which angels rejoice to behold, they buffeted and spat upon; nor was any circumstance of cruelty which their witty malice could suggest to torment him omitted by those inhuman rebels, till, wearied with their own barbarity, and impatient of his living any longer, they put his own clothes on him again, and led him away to crucifixion.

"And now let us, by faith, attend our Lord to his last scene of misery. Let us ascend with him to the top of Mount Calvary, and see with what cruel pleasure they nail his hands and feet to the infamous wood; which having done, they raise him from the earth, the whole weight of his body being sustained by those four wounds.

"But though the corporeal pains occasioned by the thorns, the scourging, by the piercing those nervous and most sensible parts of his most sacred body, were wrought up to an inexpressible degree of torture; yet were they infinitely surpassed by the anguish of his soul when there was (but after what manner we cannot conceive, but it is certain that there was) a sensible withdrawing of the comfortable presence of the Deity, which caused that loud and impassioned exclamation, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' And now it is finished: the measure of his sufferings is completed; and he, who could not die but by his own voluntary act of resigning life, gave up his pure and spotless soul into the hands of his almighty Father. And though stupid man could look insensibly on the mysterious passion of his blessed Redeemer, yet nature could not so behold her dying Lord, but by strong commotions expressed her sympathy.

"The sun, as if ashamed and astonished at the barbarous

inhumanity and ingratitude of man, withdrew his influence; nor would he display the brightness of his beams when the great Son of God lay under the eclipse of death. The foundations of the solid earth were shaken, the rocks rent, and the graves were opened; and the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, signifying that all, both Jews and Gentiles, have free admission into the holy of holies, into the haven of presence, through the blood of Jesus, which extorted a confession of his divinity even from his enemies; for when the centurion and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, 'Truly, this was the Son of God.'

"Now, though crucifixion does not involve necessarily in it certain death, but that if a person be taken from the cross he may live; yet, since it is evident that the Messiah was to die, and that for that cause he was born and came into the world, that he might, by the grace of God, suffer death for every man, so we are bound to believe that he was truly

DEAD;

That there was an actual, real separation of his soul and body. And for a confirmation of this article it is added,—

AND BURIED;

And as his death was foretold, so likewise his burial was typified by the prophet Jonah; for as he was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so was the Son of man three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. And though by the Roman law those who were crucified were not allowed the favor of a grave, but were to remain on the cross, exposed to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, yet it was in the power of the magistrate to permit a burial; and the providence of God had so ordered it, that those very persons who had caused him to be crucified should petition for his being taken down from the cross; for the law of Moses required, that 'if a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that night.' And therefore they begged of Pilate that the body should be taken

down from the cross; and this was the first step toward our Saviour's burial. 'And when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counselor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly to Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And he gave the body unto Joseph; and he brought fine linen, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, wherein never man before was laid, and rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.'

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

"That our blessed Lord did actually descend into hell, seems very plain from St. Peter's exposition of that text in the Psalms, 'Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption;' when, having mentioned this passage, he thus explains it:—'He, (that is, David,) seeing this before, (namely, the incarnation of the Son of God,) spake of his resurrection; that his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption:' which is a clear proof that his soul did really descend into hell, after it was separated from his body. But though he underwent the condition of a sinner in this world, and suffered and died as a sinner; yet being perfectly holy, and having, by virtue of the union of the Deity to his human nature, fully satisfied the strictest demands of divine justice, we are not to suppose that he either did or could suffer the torments of the damned; therefore we may reasonably conclude that his descent into hell was not to suffer, but to triumph over principalities and powers; over the rulers of the kingdom of darkness, in their own sad regions of horror and despair: and for this reason, and in this sense, are we to understand his descent into hell. And as his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption; but having by his own almighty power loosed the pain of death, because it was impossible that he should be holden of it,—

THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

Friday, on which he suffered, and the first day of the week, on which he rose, being included in the number of

the three days. And this first day of the week the apostles and primitive Christians have ever since observed as the sabbath.

"That as the Jews, who will not believe in any greater deliverance than that out of Egypt, still keep the seventh day, and the Turks Friday, in memory of Mohammed's flight from Mecca, whom they esteem a greater prophet than Christ or Moses; so all Christians are distinguished from all the rest of the world by their observance of the first day, in commemoration of our Saviour's rising from the dead, and his finishing the great work of man's redemption on that day.

"Thus we believe, that as Christ died for our sins, was buried, and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures; so—

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

"He had for forty days after his resurrection remained upon earth, during which time he appeared frequently to his disciples, ate and drank with them, showed them his hands and his feet, which visibly retained the marks of his crucifixion, to convince them that it was the same body which was nailed to the cross; that it was the same Jesus which suffered for our offenses that was raised for our justification; and that by his so doing we might have a sure and certain hope of our own resurrection from the dead. And when he had spoken to his disciples and blessed them, he parted from them and ascended into the highest heaven, where he still remains,

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

"God is a Spirit; nor hath he any body, so cannot properly be said to have any parts, such as eyes, ears, hands, &c., as we see bodies have; therefore we may suppose that the right hand of God signifies his exceeding great and infinite power and glory.

"And Christ is said to sit down on the right hand of God in regard of that absolute power and dominon which he hath obtained in heaven, according as he told the Jews,—'Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power.' After all the labor and sorrow, the

shame, and contempt, and torments he suffered in this world, he resteth above in a permanent state of endless glory and unspeakable felicity ;—and

FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"All that shall be found alive at his coming, as well as those that have died since Adam, shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to be by him judged according to what they have done on earth ; to be by him determined and sentenced, and finally disposed to their eternal condition. Those that have done well he shall receive into everlasting habitations, to remain for ever with him in eternal blessedness ; and those that have done evil he shall condemn to the kingdom of darkness, there to remain in insupportable misery for ever, with the devil and his angels.

"And as we must thus profess to believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, so we must every one truly and heartily say,—

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST ;—

"That he is a person, of a real and true subsistence, neither created nor begotten, but proceeding from the Father and the Son ; true and eternal God, who is essentially holy himself, and the author of all holiness in us, by sanctifying our natures, illuminating our minds, rectifying our wills and affections ; who co-operateth with the word and sacraments, and whatever else is a mean of conveying grace into the soul. He it was that spoke by the prophets and apostles, and it is he who leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, assures us of our adoption, and will be with

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

to the end of the world. The catholic church is composed of all congregations of men whatever, who hold the faith of Jesus Christ, and are obedient to his laws, wherein the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly delivered by such ministers as are regularly consecrated and set apart for such ordinances, according to Christ's institution. And as this church is called holy in

respect of its author, Jesus, ——— end, glory of God, and salvation of souls, institution of the ministry, administration of the sacraments, preaching of the pure word of God; and of the members of this church, who are renewed and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and united to Christ, the supreme head and governor of the church.

"It is styled catholic, because it is not, like that of the Jews, confined to one place and people, but is disseminated through all nations, extendeth throughout all ages, even to the end of the world. And as there is but one head; so the members, though many, are one body, united together by the same spirit, principally by the three great Christian virtues, faith, hope, and charity. For as we hold the same principles of faith, do all assent to the same truths once delivered to the saints; so have we the same hopes and expectations of eternal life which are promised to all. And as our Lord gave the same mark of distinction to all his disciples,—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another;' so this universal love which is diffused throughout the whole body of Christ is the union of charity; and the same ministry, and the same orders in the church, make the unity of discipline. But since Christ hath appointed only one way to heaven; so we are not to expect salvation out of the church which is called catholic, in opposition to heretics and schismatics. And if an angel from heaven should preach any other doctrine than Christ and his apostles have taught, or appoint any other sacraments than Christ hath already instituted, let him be accursed.

"And as the mystical union between Christ and the church, and the spiritual conjunction of the members with the head, is the fountain of that union and communion which the saints have with each other, as being all under the influence of the same head; so death, which only separates bodies for a time, cannot dissolve the union of minds; and therefore it is not only in relation to the saints on earth, but including also those in heaven, we profess to hold

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Accordingly we believe that all saints, as well those on earth as those in heaven, have communion with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; with the blessed angels,

who not only join in devotion with the church triumphant above, but are likewise sent forth to minister to those who are the heirs of salvation while they remain in this world. And perhaps we do not consider as we ought to do, how much good we receive by the ministration of the holy angels; nor are we sufficiently grateful to those guardian spirits that so often put by ill accidents, watch over us when we sleep, defending us from the assaults of evil men and evil angels. And if they are so mindful of our preservation in this world, we may suppose them much more concerned for our eternal happiness: 'There is joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' They are present in our public assemblies, where we in a more especial manner hold communion with them; and it is there we join with all the company of the heavenly host in praising and admiring the supreme Being whom we jointly adore. What knowledge the saints in heaven have of things or persons in this world, we cannot determine; nor after what manner we hold communion with them, it is not at present easy to conceive.

"That we are all members of the same mystical body, Christ, we are very sure; and do all partake of the same vital influence from the same head, and so we are united together; and though we are not actually possessed of the same happiness which they enjoy, yet we have the same Holy Spirit given unto us as an earnest of our eternal felicity with them hereafter. And though their faith is consummated by vision, and their hope by present possession, yet the bond of Christian charity still remains; and as we have great joy and complacency in their felicity, so no doubt they desire and pray for us.

"With the saints on earth we hold communion by the word and sacraments, by praying with and for each other; and in all acts of public or private worship we act upon the same principles and the same motives, having the same promises and hopes of

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS,

Through Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant, who gave his life a sacrifice by way of compensation and satisfaction to divine justice, by which God became reconciled to man, and canceled the obligation which every

sinner lay under to suffer eternal punishment; and he hath appointed in his church *baptism* for the first remission, and *repentance* for the constant forgiveness of all following trespasses. And now have we confidence toward God, that not only our souls shall be freed from the guilt and punishment of sin by faith in Jesus; but also our bodies may rest in hopes of

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY;

That the same almighty power which raised again our blessed Lord, after he had lain three days in the grave, shall again quicken our mortal bodies; shall reproduce the same individual body that slept in the dust, and vitally unite it to the same soul which informed it while on earth. The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth; 'they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.' John v, 28, 29. 'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it, and death and hell (that is, the grave) delivered up the dead that were in them.' Rev. xx, 13. There shall be a general rendezvous of every particular atom which composed the several bodies of men that ever lived in the world; and each shall be restored to its proper owner, so as to make the same numerical body, the same flesh and blood, &c., which was dissolved at death. And though the bodies of saints shall be glorified, heavenly bodies, yet they shall be of the same consistence and figure, but only altered and changed in some properties. And though at the first view it may seem hard to conceive how those bodies which have suffered so many various transmutations,—have either been buried in the earth, devoured by beasts, consumed by fire, or swallowed up in the sea; have been dissolved into the smallest atoms, and those atoms perhaps scattered throughout the world; have fructified the earth, fed the fishes, and by that means become the food of animals and other men, and a part of their nourishment, till at last the same particles of matter belong to several bodies:—how, I say, the same numerical atoms should at last rally and meet again, and be restored to the first owner, make up again the same first body, which so long since was consumed, may seem difficult, if not altogether impossible, to determine.

"But since God hath declared that he will raise the dead, we have no manner of reason to question whether he can do it, since omnipotence knows no difficulty; and that almighty power which first made us of nothing, out of no pre-existing matter, can easily distinguish, and perceive, and unmix from other bodies our scattered atoms, and can re-collect and unite them again, how far soever they may be dispersed asunder. He can observe the various changes they undergo in their passages through other bodies, and can so order it that they shall never become any part of their nourishment; or if they should be adopted into other men, he can cause them to yield them up again before they die, that they may be restored to their right owners; and having collected these ———— particles, he can readily dispose them into the same order; rebuild the same beauteous fabric, consisting of the same flesh and bones, nerves, veins, blood, &c., and all the several parts it had before its dissolution; and by reuniting it to the same soul, make the same living man.

"But though the body shall be in substance the same after its resurrection as it was before its death, yet it shall greatly differ in its qualities. 'It was sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' They shall not retain the same principles of corruption and mortality which they had before; they shall never die. The bodies of the damned shall eternally remain in the most inconceivable torments; while those of the blessed shall meet the Lord in the air when he comes to judgment, and afterward ascend with him into heaven, there to enjoy

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

By everlasting life is not only meant that we shall die no more; for in this sense the damned shall have everlasting life as well as the saints: they shall always have a being, though in intolerable torments; which is infinitely worse than none at all.

"But we are to understand by the life everlasting a full and perfect enjoyment of solid, inexpressible joy and felicity. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it

entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for those that love him.'

"The soul shall be perfectly sanctified, nor shall it be possible to sin any more. All its faculties shall be purified and exalted: the understanding shall be filled with the beatific vision of the adorable Trinity; shall be illuminated, enlarged, and eternally employed and satisfied in the contemplation of the sublimest truths. Here we see as in a glass,—have dark and imperfect perceptions of God; but there we shall behold him as he is, shall know as we are known. Not that we shall fully comprehend the divine nature, as he doth ours; that is impossible, for he is infinite and incomprehensible, and we, though in heaven, shall be finite still; but our apprehension of his being and perfections shall be clear, just, and true. *We shall see him as he is;* shall never be troubled with misapprehensions or false conceptions of him more. Those dark and mysterious methods of Providence which here puzzle and confound the wisest heads to reconcile them with his justice and goodness, shall be there unriddled in a moment; and we shall clearly perceive that all the evils which befall good men in this life were the corrections of a merciful Father; that the furnace of affliction, which now seems so hot and terrible to nature, had nothing more than a lambent flame, which was not designed to consume us, but only to purge away our dross, to purify and prepare the mind for its abode among those blessed ones that passed through the same trials before us into the celestial paradise. And we shall for ever adore and praise that infinite power and goodness which safely conducted the soul through the rough waves of this tempestuous ocean to the calm haven of peace and everlasting tranquillity. Nor shall we have the same sentiments there which we had here; but shall clearly discern that our afflictions here were our choicest mercies. Our wills shall no longer be averse from God's, but shall be for ever lost in that of our blessed Creator's. No conflicts with unruly passions, no pain or misery, shall ever find admittance into that heavenly kingdom.

"God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. Then we shall hunger no more, neither

thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon us, nor any heat; for the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of water. Far be from us to think that the grace of God can be purchased with anything less precious than the BLOOD of JESUS; but if it could, who that has the lowest degree of faith would not part with all things in this world to obtain that love for our dear Redeemer which we so long for, and sigh after? *Here* we cannot watch one hour with Jesus, without weariness, failure of spirits, dejection of mind, worldly regards, which damp our devotions, and pollute the purity of our sacrifices.

"What Christian here does not often feel and bewail the weight of corrupt nature, the many infirmities which molest us in our way to glory? And how difficult is it to practice as we ought that great duty of self-denial; to take up our cross, and follow the Captain of our salvation without ever repining or murmuring! If shame or confusion could enter those blessed mansions, how would our souls be ashamed and confounded at the review of our imperfect services, when we see them crowned with such an unproportionable reward! How shall we blush to behold that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is conferred upon us for that little, or rather nothing, which we have done or suffered for our Lord! that God who gave us being, that preserved us, that fed and clothed us in our passage through the world; and, what is infinitely more, that gave his only Son to die for us, and has by his grace purified and conducted us safe to his glory!

"O, blessed faith! mysterious love! how shall we then adore and praise what we cannot here apprehend aright! How will love and joy work in the soul! But I cannot express it, I cannot conceive it.

"I have purposely omitted many arguments for the being of God, the divine authority of Scripture, the truth of revealed religion, or future judgment. The last article I have left very imperfect, because I intend to write on all these subjects for the use of my children when I have more leisure. I shall only add a few words to prepare your mind for the second part of my discourse—Obedience to the laws of God—which I shall quickly send you.

"As the defilement of our natures is the source and

original of all our actual iniquities and transgressions of the laws of God; so the first regular step we can take toward amendment is to be deeply sensible of, grieved and humbled for, our original sin. And though (I believe) the damning guilt of that sin is washed away by baptism, by those who die before they are capable of known and actual transgressions; yet experience shows us that the power of it does still survive in such as attain to riper years; and this is what the apostle complains of in Romans vii.

"This is the carnal nature; that law in our members which wars against the law of the mind, and brings into captivity to the law of sin.

"And when the work of conversion or regeneration is begun by the Holy Spirit, yet still corrupt nature maintains a conflict with divine grace; nor shall this enemy be entirely conquered, till death shall be swallowed up of victory; till this mortal shall have put on immortality.

"I cannot tell whether you have ever seriously considered the lost and miserable condition you are in by nature. If you have not, it is high time to begin to do it; and I shall earnestly beseech the Almighty to enlighten your mind, to renew and sanctify you by his Holy Spirit, that you may be his child by adoption here, and an heir of his blessed kingdom hereafter! "S. W.

"*Epworth, January* 13, 1709–10."

I believe this exposition of the creed to be entirely original; and that it contains many fine passages and just definitions, every careful reader will at once discern. The introduction is excellent, as is also what she says on Almighty—Christ—Suffered under Pontius Pilate—Crucified—Catholic church—Communion of saints—Resurrection—And the life everlasting. Of our Lord's descent into hell she speaks as commentators in general do.* On the doctrine of forgiveness of sins she will be found less satisfactory than on most other points; she was much better acquainted with this doctrine afterward.

* Mrs. Wesley does not appear to have been of the opinion of her husband on this subject, as appears from a note in his Life of Christ, ed. 1693, p. 346, where he observes, "Many of our divines have thought Christ did actually descend into hell, though now I think most are of another mind, and believe with greater probability, that only a descent into the *grave*, or the state of the dead, which *hades* signifies, was thereby intended." See also his views more at large in the Athenian Oracle, vol. iv, p. 390.—EDITOR.

Under the article Holy Ghost, she not only shows that it is by his influence that the soul is enlightened, and the heart purified, and that his continual co-operation with the word and sacraments is necessary in order to make them effectual; but she also hints at that doctrine which her sons preached with such great unction and success, and which is a standard article in the creed of every Methodist, namely, *The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit in the souls of genuine believers.* Her words are strong and pointed: "It is he that leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, assures us of our adoption, and will be with the holy catholic church to the end of the world."

Where she touches upon them, she does not make the necessary distinction between justification and sanctification, but in effect confounds them, as did most of the writers in that and the preceding age. Nor have I met with the proper definition of each, and its description as a separate, independent work, but in the writings of Mr. John Wesley and the Methodists. Justification, as implying an act of God's infinite mercy, blotting out the guilt of sin on account of the sacrificial offering of Jesus Christ; and sanctification, as implying the purification of the heart by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, must necessarily be distinct; and in no case does the pardon of guilt necessarily imply the total, nor indeed partial, destruction of the nature and in-being of sin.

From the conclusion of this exposition we find Mrs. Wesley adopting an article not in the creed itself, but which is in most people's creeds at present, namely, that "inward sin will not be destroyed till death." A more popular and a more uncomfortable article never entered into the composition of any creed. The Methodists believe and teach, that by the power of God sin may be destroyed in a moment; and there is no need of death to save from sin, when the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Since the whole salvation of man comes through the blood of the cross, there can be no necessity to wait till death separates soul and body, to have sin separated from the soul. It is the duty of every man, at all times, "perfectly to love God, and worthily to magnify his name;" but this can never be done till the very thoughts of the heart are cleansed by the inspiration

of God's Holy Spirit. God, therefore, who has made it our duty thus to love and magnify him, is every moment willing to confer on the justified soul that grace by which alone it can thus love and magnify him. There is not one text in the Bible, fairly and honestly understood, that says we cannot be cleansed from all sin till we come to die; and there is not one promise in the Bible that we shall be made holy in the article of death. But this is not the place to discuss doctrines; yet I thought it necessary to make a few remarks on the preceding articles, lest any should suppose that all the sentiments in this (in the main) excellent exposition of the creed were those of the Methodist body. In this respect also Mrs. Wesley saw clearer before she died.

In the conclusion, she promises her daughter a second part on obedience to the laws of God, that a right faith might be accompanied with a suitable, holy practice. This part I have not seen; but it was in part accomplished, as would appear from a MS. in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing, said to be possessed by Mr. Moore, consisting of sixty quarto pages, with this title, "A Religious Conference, &c., written for the Use of my Children, 1711–12." Indorsed by Mr. John Wesley, "My Mother's Conference with her Daughter." I suppose her meditations and reflections contained the heads of it. Dr. Whitehead has preserved some of these in his Life of Mr. Wesley. I have several others in her own hand-writing in my own collection, which I shall insert as the only substitute for the second part above promised.

Though Mrs. Wesley had always lived a strictly religious life, fearing God, and, according to her age and light, working righteousness, yet as she found family cares accumulating, she found also the necessity of more grace to enable her to act her part well in the new and trying relations of wife and mother. When she was thirty years of age, or about the year 1700, she formed the resolution to spend an hour morning and evening in private retirement and devotion. In this she acted from a deep sense both of its propriety and necessity, and was ever after faithful to her engagement; suffering nothing to break in on those consecrated hours, but what arose from absolute necessity, and was therefore unavoidable.

Those who imagine they can encounter the cares of life with just the same measure of grace which was sufficient for them in a single state will find themselves greatly mistaken. For to every situation in life peculiar and suitable grace is requisite. Most newly married people, even among those who are religious, think nothing of this. Hence it is often found that the newly married pair soon decline in the divine life; and instead of getting forward, either go halting in the heavenly road, or turn back to the world. Mrs. Wesley was fully aware of this, and provided timely against the evil.

Perhaps the reader, if personally concerned, will also lay the subject to heart.

From Mrs. Wesley's private papers I find that not only morning and evening, but noonday, had its time of private devotion. In her retirement, when the world and worldly cares were shut out, and her mind was at full liberty to converse with itself and its Maker, she thought deeply on many subjects connected with her spiritual profiting, and often wrote down her thoughts. These, in several cases, she digested into discourses and letters for the benefit of her family. I shall make no apology for laying before the reader several examples taken from her own manual. In the original there are no dates.

MORNING.

"Such a time devoted. Whenever company or business inclines you to quit your retirement, and either to omit or cursorily perform accustomed exercises; and you, instead of resisting, comply with such inclinations, you may observe that you are always guilty of some sin or error, that upon reflection gives you more pain than the profit or pleasure gave you satisfaction. Therefore, make it your care to conquer your inclination to any company at such times; nor let any trivial business divert you; for no business, unless it cannot be laid aside or suspended without sin, can be of equal, much less of greater, importance, than caring for the soul."

EVENING.

"That man who will readily believe an ill report of you never was, or at least is not now, your friend. Seneca, a

heathen, could say, 'In some cases I will not believe a man against himself. I will give him, however, time to recollect himself: nay, sometimes, I will allow him counsel too.' But Christians, bad Christians, are rarely so candid. He is a friend indeed who is proof against calumny; but he is a rare Christian that will not believe a man against himself.

"'This is eternal life to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' But what is it to know God? Or, what is that knowledge of God on which eternal life depends?"

NOON.

"What can human reason do, or how far can the light of reason direct us to find out the knowledge of the Most High? From the primordials of the universe we collect that there is one supreme, eternal, consequently self-existent, Being, who gave being to all things; since to act presupposes existence; for nothing can act before it be. That this being must possess, by way of eminence, all the perfections we discern in the creatures, reason tells us; for nothing can impart that to another which it has not to impart."

EVENING.

"And as creation demonstrates omnipotence; so that infers wisdom, justice, truth, purity, goodness, &c. For all these perfections are intellectual powers; and were God deficient in one, he could not be omnipotent. That he is a Spirit unbodied, undetermined, immense, filling heaven and earth, all the imaginary spaces beyond them; most simple, (pure,) uncompounded, and absolutely separated and free from whatever pollution a spirit is capable of being defiled with; immutable, incapable of change or alteration for the better or worse; perfectly free, knowing no superior, no equal, that may impel, allure, or persuade him, but acting always spontaneously according to the counsel of his own will,—we may discover by the light of nature."

MORNING.

"This is to know God as a man, as a reasonable creature; but this is not that knowledge that leadeth us to eternal life. That is a knowledge of another kind; the one

we attain in a scientifical method, by a long train of arguments, for which the bulk of mankind want either capacity or leisure; the other, by frequent and fervent application to God in prayer. The one is an effect of reason assisted by human learning, peculiar to a few of more noble and refined sense; God perceived, known to the understanding as the creator, preserver, and governor of the universe. The other is reason acting by the influence and direction of the Holy Spirit; God known to the heart, the will, and the affections, not merely as the author of our being, but as he is exhibited to us under the character of the healer and repairer of the lapse and misery of human nature;—a Saviour, him whom our soul loveth."

NOON.

"To know God only as a philosopher; to have the most sublime and curious speculations concerning his essence, his attributes, his providence; to be able to demonstrate his being from all or any of the works of nature; and to discourse, with the greatest elegancy and propriety of words, of his existence or operations, will avail us nothing, unless at the same time we know him experimentally; unless the heart perceive and know him to be its supreme good, its only happiness; unless the soul feel and acknowledge that she can find no repose, no peace, no joy, but in loving and being beloved by him; and does accordingly rest in him as the centre of her being, the fountain of her pleasure, the origin of all virtue and goodness, her light, her life, her strength, her all; everything she wants or wishes in this world, and for ever! In a word, HER LORD, HER GOD!

"Thus, let me ever know thee, O God! I do not despise nor neglect the light of reason, nor that knowledge of thee which by her conduct may be collected from this goodly system of created beings; but this speculative knowledge is not the knowledge I want and wish for."

MORNING.

"It is very likely that your humor last night was rather the effect of fancy and passion than of a clear, sound judgment. If otherwise, why did you feel uneasiness at another person being out of humor? Was it not pride

made you resent contradiction? or from what other principle could that reluctance flow, which you felt in obeying a trivial command, which perhaps might proceed from peevishness? yet the matter being indifferent, obedience was unquestionably your duty. A wise person ought seldom, or indeed never, when authority is not disputed or contemned, do acts of power, because they are shocking to human nature; which, if not fortified and strengthened by religion, is apt in such cases to throw off all subjection, and rebel against even lawful government. But though you should meet with high instances, which the pride of man will throw in your way; yet take care not to swerve from your duty. Look upon every such act as a call of divine Providence, to exercise the virtues of meekness and humility.

"When you can bear severe reflections, unjust censures, contemptuous words, and unreasonable actions, without perturbation, without rendering evil for evil; but with an equal temper can clearly discern and cheerfully do your duty; you may hope that God hath given you some degree of humility and resignation."

EVENING.

"The philosophy of the whole world hath not sufficient force to conquer the propensions of corrupt nature. Appetites and passions will bear sway, maugre all our fine speculations; till our minds are enlightened by some higher principle, by virtue of which light it discerns the moral turpitude of those things in which before it placed its supreme happiness, and the beauty of that virtue and holiness it was accustomed to despise."

MORNING.

"You commit your soul morning and evening to Jesus Christ, as he is the Saviour of the world; then, observe what he saith unto you, resolutely obey his precepts, and endeavor to follow his example in those things wherein he is exhibited to us as a pattern for our imitation. No circumstances or time of life can occur but you may find something either spoken by our Lord himself, or by his Spirit in the prophets or apostles, that will direct your conduct, if you are but faithful to God and your own soul."

EVENING.

"The great obstacles in the way of Christian perfection: the first ———. What says our Lord by his apostle St. John? "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." That man will as certainly be damned whose affections are fixed on sensual pleasures, riches, or honors, though he never enjoy any, or a very inconsiderable proportion of them, as he that, having them all in his power, indulges himself in the satisfaction of his most criminal desires. For 'tis the heart God requires; and he that suffers his heart (his affection) to centre on anything but God, be the object of his passion innocent or otherwise, does actually make that thing his god, and in so doing forfeits his title and pretensions to eternal happiness."

MORNING.

"Another great impediment is deep adversity; which often affects the mind too much, and disposes to anxious, doubtful, and unbelieving thoughts. Though there be no direct murmurings, no repinings at the prosperity of others, no harsh reflections on providence, but a constant acknowledgment of the justice and goodness of God; that he punishes less than our iniquities deserve, and does always in the midst of judgment remember mercy; yet if you think severely or unjustly of men; if you are too much dejected, or disposed to peevishness, covetousness, or negligence in affairs; if you work too much or too little; are presumptuous or desponding; wholly omit to implore the divine blessing and assistance on honest prospects and endeavors; or are too solicitous and earnest in prayer for external blessings; if the thoughts of your circumstances invade your privacies, or disturb your rest; if any little access of trouble have power to ruffle your temper, and indispose or distract your mind in your addresses to Heaven, in reading, meditation, or any other spiritual exercise; you are certainly in the power of the world, guilty of immoderate anxious care.

"Then observe what your Lord saith by his apostle: 'Be careful (anxiously) for nothing.' And what he saith himself, 'Therefore I say unto you, take no thought,' &c.,

and remember that he ranks cares of this life with surfeitings and drunkenness, which are mortal damning sins."

MORNING.

"The great difficulty we find in restraining our appetites and passions from excess often arises from the liberties we take in indulging them in all those instances wherein there does not at first sight appear some moral evil. Occasions of sin frequently take their rise from lawful enjoyments; and he that will always venture to go to the utmost bounds of what he may, will not fail to step beyond them sometimes; and then he uses his liberty for a cloak of his licentiousness. He that habitually knows and abhors the sin of intemperance, will not stay too long in the company of such as are intemperate; and because God is pleased to indulge us a glass for refreshment, will therefore take it when he really needs none: it is odds but this man will transgress; and though he should keep on his feet, and in his senses, yet he will perhaps raise more spirits than his reason can command; will injure his health, his reputation or estate; discompose his temper, violate his own peace, or that of his own family; all which are evils which ought carefully to be avoided.

"It holds the same in all other irregular appetites or passions; and there may be the same temptations in other instances from whence occasions of sin may arise: therefore be sure to keep a strict guard, and observe well lest you use lawful pleasures unlawfully. 'Fly from occasions of evil.'"

NOON.

"The Christian religion is of so complicated a nature, that unless we give up ourselves entirely to its discipline, we cannot steadfastly adhere to any of its precepts. All virtues are closely bound together; and break but one link of the golden chain, you spoil the whole contexture. As vices are often made necessary supports to each other; so virtues do mutually strengthen and assist virtues. Thus temperance and chastity, fortitude and truth, humility and patience, divine charity, and charity toward man; all virtues, of what denomination soever, reciprocally cherish and invigorate one another."

MORNING.

"Philosophy and morality are not sufficient to restrain us from those sins that our constitution of body, circumstances of life, or evil custom strongly dispose us to. Nature and appetite will be too hard for their precepts, unless a man be determined by *a law within himself*. They may teach him caution, and give check to his vicious inclinations in public, but will never carry him to an inward and universal purity. This is only to be effected by the power of religion, which will direct us to a serious application to God in fervent prayer: upon which we shall feel a disengagement from the impressions sensual objects were wont to make on our minds, and an inward strength of disposition to resist them.

"Good men who felt, upon their frequent applications to God in prayer, a freedom from those ill impressions that formerly subdued them, an inward love to virtue and true goodness, an easiness and delight in all the parts of holiness, which was fed and cherished in them by a seriousness in prayer, and did languish as that went off, had as real a perception of an inward strength in their minds, that did rise and fall with true devotion, as they perceived the strength of their bodies increased or abated according as they had or wanted good nourishment.

"This replied to Lord R——'s objections against answers of prayer, which he supposes a fancy, and an effect of a heat in nature; that it had effect only by diverting the thoughts."

EVENING.

"The mind of man is naturally so corrupted, and all the powers thereof so weakened, that we cannot possibly aspire vigorously toward God, or have any clear perception of spiritual things, without his assistance. Nothing less than the same almighty power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead can raise our souls from the death of sin to a life of holiness. To know God experimentally is altogether supernatural, and what we can never attain to but by the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ. By virtue of what he has done and suffered, and is now doing in heaven for us, we obtain the Holy Spirit, who is the best instructor, the most powerful teacher, we can possibly have;

without whose agency all other means of grace would be ineffectual. How evidently does the Holy Spirit concur with the means of grace! And how certainly does he assist and strengthen the soul, if it be but sincere and hearty in its endeavors to avoid any evil or perform any good! To have a good desire, a fervent aspiration toward God, shall not pass unregarded.

"I have found, by long experience, that it is of great use to accustom oneself to enter into solemn engagements with God against any particular sin; but then I would have them never made for a longer time than from morning till night, and from night till morning; that so the impression they make on the mind may be always fresh and lively. This was many years tried with good success in the case of ————. Glory be to thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"Give God the praise for any well-spent day. But I am yet unsatisfied, because I do not enjoy enough of God. I apprehend myself at too great a distance from him; I would have my soul more closely united to him by faith and love. I can appeal to his omniscience, that I would love him above all things. He that made me knows my desires, my expectations. My joys all centre in him, and that it is he himself that I desire; it is his favor, it is his acceptance, the communications of his grace, that I earnestly wish for more than anything in the world; and that I have no relish or delight in anything when under apprehensions of his displeasure. I rejoice in his essential glory and blessedness; I rejoice in my relation to him, that he is my Father, my Lord, and my God. I rejoice that he has power over me, and desire to live in subjection to him; that he condescends to punish me when I transgress his laws, as a father chasteneth the son whom he loveth. I thank him that he has brought me so far; and will beware of despairing of his mercy for the time which is yet to come, but will give God the glory of his free grace."

MORNING.

"It is too common with me, upon receiving any light, or new supply of grace, to think, Now I have gained my

point, and may say, 'Soul, take thine ease;' by which means I think not of going any further, or else fall into dejection of spirit, upon a groundless fear that I shall soon lose what I have gained, and in a little time be never the better for it. Both these are sins. The first proceeds from immoderate love of present ease and spiritual sloth; the other from want of faith in the all-sufficiency of my Saviour.

"We must never take up our rest on this side of heaven, nor think we have enough of God till we are perfectly renewed and sanctified in body, soul, and spirit; till we are admitted into that blessed region of pure and happy spirits, where we shall enjoy the beatific vision according to the measure of our capacities! Nor must we, out of a pretended humility, because we are unworthy of the least mercy, dare to dispute or question the sufficiency of the merits of Jesus Christ. It was impossible for God incarnate to undertake more than he was able to perform."

MORNING.

"Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more mercies than afflictions, and much more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain, and great bodily infirmities; but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation; insomuch that I cannot say, I had better have been without this affliction, this disease, this loss, want, contempt, or reproach. All my sufferings, by the admirable management of omnipotent goodness, have concurred to promote my spiritual and eternal good. And if I have not reaped that advantage by them which I might have done, it is merely owing to the perverseness of my own will, and frequent lapses into present things, and unfaithfulness to the good Spirit of God; who, notwithstanding all my prevarications, all the stupid opposition I have made, has never totally abandoned me. Glory be to thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"If to esteem and have the highest reverence for THEE; if constantly and sincerely to acknowledge THEE the supreme, the only desirable good, be to love thee;—I do love THEE!

"If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to desire thee, thy favor, thy acceptance, thyself, rather than any or all things thou hast created, be to love thee;—I do love THEE!

"If to rejoice in thy essential majesty and glory; if to feel a vital joy overspread and cheer the heart at each perception of thy blessedness, at every thought that thou art God, and that all things are in thy power; that there is none superior or equal to thee; be to love thee—I do love THEE!"

In these reflections and meditations the reader will see something of the mind, the spirit, the heart, and the piety of Mrs. Susannah Wesley.

In another of her meditations, she mentions the following among the many mercies which God had bestowed upon her:—

"Born in a Christian country; early initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion; good example in parents, and in several of the family; good books and ingenious conversation; preserved from ill accidents, once from violent death; married to a religious, orthodox man; by him first drawn off from the Socinian heresy, and afterward confirmed and strengthened by B. B——." Probably Bishop Bull.*

When Mr. Wesley was from home, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to keep up the worship of God in her own house. She not only prayed for, but with, her family. At such times she took the spiritual direction and care of the children and servants on herself; and sometimes even the neighbors shared the benefit of her instructions. This in

* Query. Does it not rather refer to her sister, who resided at Harwich: from whom we find several letters, signed "B. B.," in Dunton's "Life and Errors," p. 83?—EDITOR.

one case led to consequences little expected, which form a remarkable trait in the character of this extraordinary and excellent woman. The account was first published by Mr. John Wesley, who remarks that his "mother, as well as her father and grandfather, her husband, and her three sons, had been in her measure a preacher of righteousness." The whole account, as transcribed by Dr. Whitehead from the original letters, I shall give below.

Her husband sometimes attended the sittings of convocation; and on these occasions was obliged to reside in London for such a length of time as often to be injurious to his parish, and at an expense that was inconvenient to his family. From his own account we find that three years' attendance cost him £150; and as a curate cost him from £30 to £40, and the rectory was worth but about fourscore, the family in such years must have been greatly distressed, as the whole proceeds of the rectory must have been thus unnecessarily and unprofitably consumed. As there was no absolute necessity that Mr. W. should attend those convocations, his doing it in such circumstances was far from being prudent, as it was the cause of much family embarrassment. About the end of 1711, or the beginning of 1712, Mr. W. appears to have spent a considerable time in London on this business; and the care of the parish devolved on a person of the name of Inman, the curate, who appears to have been but indifferently qualified for his charge.

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty, as has been observed, to pay more particular attention to her children, especially on the Lord's day in the evening, as there was then no service in the afternoon at the church. She read prays to them, and also a sermon, and conversed with them on religious and devotional subjects. Some neighbors happening to come in during these exercises, being permitted to stay, were so pleased and profited as to desire permission to come again. This was granted; a good report of the meeting became general; many requested leave to attend, and the house was soon filled, more than two hundred at last attending; and many were obliged to go away for want of room. As she wished to do nothing without her husband's knowledge and approbation, she acquainted him with their meeting, and the

circumstances out of which it arose. While he approved of her zeal and good sense, he stated several objections to the continuance of the meeting, which will be best seen in her answer, dated Epworth, February 6th, 1712, in which she says:—

"I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, first, that it will look particular; secondly, my sex; and lastly, your being at present in a public station and character. To all which I shall answer briefly.

"As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be Christians.

"To your second, I reply, that as I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family, and as their minister; yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me, under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him, or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?

"As these and other such like thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so, knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to church, but that likewise we are obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion; I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family, especially in your absence, when, having no

afternoon's service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

"This was the beginning of my present practice: other people coming in and joining with us was purely accidental. Our lad told his parents—they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it begged leave also; so our company increased to about thirty, and seldom exceeded forty last winter; and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

"Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish missionaries, which having never seen, I ordered her to read it to me. I was never, I think, more affected with anything than with the relation of their travels; and was exceeding pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labors refreshed my soul beyond measure; and I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for his glory, that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world, to advance the honor of their Master, Jesus. For several days I could think of speaking of little else. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the gospel, and so cannot be employed in such a worthy employment as they were; yet, if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for his glory, and did really desire the salvation of souls, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner in some things; I might pray more for the people, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have an opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children; and, accordingly, I proposed and observed the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday with Hetty; Wednesday with Nancy; Thursday with Jacky; Friday with Patty; Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together, on Sunday.

"With those few neighbors who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately than before. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since this our company has increased every night, for I dare deny none that ask admittance. Last Sunday, I believe we had above two hundred, and yet many went away for want of room.

"But I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the furthest I durst go was, It may be: who can tell? With God all things are possible. I will resign myself to him: or, as Herbert better expresses it,—

> 'Only since God doth often make
> Of *lowly matter* for *high uses* meet,
> I throw me at his feet;
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some *mean stuff*, whereon to show his skill;
> Then is *my* time.'

"And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

"Your third objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not on any worldly design. We banish all temporal concerns from our society: none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing: we keep close to the business of the day; and as soon as it is over, they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so. Therefore, why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavors to draw people to the church, and to restrain them, by reading and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person read. Alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present; for those who have the honor of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex. I doubt if it be proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God.

"Last Sunday I fain would have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, that I durst not deny them."

How forcible are right words! Who could overthrow or withstand this reasoning? The people were perishing for lack of knowledge; and it is most evident from the circumstances that a dispensation of the gospel was given to this eminent woman, to teach and instruct them in the absence of their legal pastor. She was faithful; and the consequence was, a number of people were edified, and perhaps not a few reclaimed, that long ere this have welcomed her into everlasting habitations, and will be her crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Wesley felt the power and the wisdom by which she spoke, and cordially gave his approbation to her conduct: she went on her way rejoicing, and great good was done. But the worthless curate, Inman, and a few like himself, filled with envy, and perhaps even a worse principle, wrote to Mr. Wesley, highly complaining of these transactions, and stating that Mrs. Wesley had turned the parsonage house into a conventicle, &c.; that the Church was likely to receive great scandal by these irregular proceedings; and they ought not to be tolerated any longer. Mr. Wesley was alarmed; his high Church principles rose up against his better judgment, and he wrote to his wife desiring her to discontinue the meetings. She received this high testimony of disapprobation with that firmness

which belongs alone to conscious rectitude; and returned an answer to her husband, which bears all the marks of her energetic mind, deep piety, ardent zeal, and submissive respect to the authority of her spouse.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 25, 1712.

"Some days since I received a letter from you, I suppose dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer, because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider before you determine in a matter of such great importance.

"I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on by the senseless clamors of two or three of the worst of your parish, to condemn what you so lately approved. But I shall tell you my thoughts in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than three or four persons who are against our meeting, of whom Inman is the chief. He and Whitely, I believe, may call it a conventicle; but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And what does their calling it a conventicle signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? or do you think that what they say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and by the blessing of God may do much more? If its being called a conventicle, by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it, did really make it one, what you say would be somewhat to the purpose; but it is plain in fact that this one thing has brought more people to church, than ever anything did, in so short a time. We used not to have above twenty to twenty-five at evening service, whereas we have now between two and three hundred; which are more than ever came before to hear Inman* in the morning.

* The following account, related of Inman, will give the reader an insight into his character as a divine. On one of Mr. Wesley's returns from the metropolis, a complaint was urged against his curate, "that he preached nothing to his congregation except the duty of paying their debts, and behaving well among their neighbors." The complainants added, "We think, sir, there is more in religion than this." Mr. Wesley replied, "There certainly is; I will hear him myself." He accordingly sent for his curate, and told him, that he wished him to preach the next Lord's day, observing, "You could, I suppose, prepare a sermon upon any text that I should give you." He replied, "By all means, sir." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "prepare a sermon on that text, Heb. ii, 6: 'WITHOUT FAITH *it is impossible to please God.*'" When the time arrived, Mr. Wesley read the prayers, and the curate

"Besides the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people toward us, so that we now live in the greatest amity imaginable; and what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behavior on the Lord's day; and those who used to be playing in the streets now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to almighty God.

"Another reason for what I do is, that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore have no other way of doing them good: but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is, charity to their souls.

"Some families who seldom went to church, now go constantly; and one person, who had not been there for seven years, is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

"There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now, I beseech you, weigh all these things in an impartial balance: on the one side, the honor of almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other, (if folly, impiety, and vanity may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight,) the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons, laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me have your positive determination.

"I need not tell you the consequences, if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily perceive what prejudice it may raise in the minds of these people against Inman especially, who has had so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the church; but if it be laid aside, I doubt they will never go to hear him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town. But if this be continued till you return, which now will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time, that they may love

ascended the pulpit. He read the text with great solemnity, and thus began:—"It must be confessed, friends, that faith is a most excellent virtue; and it produces other virtues also. In particular, it makes a man pay his debts as soon as he can." He went on in this way, enforcing the social duties for about a quarter of an hour, and then concluded. "So," said his son John, "my father saw it was a lost case."—EDITOR.

and delight in his public worship, so as never to neglect it more.

"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment, for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Though I find no further record of these transactions, yet I take it for granted that this letter was decisive, and Mrs. Wesley's meetings continued till her husband returned to Epworth. They would then be given up in course; and when discontinued, it could be little cause of rejoicing to any serious mind; as it is most evident that God had done more in a few months by this irregular ministry than he had done by that of the rector and his curates for eighteen years before!*

It is worthy of remark that Mrs. Wesley terms the people that composed these meetings, our SOCIETY; and the meetings were conducted much after the manner of the Methodists' Society meetings at this day; especially those of the sabbath evenings; when, after the preaching, the society, and often any other serious person, is permitted to stay to a second meeting, in which such exhortations are given relative to personal and family religion as could not with propriety be brought before a mixed congregation, where perhaps the bulk of the people are unawakened, and consequently incapable of profiting by instructions relative to the life and power of godliness.

This is not the first instance in which the seeds of that great work, since called Methodism, were sown in and by the original members of this remarkable family.

For my own part, I should ever feel myself disposed to bow with profound respect to that rare dispensation of providence and grace which should, in similar circumstances,

* This may appear strong language, after the testimony given in favor of Mr. Samuel Wesley's faithful ministry. And yet it is countenanced by Mr. John Wesley, on his visit to Epworth, in June, 1742. "O let none," he exclaims, "think his labor of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labor here; but he saw little fruit of all his labor."—*Works*, vol. iii, p. 257.—EDITOR.

with as clear and distinct a call, raise up a woman of such talents and piety to labor in the gospel, where the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and so snatch the brands from eternal burning.

Who so prejudiced as not to see that God put no honor on Inman the curate, but chose Susannah Wesley to do the work of an evangelist? The abundance of gracious fruit which sprang from this seed proved that the Master-sower was JESUS, the Lord of the harvest. Lord, thou wilt send by whomsoever thou pleasest; and wilt hide pride from man, in order to prove that the excellency of the power is in thee!

By these very means all those persons who had been soured against Mr. Wesley for the part that he had taken in an unpopular election, now became the friends of his family; so that, to use Mrs. Wesley's own words, they lived together in the greatest amity imaginable.

The good sense, piety, observation, and experience of Mrs. Wesley, qualified her to be a wise counselor in almost every affair in life, and a sound spiritual director in most things that concerned the salvation of the soul. Her sons, while at Oxford, continued to profit by her advices and directions, as they had done while more immediately under her care. They sought and had, not only her advice and counsel, but also her approbation, in the little society they had formed at the university, and that moral strictness of life which they had adopted. While she excited them to proceed and persevere, she taught them prudence and caution. The following letter to her son John, at Oxford, some time after he had paid them a visit at Epworth, cannot be read by any person without profit:—

"*Epworth, Oct.* 25, 1732.

"DEAR JACKY,—I was glad to hear you got safe to Oxford; and would have told you so sooner, had I been at liberty, from pain of body and other severer trials not convenient to mention. Let every one enjoy the present hour: age and successive troubles are sufficient to convince any reasonable man that it is a much wiser and safer way to deprecate great afflictions, than to pray for them; and that our Lord well knew what was in man when he directed us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I think

heretic Clark, in an exposition on the Lord's Prayer, is more in the right than Castaniza, concerning temptations. His words are as follow :—'We are encouraged to glory in tribulation, and to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations,' &c. Nevertheless, it is to be carefully observed, that when the Scripture speaks on this manner concerning rejoicing in temptations, it always considers them under this view, as being experienced, and already in great measure overcome. For otherwise, as to temptations in general, temptations unexperienced, of which we know the danger but not the success, our Saviour teaches us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation:' and again, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' Our nature is frail; our passions strong; our wills biased; and our security, generally speaking, consists much more certainly in avoiding great temptations, than in conquering them. Wherefore we ought continually to pray that God would be pleased to order and direct things in this probation state, as not to suffer us to be tempted above what we are able; but that he would with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. Our Lord directed his disciples when they were persecuted in one city to flee into another; and they who refuse to do it when it is in their power, lead themselves into temptation, and tempt God."

At this time both the brothers, John and Charles, were in a bad state of health, owing to excessive study, and extraordinary abstinence. They had consulted Dr. Huntington on the subject, and transmitted his opinion to their mother. To this she refers in the following part of the above letter:—

"I don't know how you may have represented your case to Dr. Huntington; I have had occasion to make some observation in consumptions, and am pretty certain that several symptoms of that distemper are beginning upon you, and that unless you take more care than you do, you will put the matter past dispute in a little time. But take your own way; I have already given you up, as I have some before which once were very dear to me. Charles, though I believe not *in* a consumption, is in a fine state of health for a man of two or three-and-twenty, that can't eat a full

meal, but he must presently throw it up again! It is a great pity that folks should be no wiser, and that they can't fit the mean in a case where it is so obvious to view that none can mistake it that do not do it on purpose."

They had also given their mother an account of their religious meetings, and of the society known afterward by the name of *Methodists;* and that it had from the beginning her cordial approbation will appear by the following extract from the same letter:—

"I heartily join with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions, which are intended for God's glory; and am glad to hear that Mr. Clayton and Mr. Hall have met with desired success. May you still in such good works go on and prosper! Though absent in body, I am present in spirit; and daily recommend and commit you all to divine Providence. You do well to wait on the bishop, because it is a point of prudence and civility; though (if he be a good man) I cannot think it in the power of any one to prejudice him against you.

"Your arguments against horse-races do certainly conclude against masquerades, balls, plays, operas, and all such light and vain diversions, which, whether the gay people of the world will own it or no, do strongly confirm and strengthen the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; all which we must renounce, or renounce our God and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say it is impossible for a person to have any sense of religion who frequents those vile assemblies: but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements.

"'The Life of God in the Soul of Man' is an excellent, good book, and was an acquaintance of mine many years ago; but I have unfortunately lost it. There are many good things in Castaniza; more in Baxter; yet are neither without faults, which I overlook for the sake of their virtues. Nor can I say, of all the books of divinity I have read, which is the best; one is best at one time, one at another, according to the temper and disposition of the mind.

"Your father is in a very bad state of health; he sleeps

little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit; but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs divine service on the Lord's day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Everybody observes his decay but himself; and people really seem much concerned for him and his family.

"The two girls being uneasy in their present situations, do not apprehend the sad consequences which in all appearance must attend his death, so much as I think they ought to do; for, as bad as they think their condition now, I doubt it will be far worse when his head is laid. Your sisters send their love to you and Charles; and my love and blessing to you both. Adieu."

Letters from Mrs. Wesley to others of her children will be noticed in their proper places; but there is one to a female friend, which for its piety and good sense it would be improper to omit, as well as the probability of its becoming useful to persons afflicted in body and depressed in spirit.

"*Wootton, Aug.* 5, 1737.

"Dear Madam,—To your goodness I am obliged for the kind present sent by Charles, and return many thanks, particularly to good Mrs. Norman. I heartily sympathize with the young lady in her affliction, and wish it was in my power to speak a word in season, that might alleviate the trouble of her mind, which has such an influence on the weakness of her body. I am not apprised of her particular complaints, but am apt to believe that want of faith and a firm dependence on the merits of Christ is the cause of most, if not all, her sufferings. I am very well satisfied she doth not allow herself in willful sin; and, surely, to afflict herself for mere infirmities argues weakness of faith in the merits of our Redeemer. We can never be totally freed from infirmity till we put off mortality; and to be grieved at this, is just as if a man should afflict himself that he is a man, and not an angel. It is with relation to our manifold wants and weaknesses, and the discouragements and despondencies consequent thereupon, that the blessed Jesus hath undertaken to be our great high priest, physician, advocate, and Saviour. His satisfaction related to the forfeiture of all the good we had in possession; and

his intercession is with respect to our great distance from God, and unworthiness to approach him. His deep compassion supposes our misery; and his assistance, and the supplies of his grace, imply our wants, and the disadvantages we labor under. We are to be instructed, because we are ignorant; and healed, because we are sick; and disciplined, because so apt to wander and go astray; and succored and supported, because we are so often tempted. We know there is but one living and true God, though revealed to us under three characters—that of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In God the Father, we live, move, and have our natural being; in God the Son, as Redeemer of mankind, we have our spiritual being since the fall; and by the operation of his Holy Spirit the work of grace is begun and carried on in the soul; and there is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved but that of the Lord Jesus.

"And here, madam, let me beseech you to join with me in admiring and adoring the infinite and incomprehensible love of God to fallen man, which he hath been pleased to manifest to us in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the great God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and created not angels and men because he wanted them; for he is Being itself, and as such must necessarily be infinitely happy in the glorious perfections of his nature from everlasting to everlasting; and as he did not create, so neither did he redeem, because he needed us; but he loved us, because he loved us; he would have mercy, because he would have mercy; he would show compassion, because he would show compassion. There was nothing in man that could merit anything but wrath from the Almighty. We are infinitely below his least regards; therefore this astonishing condescension can be resolved into nothing but his own essential goodness. And shall we, after all, undervalue or neglect this great salvation? Who should be so much concerned for our eternal happiness as ourselves? And shall we exclude ourselves from an interest in the merits of the blessed Jesus by our unbelief? God forbid! But you will say, 'We are great sinners.' Very true; but Christ came into the world to save sinners; he had never died if man had never sinned. If we were

not sinners we should have had no need of a Saviour; but God commended his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. The greatest saints in heaven were once sinners upon earth; and the same redeeming love and free grace that brought them to glory are sufficient to bring us also thither. I verily think one great reason why Christians are so often subject to despond is, that they look more to themselves than to their Saviour; they would establish a righteousness of their own to rest on, without adverting enough to the sacrifice of Christ, by which alone we are justified before God. But I need not say more, considering to whom I am writing; only give me leave to add one request, which is, that you would commit your soul, in trust, to Jesus Christ, as God incarnate, in a full belief that he is able and willing to save you. Do this constantly, and I am sure he will never suffer you to perish.

"I shall be very glad to hear often from you. I thank God, I am somewhat better in health than when I wrote last; and I tell you because I know you will be pleased with it, that Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me; he behaves like a gentleman and a Christian, and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expressed; so that on this account I am very easy. My humble service waits on your sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman. I heartily wish you all happiness, temporal, spiritual, and eternal. I earnestly recommend myself to all your prayers, who am, dear madam,

"Your obliged and most obedient servant,

"SUSANNAH WESLEY.

"*To Mrs. Alice Peard, Tiverton.*"

Mr. Wesley, though he had lately sunk much, was not so near death as Mrs. Wesley dreaded in one of the preceding letters. He lived about three years after the date of the one in which she complains of his illness.

It will be necessary to introduce some other letters of Mrs. Wesley on the subject of the doctrine and conduct of her sons, John and Charles; because the late Rev. Samuel Badcock, in a letter to Mr. John Nichols, dated South Moulton, Dec. 5, 1782, and published by Mr. N., first in No. XX. of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and

afterward in his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v, p. 217, &c., and since copied by others, speaking of Mrs. Wesley, says, "She lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her two sons, John and Charles. She considered them as under strong delusion to believe a lie; and states her objections to their enthusiastic principles (particularly in the matter of assurance) with great strength of argument, in a correspondence with their brother Samuel." This calumny, for it is one, may be easily rebutted. Mr. John Wesley answers it thus, quoting the first paragraph about "deploring their extravagances," &c. "By vile misrepresentations she was deceived for a time; but she no sooner heard them speak for themselves, than she was thoroughly convinced they were in no delusion, but spoke the words of truth and soberness. She afterward lived with me several years, and died rejoicing and praising God."

That what Mr. Wesley states here of his mother is true, I can prove by the most unexceptionable testimonies from under her own hand. Dr. Whitehead has treated the subject well. I shall give some extracts in his own words:—

"When her two sons, Mr. John and Charles Wesley, began to preach the doctrine of justification by faith, in 1738, and many professed to be so justified, and to know the time when this change in their state took place, she mentions their notions as new, in a letter she wrote to her son Samuel, in March this year, (1738;) though it must be acknowledged that she had not then conversed with them on the subject, and therefore did not know what doctrines they taught, but by report. It has indeed been said that 'she lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her sons;' and this assertion was founded on the letter above mentioned. But what she says on this subject has only a reference to dreams, visions, or some extraordinary revelation, which some persons pretended to have had, and in which they had received the knowledge of their justification; at least this was reported of several; but she nowhere charges her sons with teaching this as the way of justification.

"But as this letter has been both misrepresented and misunderstood, and it might be thought Mr. Wesley's friends wished to conceal it, because it speaks so point-

edly against the conduct of her sons, I shall give the whole of it, and subjoin a few remarks.

"'*Thursday, March* 8, 1738–9.

"'DEAR SON,—Your two double letters came safe to me last Friday. I thank you for them, and have received much satisfaction in reading them. They are written with good spirit and judgment, sufficient, I should think, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind, that the reviving these pretensions to dreams, visions, &c., is not only vain and frivolous as to the matter of them, but also of dangerous consequence to the weaker sort of Christians. You have well observed, "that it is not the method of Providence to use extraordinary means to bring about that for which ordinary ones are sufficient." Therefore the very end for which they pretend that these new revelations are sent seems to me one of the best arguments against the truth of them. As far as I can see, they plead that these visions, &c., are given to assure some particular persons of their adoption and salvation. But this end is abundantly provided for in the Holy Scriptures, wherein all may find the rules, by which we must live here and be judged hereafter, so plainly laid down, "that he who runs may read;" and it is by these laws we should examine ourselves, which is a way of God's appointment, and therefore we may hope for his direction and assistance in such examination. And if, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenor of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavor to perform the conditions of the gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.

"'This is the assurance we ought to aim at, which the apostle calls "the full assurance of hope," which he admonishes us to "hold fast unto the end." And the consequence of encouraging fanciful people in this new way of seeking assurance, (as all do that hear them tell their silly stories without rebuke,) I think must be turning them out of God's way into one of their own devising. You have plainly proved that the Scripture examples, and that text in Joel, which they urge in their defense, will not answer their

purpose, so that they are unsupported by any authority, human or divine, (which you have well observed;) and the credit of their relations must therefore depend on their own single affirmation, which surely will not weigh much with the sober, judicious part of mankind.

"'I began to write to Charles before I last wrote to you, but could not proceed, for my chimney smoked so exceedingly that I almost lost my sight, and remained well nigh blind a considerable time. God's blessing on eye-water I make cured me of the soreness; but the weakness long remained. Since, I have been informed that Mr. Hall intends to remove his family to London, hath taken a house, and I must (if it please God I live) go with them, where I hope to see Charles; and then I can fully speak my sentiments of their new notions, more than I can do by writing; therefore I shall not finish my letter to him.

"'You have heard, I suppose, that Mr. Whitefield is taking a progress through these parts to make a collection for a house in Georgia for orphans, and such of the natives' children as they will part with to learn our language and religion. He came hither to see me, and we talked about your brothers. I told him I did not like their way of living, wished them in some place of their own, wherein they might regularly preach, &c. He replied, I could not conceive the good they did in London; that the greatest part of our clergy were asleep, and that there never was a greater need of itinerant preachers than now. Upon which a gentleman that came with him said that my son Charles had converted him, and that my sons spent all their time in doing good. I then asked Mr. Whitefield if my sons were not for making some innovations in the Church, which I much feared. He assured me they were so far from it, that they endeavored all they could to reconcile Dissenters to our communion; that my son John had baptized five adult Presbyterians in our own way on St. Paul's day, and he believed would bring over many to our communion. His stay was short, so I could not talk with him so much as I desired. He seems to be a very good man, and one who truly desires the salvation of mankind. God grant that the wisdom of the serpent may be joined to the innocence of the dove!

"'My paper and sight are almost at an end, therefore I

shall only add, that I send you and yours my hearty love and blessing.

"'Service to Mrs. Berry. I had not an opportunity to send this till Saturday, the 17th ult. Love and blessing to Jacky Ellison.

"'Pray let me hear from you soon. We go in April.'

From Mrs. WESLEY, Epworth.

"'*For the Rev. Mr. Wesley,*
Tiverton, Devon.'

"1. I have now laid before the reader every word of this so celebrated letter; and beg him carefully to observe, that it is not against her sons, properly speaking, but against the persons who in dreams and visions professed to have received an assurance of God's love to their souls. Such are the persons whom she means when she says, they pretend—they plead—fanciful people—who tell their silly stories—and whose relations must depend on their own single affirmation, &c., &c. In none of these things does she refer to her sons at all; but she refers to them when she blames those for not rebuking them who hear them tell such stories.

"2. When Mrs. Wesley wrote this letter, she had had no interview with her sons, and had only heard of what were called extravagances which were produced under their preaching; and this she had from her prejudiced son Samuel, who had his information from the letter of a Mrs. Hutton, at whose house they had lodged at Westminster; and this letter is so perfectly weak and nonsensical, that it would be an insult to the reader to lay it seriously before him.

"On this most stupid and foolish letter Mr. Samuel founded all the philippics on the conduct of his brothers, which he detailed in his letter to his mother; and I am sorry to say, after looking over the whole of the evidence, that so bigoted was Mr. Samuel, that he readily caught at anything that appeared to vilify that part of the conduct of his brothers, because they preached extempore, and because when excluded from the churches in London, they would dare to preach in any part of that diocese, which he roundly asserts was downright schism; and he might with as much reason have called it downright burglary. His prejudiced

representations and misrepresentations should weigh nothing on the question. Besides, his expositions of the texts he quotes as the scriptures adduced by his brothers to vindicate their ministry, and account for their effects, are far from being legitimate.

"3. At this time Mrs. Wesley's knowledge of the plan of salvation was by no means clear and distinct; of this, one passage in her letter is a sufficient proof. In the place where she shows the mode people should adopt in order to find a rational assurance of their salvation, she says, 'If, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenor of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavor to perform the conditions of the gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.'"

Now, who that knows properly the way in which a sinner is to come to God through Christ for the remission of his sins, can suppose that Mrs. Wesley was acquainted with that way when she wrote this? It simply amounts to salvation by works, through the merits of Christ. But suppose any man, examining the tenor of his life by Mrs. Wesley's rule, in order to infer salvation from it, finds that he has not fulfilled the conditions of the gospel covenant, (and every man that makes the inquiry with an honest mind, in the fear of God, will find this,) what is he then to do? His condition on this ground is hopeless. He has fulfilled no conditions, for he is and has been a sinner, and is under the curse of God's law. Where shall his trembling soul fly for mercy? To the blood of the covenant—to Him who justifies the ungodly; and he is to seek for mercy through that blood alone. And what peace can his conscience feel, or what assurance can he have that his sins are blotted out—that he is passed from death unto life—till God adopts him into the heavenly family; and because he is then a son, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father! No salvation by induction or inference can satisfy a guilty conscience, which feels the wrath of God abiding on it; nothing but the witness from God's Spirit in our own spirit, that we are the children of God, can appease the terrors of an awakened sinner, give rest to a troubled heart, or be a

foundation on which the soul can build a rational and Scriptural hope of eternal life. Mrs. Wesley herself was obliged to come at last simply to the blood of Jesus Christ which was shed for her; and then she received, without any reference to her past righteousness, the full witness of God's Spirit that she was born from above. And though I conceive her to have been long before this in a state of favor with God, on the broad ground that he who feareth God and worketh righteousness, according to his light, is accepted of him; yet she had not the satisfying evidence of her own salvation, till she came, as above stated, to that sacrificial death by which pardon was purchased for a guilty world. As soon as she conversed with her sons, and heard them speak for themselves, she was convinced that their doctrine was both rational and Scriptural, and saw the wickedness of the charges that were brought against them. At this very time in which she wrote the letter, she heard Mr. George Whitefield speak for himself; and though he was much less argumentative than her son John, and could not give that clear description of the hope that was in him as her son could have done, yet she was fully convinced that he was right—that he was a very good man—one who truly desired the salvation of mankind; and, satisfied of his dove-like innocence, prayed that he might have wisdom sufficient to guard it.

She had doubted and feared concerning her sons, because she was misled by her son Samuel, who was misled by Mrs. Hutton, who was misled by her total want of capacity to judge of such matters, and who was horribly offended with Mr. John Wesley, because she said he had converted two of her children; that is, he had become the instrument, in the hand of God, of awakening their consciences, and leading them to "the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world."

In reference to Mrs. Hutton, who wrote so virulently against his conduct to Mr. Samuel, representing him as little less than a maniac,—

> "The very head and front of his offending,
> Had this extent, no more.—"

We shall probably see more on this subject when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley.

"The following extracts from three of her letters to Mr. Charles Wesley will show us her opinion of the doctrine and conduct of her sons more clearly than anything which has yet appeared in print:—

"'*October* 19, 1738.

"'It is with much pleasure I find your mind is somewhat easier than formerly, and I heartily thank God for it. The spirit of man may sustain his infirmity,—but a wounded spirit who can bear? If this hath been your case, it has been sad indeed. But blessed be God, who gave you convictions of the evil of sin, as contrary to the purity of the divine nature, and the perfect goodness of his law. Blessed be God, who showed you the necessity you were in of a Saviour to deliver you from the power of sin and Satan, (for Christ will be no Saviour to such as see not their need of one,) and directed you by faith to lay hold of that stupendous mercy offered us by redeeming love. Jesus is the only physician of souls; his blood the only salve that can heal a wounded conscience.

"'It is not in wealth, or honor, or sensual pleasure, to relieve a spirit heavy laden and weary of the burden of sin. These things have power to increase our guilt by alienating our hearts from God; but none to make our peace with him; to reconcile God to man, and man to God, and to renew the union between the divine and human nature.

"'No, there is none but Christ, none but Christ, who is sufficient for these things. But, blessed be God, he is an all-sufficient Saviour! and blessed be his holy name, that thou hast found him a Saviour to thee, my son! O let us love him much, for we have much forgiven!

"'I would gladly know what your notion is of justifying faith, because you speak of it as a thing you have but lately received.'

"The second letter is dated Dec. 6, 1738. In it she says:—

"'I think you are fallen into an odd way of thinking. You say that till within a few months you had no spiritual life, nor any justifying faith.

"'Now this is as if a man should affirm he was not alive

in his infancy, because, when an infant, he did not know he was alive. All, then, that I can gather from your letter is, that till a little while ago you were not so well satisfied of your being a Christian as you are now. I heartily rejoice that you have now attained to a strong and lively hope in God's mercy through Christ. Not that I can think that you were totally without saving faith before; but it is one thing to have faith, and another thing to be sensible we have it. Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and the gift of God; but to feel or be inwardly sensible that we have true faith, requires a further operation of God's Holy Spirit. You say you have peace, but not joy in believing: blessed be God for peace! May this peace rest with you! Joy will follow, perhaps not very closely, but it will follow faith and love. God's promises are sealed to us, but not dated: therefore patiently attend his pleasure; he will give you joy in believing. Amen.'

"From these letters we see that Mrs. Wesley was so far from deploring the extravagance of her sons, that she rejoiced in their Christian experience, and praised God for it. She thought them mistaken in judging of their former state, but not in their notions of justifying faith itself; for she says, in the letter last mentioned:—

"'My notion of justifying faith is the same with yours; for that trusting in Jesus Christ, or the promises made in him, is that special act of faith to which our justification or acceptance is so frequently ascribed in the gospel. This faith is certainly the gift of God, wrought in the mind of man by the Holy Spirit.'

"The two Mr. Wesleys professed to know the time when they received justifying faith; and they taught that others might know the time of their justification. On this head she observes:—

"'I do not judge it necessary to know the exact time of our conversion.'

"From which it appears that she did not think this part of their doctrine erroneous or extravagant: she was only

afraid lest this circumstance should be made a necessary criterion of conversion, which she thought might hurt the minds of weaker Christians.

"These letters, therefore, are a full confutation of Mr. Badcock's assertion.

"The third letter is dated Dec. 27, 1739, after she had come to reside chiefly in London. Here she enjoyed the conversation of her sons alternately; the one being always in town, while the other was in the country. She now attended on their ministry, conversed with the people of the society, and became more perfectly acquainted with their whole doctrine, and seems heartily to have embraced it. Charles was in Bristol when she wrote this letter to him. She observes:—

"'You cannot more desire to see me, than I do to see you. Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me, and much revived my spirits. Indeed, I have often found that he never speaks in my hearing without my receiving some spiritual benefit. But his visits are seldom and short, for which I never blame him, because I know he is well employed, and, blessed be God, hath great success in his ministry. But, my dear Charles, still I want either him or you; for indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child, and want continual succor. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." I feel much comfort and support from religious conversation when I can obtain it. Formerly I rejoiced in the absence of company, and found the loss I had of creature comforts, the more I had from God. But alas! I am fallen from that spiritual converse I once enjoyed. And why is it so? Because I want faith. God is an omnipresent, unchangeable good, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning: the fault is in myself; and I attribute all mistakes in judgment, and all errors in practice, to want of faith in the blessed Jesus. O, my dear, when I consider the dignity of his person, the perfection of his purity, the greatness of his sufferings, but, above all, his boundless love, I am astonished and utterly confounded; I am lost in thought! I fall into nothing before him! O how inexcusable is that person who has knowledge of these

things, and yet remains poor and low in faith and love! I speak as one guilty in this matter.

"'I have been prevented from finishing my letter. I complained I had none to converse with me on spiritual things; but for these several days I have had the conversation of many good Christians, who have refreshed in some measure my fainting spirits; and though they hindered my writing, yet it was a pleasing, and I hope not an unprofitable, interruption they gave me. I hope we shall shortly speak face to face; and I shall then, if God permit, impart my thoughts more fully. But then, alas! when you come, your brother leaves me! yet that is the will of God, in whose blessed service you are engaged; who has hitherto blessed your labors, and preserved your persons. That he may continue so to prosper your work, and protect you both from evil, and give you strength and courage to preach the true gospel in opposition to the united powers of evil men and evil angels, is the hearty prayer of, dear Charles,

"'Your loving mother,

"'SUSANNAH WESLEY.'

"This letter gives full evidence that Mrs. Wesley cordially approved of the conduct of her sons, and was animated with zeal for the success of their labors. She continued in the most perfect harmony with them till her death; attending on their ministry, and walking in the light of God's countenance, she rejoiced in the happy experience of the truths she heard them preach."—*Dr. Whitehead's Life*, vol. i, pp. 49–54.

It appears from all we have seen of Mrs. Wesley that she was a woman of real experience in the things of God. But it does not appear that she had a clear notion of justification, as distinct from sanctification; on the contrary, she seems to have confounded them together. The consequence was, that her knowledge of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law, was not so clear as it might have been; and this hindered her from enjoying that full assurance of her state, and the peace and joy consequent upon it, which otherwise she would have had.

To have denied the witness of God's Spirit, or the assurance of our adoption, Mrs. Wesley must have strangely

forgotten herself; for it was one part of her creed, and one point in the Apostles' Creed, according to her own exposition, that believing in the Holy Ghost implies believing that he assures us of our adoption. See her letter to her daughter Susan, already inserted.

As to the doctrine of assurance, (or the knowledge of our salvation by the remission of sins; or, in other words, that a man who is justified by faith in Christ Jesus knows that he is so, the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God,) against which such a terrible outcry has been made, I would beg leave to ask, what is Christianity without it? A mere system of ethics; an authentic history; a dead letter. It is by the operations of the Holy Spirit in the souls of believers that the connection is kept up between heaven and earth. The grand principle of the Christian religion is, to reconcile men to God by Christ Jesus; to bring them from a state of wrath to reconciliation and favor with God; to break the power, cancel the guilt, and destroy the very being of sin;—for Christ was manifested that he might destroy the work of the devil. And can this be done in any human soul, and it know nothing about it, except by inference and conjecture? Miserable state of Christianity, indeed, where no man knows that he is born of God! This assurance of God's love is the birthright and common privilege of all his children. It is a general experience among truly religious people: they take rest, rise up, work, and live under its influence. By it they are carried comfortably through all the ills of life, bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, triumph in redeeming grace, and die exulting in him whom they know and feel to be the God of their salvation.

Nor is this confined to superannuated women, as Mr. Southey (vol. i, p. 291) charitably hopes Mrs. Wesley was, when she professed to receive the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Men, also, as learned as Mr. Badcock, as philosophical as Mr. Southey, as deeply read in men and things as Bishop Lavington, and as sound divines, at least, as the rector of Manaccan, have exulted in the same testimony, walked in all good conscience before God, illustrated the doctrine by a suitable deportment, and died full of joyful anticipation of an eternal glory. Alas! what a dismal tale do those men tell, who not only strive to argue

against the doctrine, but endeavor to turn it into ridicule! They tell us they are not reconciled to God.

Mr. Badcock's sneers at the matter of assurance, as he calls it, and the *extravagances* of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, were little in character. He was a learned man, and able critic, and generally allowed to be mild and liberal. But who can reconcile this general, and probably well-deserved character, with the concluding part of the paragraph above referred to? "Their brother Samual exerted his best powers to reclaim them from their wanderings, but in vain. The extravagant and erring spirit could not be reduced to its own confine. It had burst its bonds asunder, and ran violently down the steep."

This was still less in character, when we consider Mr. Badcock a dissenting minister, for such he was in 1782, when he wrote the above letter, and for many years before; though he afterward conformed, and entered the Church, in the year 1786; and his creed with respect to the doctrine of assurance, as existing in the Assembly's Catechism, must have been the same, in words at least, with that of Mr. Wesley.

For the reader's instruction I shall note the place:—

"Question 31. What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?

"Answer. Assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein unto the end."

And the following scriptures are quoted to establish these assertions: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Rom. xiv, 1, 2, 5. "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Rom. xiv, 17. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know ye have eternal life." 1 John v, 13.

Here, then, is the "matter of assurance," which the Methodists *have* preached, *do* preach, and I hope *will* preach,

as long as they have a name to live upon the earth. And these scriptures are full to the point; and fully prove that every sinner, who by hearty repentance and true faith returns unto the Lord, through Christ Jesus, receives remission of sins, and has the witness in himself.

Perhaps the most irregular part of Mr. Wesley's conduct was his employing lay preachers—persons without any ordination by the imposition of hands; and the fullest proof that we can have of Mrs. Wesley's approving most heartily everything in the doctrine and discipline of her sons, was her approval of lay preaching, or, to use the words of her father-in-law, John Wesley of Whitchurch, "the preaching of gifted men, without episcopal ordination." This began in her time; and she repeatedly sat under the ministry of the first man, Mr. Thomas Maxfield, who attemped to officiate among the Methodists in this hitherto unprecedented way.

It was in Mr. Wesley's absence that Mr. Maxfield began to preach. Being informed of this new and extraordinary thing, he hastened back to London to put a stop to it. Before he took any decisive step, he spoke to his mother on the subject, and informed her of his intention. She said, (I have had the account from Mr. Wesley himself,) "My son, I charge you before God, beware what you do; for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the gospel as ever you were!" The unction of God that attended the preaching convinced her that the preacher's call was from heaven. This was one of the last things that a person of such high Church principles might be expected to accede to. And this fact, with what is related above, will for ever obliterate the calumny cast upon this blessed woman,—that she lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her sons.

Nor will the great body of the Methodist preachers forget that Mrs. Wesley, the mother of their founder, was the patroness and first encourager of the lay preachers.

Mr. Thomas Maxfield was the first lay preacher; Mr. Thomas Richards, the second; and Mr. Thomas Westall, the third. The former and latter I knew:—but who will be the last, who without any ordination by the imposition of hands shall officiate as an itinerant preacher in the Methodist connection? That they will soon have recourse to

this Scriptural rite may be safely conjectured; and that they should never have been without it may be successfully argued. Their mode of admission into the ministry, it must be granted, is sufficiently solemn and efficient; but they have no authority to dispense with a Scriptural and apostolic rite.

After the death of Mr. Samuel Wesley, in 1735, the family were all scattered, and the household goods and property sold, as the premises had to be cleared for a new incumbent; a heavy and distressing inconvenience in the discipline of the Church of England, which extends from the lowest vicar to the metropolitan of the whole empire.

Previously to this, some of the sisters had been married; two were with their uncle Matthew; others were settled as governesses and teachers of youth, for which they appear to have been well qualified; and one (Emily) had taken up a school at Gainsborough. With her Mrs. Wesley appears to have sojourned awhile, before she went to live with her sons John and Charles; where, free from cares and worldly anxieties, with which she had long been unavoidably encumbered, she spent the evening of her life in comparative ease and comfort.

Of her last moments her son John gives the following account:—

"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18, 1742, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubts nor fear, nor any desire, but as soon as God should call, 'to depart and be with Christ.'

"Friday, 23d.—About three in the afternoon I went to see my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside; she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'

"Sunday, August 1.—Almost an innumerable company

of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterward spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God, and the books were opened. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.

"We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:—

Here lies the body of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years:

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my love.'
'I come,' her dying looks replied,
And lamblike, as her Lord, she died."

The reader, who has carefully considered the preceding memoirs, is most certainly prepared for a widely different epitaph from the preceding. It is trite, bald, and inexpressive. Her passive character may be said to be given; she was a daughter of affliction, and suffered with the highest resignation to the will of God, and the dispensation of his providence: but, as she says herself, if she had much affliction and pain, she had still more intervals of ease and health; and she even adduces her own case, where afflictions and trials abounded, as a proof that the blessings of

life are more numerous than its ills and disadvantages; and calculates that on a fair estimate this will be found to be the case with every individual.

The second and third stanzas are incautiously expressed: they seem to intimate that she was not received into the divine favor till she was seventy years of age! For my own part, after having traced her through all the known periods of her life, and taking her spiritual state from her own nervous and honest pen, I can scarcely doubt that she was in the divine favor long before that time, according to that text, "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." And though she lived in a time when the spiritual privileges of the people of God were not so clearly defined nor so well understood as they are at present, yet she was not without large communications of the divine Spirit, heavenly light, and heavenly ardors, which often caused her to sit, "like cherub bright, some moments on a throne of love." She had the faith of God's elect; she acknowledged the truth which is according to godliness. Her spirit and life were conformed to this truth; and she *was* not, as she *could* not be, without the favor and approbation of God.

But there is a fact that seems to stand against this, which is alluded to in the second and third stanzas, namely, that "in receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper, when her son-in-law, Mr. Hall, presented her the cup with these words, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee,' she felt them strike through her heart; and she then knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her all her sins." That Mrs. Wesley did then receive a powerful influence from the Holy Spirit, I can readily believe, by which she was mightily confirmed and strengthened, and had from it the clearest evidence of her reconciliation to God; but that she had been in a legal state, or, as some have understood that expression, was seeking "justification by the works of the law" until then, I have the most positive facts to disprove.

Mr. Samuel Wesley's ministry was strong and faithful: but it was not clear on the point of justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit. I can say this from the most direct evidence,—several of his own manuscript sermons now before me. To "know that we are of God, by the

Spirit which he has given us," he, and most in his time, believed to be the privilege of a few, and but of a few: hence the people were not exhorted to "follow on to know the Lord;" and although several, and among them most undoubtedly Mrs. Wesley, had a measure of the thing, felt its effects, and brought forth the fruits of it, yet they knew not its name. Mrs. Wesley had long before laid her burden at the foot of the cross; she had received Christ crucified as her only Saviour; she herself shows that she had trusted in nothing but the infinite merit of his sacrificial death and intercession; she was justified by faith, for she had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," gloried even in tribulation, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God; for "the love of God was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost that was given to her:" but having little or no acquaintance with deeply religious people, and her husband not holding out this blessing as the privilege of all true believers, she knew not precisely her own state; and because she did not know how to hold fast the consolations which she had received, she often, like many others, fell into doubts and fears which brought her into temporary bondage. But, in general, her mountain stood strong.

After her husband's death, when she came to sit under the clear ministry of her sons John and Charles, and to converse with many pious and sensible members of the society, her mind became more enlightened in spiritual things; she saw the privileges of the people of God, expected much in the means of grace, and received a fresh, full, and clear evidence of her acceptance at the time mentioned above.

She had then what the Methodists rightly call the abiding witness of the Spirit, and very probably an application of that "blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness." That she had long served God as a master, under the spirit of fear, without that love which springs from a consciousness of his love, ("we love him because he first loved us,") I am ready enough to grant. This is, less or more, the lot and experience of all: but that legal night did not last to her seventieth year. She was long before that in the divine favor, and felt her blessedness, though she could not give it its appropriate name; nor did she

feel its fullness, because she had not the advantage of a clear ministry on the subject of salvation by faith.

I do not argue that a person may be justified, and not know it, or feel the alteration in his state. I think this is a dangerous doctrine, because I am satisfied that it is the privilege of every believer to know he is in the divine favor. But I contend a person may be justified, have peace and joy in believing, and feel the burden of guilt taken away from the conscience, and for a time not know the precise name of that state of grace in which he stands. I have known a very striking case of this kind, where the person, having little acquaintance with religious people, after a long night of grief, darkness, and distress, felt and was astonished at the moral change which had taken place in his mind, but knew not by what name to call it. His burden of guilt, and he had felt it very heavy, was taken away; he felt no condemnation, he rejoiced in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh, and brought forth all the fruits of faith; and it was a considerable time after this change had taken place before he knew what God had done for his soul, though he felt and exulted in the blessedness he had received.

But to return. What is an epitaph? or what should an epitaph be? A strongly condensed abridgment of the life of the deceased; and if a pious person be the subject, the epitaph should be a pointed exhibition of the grace that was in him, and his faithfulness to that grace; and all this so recommended that the living may lay it to heart, and be excited to a practical emulation. But how little of this is found in the above epitaph! We are not even told that she was the wife of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth! Perhaps modesty in the sons prevented them from speaking in her praise: if so, it was very ill-judged. Had I a muse of the strongest pinion, I should not fear to indulge it in its highest flights in sketching out the character of this super-excellent woman. Mr. Southey has very properly criticised this epitaph; but he mistakes when he says, that "her sons represent her as if she had lived in ignorance of real Christianity during the life of her excellent husband." They do not, they could not, do it. They well knew she had a profound knowledge of Christianity, nor was she indebted to her husband's teaching for this: but

the epitaph represents her as being to that time destitute of the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. A man may have a full knowledge of real Christianity without this; but he cannot without it have an experimental knowledge of its saving power. However, she had both, long before that time. And so fully acquainted was she with the Christian system, and the evidence of its divine origin, that she even taught wisdom among those that were perfect—those that were deeply instructed in all human learning. How Mr. John Wesley could consent to permit such an epitaph to be inscribed on her head-stone I cannot comprehend. In the late edition of Mr. Wesley's Works the whole account is very reprehensibly omitted in the Journal, and only referred to as being entered in vol. i, p. 41; and in this place only the first verse of the epitaph is given.* Probably the editor was as much displeased with it as either Mr. Southey or myself.†

Mrs. Wesley's character will be best seen in the preceding memoirs. She appears to have had the advantage of a liberal education, as far as Latin, Greek, and French enter into such an education. She had read much, and thought much; and thus her mind was cultivated. Both

* I find Mr. Moore, in his recent Life of Mr. Wesley, defends this epitaph, and is severe on those who have found fault with it. He says, "The poetry of Mr. Charles Wesley is too high for them." I hope he does not refer to anything in this epitaph, as too high for any person who has common sense to understand. My objection is, it is too low for her who was its object; and I am fully satisfied that the epitaph has no merit, beyond a flat simplicity. I contend, that the last lines of the second stanza "are incautiously expressed," and are not a true representation of the state of Mrs. Wesley. This I have sufficiently proved to every unprejudiced mind, in my account of this super-excellent woman. That any soul of man, "not wholly unacquainted with the art of poetry," should ever call this epitaph "inexpressibly beautiful and highly characteristic," is to me, knowing as I do the learning, sound judgment, and good sense of the writer, a wonder of the first magnitude. What now stands on her head-stone may be found at the end of this account.

† In a subsequent edition of Mr. Wesley's Works, published in 1829, the epitaph is inserted, vol. i, p. 384. It is also to be found in "Hymns and Sacred Poems. In two volumes. By Charles Wesley, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Bristol: Printed and sold by Felix Farley."—Vol. i, p. 282. *First Edition.* Dr. Clarke, in his first edition of the "Wesley Family," p. 360, observes, in reference to the epitaph in question, that "he," that is, Mr. John Wesley, "certainly never composed it." Mr. Charles Wesley confirms the doctor's opinion, by inserting it among his own "Hymns and Sacred Poems;" and had the doctor been aware of this, he would not have expunged the passage, in preparing the work for a second edition.—EDITOR. The epitaph is found in vol. iii, p. 261, of the American edition of Mr Wesley's Works.—AM. ED.

logic and metaphysics had formed a part of her studies; and these acquisitions, without appearing, for she studiously endeavors to conceal them, are felt to great advantage in all her writings.

She had a strong and vigorous mind, and an undaunted courage. She feared no difficulty; and in search of truth, at once looked the most formidable objections full in the face; and never hesitated to give any enemy all the vantage-ground he could gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or precepts of the religion of the Bible. She was not only graceful but beautiful in her person. Her sister Judith, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is represented as a very beautiful woman. One who well knew both said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being so beautiful as Mrs. Wesley."

As a wife she was affectionate and obedient, having a sacred respect for authority wherever lodged.* As the mistress of a large family, her management was exquisite in all its parts; and its success beyond comparison or former example. As a Christian, she was modest, humble, and pious. Her religion was as rational as it was Scriptural and profound. In forming her creed she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock; and the storms and adversities of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through life, and it was unimpaired in death. She was a

* Her husband, in his Life of Christ, has drawn the following "picture of a good wife," which has been pointed out as exhibiting the living excellences he beheld in his own, p. 40, lines 258–276:—

"She graced my humble roof, and blest my life,
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;*
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey;
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied,
In our low house there was no room for pride:
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right,
She studied my convenience and delight.
Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love.
Whate'er she ask'd I gave, without reproach or grudge,
For still she reason ask'd, and I was judge;
All my commands, requests at her fair hands,
And her requests to me were all commands:
To other's thresholds rarely she'd incline,
Her house her pleasure was, and she was mine;
Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,
Or when by pity call'd, or charity." EDITOR.

* Friend.

tender mother, a wise and invaluable friend. Several of her children were eminent; and HE, who excelled all the rest, owed, under God, at least one half of his excellences to the instructions of his mother. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a woman, I would not hesitate to say she was an able divine!

I have traced her life with much pleasure, and received from it much instruction; and when I have seen her repeatedly grappling with gigantic adversities, I have adored the grace of God that was in her, and have not been able to repress my tears. I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such a one Solomon has described in the last chapter of his Proverbs; and to her I can apply the summed-up character of his accomplished housewife: Many daughters have done virtuously; but SUSANNAH WESLEY has excelled them all.

As neither Mr. Wesley nor any of his mother's biographers have mentioned the place of her interment, I shall just observe that it may be found in Bunhill Fields, where the numbers 42 and 17 intersect. A new stone has of late years been set up with the following inscription:—

Here lies the body of
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,
Widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M. A.,
(late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire,)
who died July 23, 1742,
Aged 73 years.
She was the youngest Daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley, D. D., ejected by the Act
of Uniformity from the Rectory of St. Giles's,
Cripplegate, Aug. 24, 1662.
She was the Mother of nineteen Children,
of whom the most eminent were the
REV. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY;
the former of whom was under God the
Founder of the Societies of the People
called Methodists.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

Children of the Rev. Samuel Wesley.

Where the male issue fails, the records of any private family may soon be lost; in most cases, neither public nor private interest is promoted by keeping up the memorial.

Though it is only about forty* years since the founder of the Methodists died, all knowledge of that part of the family that had no public eminence is almost obliterated. Out of the nineteen children of Mr. Samuel Wesley, the names of only thirteen can be recovered; and of most even of these little or nothing is known.

It is customary in many country parishes to keep the registers at the parsonage house, because of the damp of the church and vestry. This was the case at the parsonage house at Epworth; and when it was burned down in 1709, all these records perished in the flames; so that the genealogy of all the children born in Epworth previously to this catastrophe is lost. I have inquired upon the spot, and also extended those inquiries to South Ormsby and Wroote, and all that I can collect will be given under each name.†

SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN.

Of the eighteen or nineteen children which Mrs. Wesley had, Samuel was undoubtedly the eldest, as he was born in London or its vicinity before his father's removal to South Ormsby, which was in the beginning of 1691, as appears by his handwriting in the parish register still preserved, and already noticed. Mr. Wesley appears to have married Miss S. Annesley in 1689; and his son Samuel was born on the 10th of February in the following year. This date may be collected from his epitaph, which states his death to have taken place "Nov. 6, 1739, in the forty-ninth year of his age." Whether he was baptized among the Dissenters, or in some parochial church in London, I

* The second edition of this work was under Dr. Clarke's correcting hand in 1828-9.—EDITOR.

† The following is the order in which Dr. Clarke had left them: "Samuel Wesley; Susannah Wesley; Emilia Wesley; Annesley and Jedediah, *twins;* Susannah, afterward Mrs. Ellison; John Wesley; Martha Wesley; Charles Wesley; Mary Wesley; Anne Wesley; Mehetabel Wesley, or Hetty; and Kezziah Wesley." But this arrangement would in all proba-

cannot learn; the probability is, that he was dedicated to God by his grandfather, Dr. Annesley.

Mr. Samuel Wesley came into the world with a strange *mark*, which Mr. J. W. mentions, in his critique on Count de Buffon's Natural History, Armin. Mag., vol. v, p. 547. The count, who denies that children are marked in consequence of the *longing* of their mothers, says, "The marks of fruit are always yellow, red, or black;" to which Mr. J. W. answers, "No; my own mother longed for *mulberries*. In consequence of this, my eldest brother had all his life a mulberry on his neck; and both the size and color varied just like those of a real mulberry. Every spring it was small and white; it then grew larger, exactly as real mulberries do, being greenish, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a purple as any mulberry on the tree."

I have already mentioned, in the memoirs of Mrs. Wes-

bility have been altered; and the following, if it had not been adopted, will perhaps appear, after a minute attention to the different dates as they turn up in the work, as correct a genealogical account as any that has hitherto been presented to the public:—

NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	TIME.	SOURCES OF INFORMATION, &c.
1. Samuel Wesley	London	1690	"Student's Library;" Epitaph; South Ormsby Register.
2. Susannah Wesley	S. Ormsby	1691	South Ormsby Register.
3. Emilia, afterward Mrs. Harper	Do.	1692	Do.
4. Annesley and Jedediah, *twins*	Do.	1694	Do.
5. Susannah, afterward Mrs. Ellison	Do.	1695	"One year older" than Mary during the disturbances in the parsonage house (see p. 208.)
6. Mary, afterward Mrs. Whitelamb	Probably Epworth	1696	Was "about twenty years old" during the disturbances in the parsonage house in 1716 (see p. 207.)
7. Mehetabel, or Hetty, afterward Mrs. Wright	Epworth	1697	Was "a year younger than Molly" (or Mary) during the same disturbances (see p. 208.)
— *Twins*, unnamed	Do.	1701	See p. 165, letter dated May 18, 1701.
8. Anne, afterward Mrs. Lambert	Do.	1702	"About fifteen years old" during the disturbances (see p. 211.)
9. John Wesley	Do.	1703	See the different memoirs of him.
10. Martha, afterward Mrs. Hall	Do.	1707	See her life.
11. Charles Wesley	Do.	1708	See his biographers.
12. Kezziah Wesley	Do.	1710	See a note from her brother John, in her memoir.

The memoirs are inserted agreeably to this arrangement.—EDITOR.

ley, that Samuel did not speak till he was between four and five years of age, which was a great grief to the family, as they feared he was born dumb. But one day, having retired out of sight, as was his frequent custom, to amuse himself with a favorite cat, hearing his mother anxiously calling him, he crept out from under a table, and said, "Here I am, mother," to the great surprise and comfort of all the family.

In 1704, when about fourteen years of age, he was sent to Westminster School; and was admitted king's scholar in 1707.

This school, through the extraordinary abilities of Dr. Busby, its late master, then only a few years dead, had acquired the highest celebrity of any school in Europe. In it Dr. Busby had his education; and, after completing his studies at Oxford, he became its head master in 1640. He superintended it for fifty-five years; during which time, by his skill, diligence, deep learning, and exact discipline, he bred up the greatest number of eminent men in church and state that ever at one time adorned any age or nation. He died in 1695, when almost ninety years of age.

Where Dr. Busby found animation, he knew there was brain, and proper cultivation would produce and extend intellect; and the apparent stupidity or dullness of the subject was neither a bar to his expectations, nor a hinderance to his ultimate success. He had to operate on minds of various descriptions, from that of the flippant witling down to that of the heavy lumpish lad, whose intellect seemed irrecoverably enveloped in hebetude. To Dr. Busby's plans, science, and discipline, everything yielded; and no dunce nor unlearned man was ever turned out of Westminster School during his incumbency.

When Mr. Wesley entered this school, all Dr. Busby's plans were in full operation; and the elementary books which this great master had composed for this institution were of such a character as at once to smooth the path of learning, till then sufficiently rugged, and lay the foundation of a correct classical taste and profound literature. In the present age humane and learned men have been endeavoring, so to speak, to find out a royal road to geometry; difficulties have been professedly lessened, till at last the foundations of science have been laid upon the sands. Profound literature is rarely to be met with. We have still, it

is true, the splendor and brilliancy of gold ; but on examination we frequently find a mass of inferior metal; and even the surface, though completely covered, yet not deeply gilt.

Mr. Wesley availed himself of the valuable advantages put within his reach, and became a thorough scholar. He had naturally a strong and discerning mind, which soon shone conspicuous for its correct classical taste. Of this these memoirs shall exhibit ample proof.

We have already seen what care Mrs. Wesley took to cultivate the minds of her children, and form them, as far as human influence and teaching can extend, to religion and piety. As the blessing of God will never be wanting to render such parental cares efficient, she saw in every case that her labor was not in vain. As Samuel was her first-born, she felt it her duty in a peculiar manner to dedicate him to the Lord. Hence she was especially concerned for his highest interest; and her anxious cares were not lessened on his removal to Westminster. Thoroughly apprehensive of the dangers to which he would be exposed in a public school, far removed from the eye of his parents, she endeavored, by a very judicious and pious correspondence, to maintain the good impressions which had been made on his mind; and to show him that the new engagements into which he was proposing to enter, required such a steadiness and purity of conduct as could not be obtained but by a heart decidedly fixed on God, and making him the end of all its operations and designs. As his parents had dedicated him to the work of the ministry, so it became the object of his own choice ; and his literary pursuits were in the main directed to this end.

A letter, written to him by his mother, in October, 1709, refers to all these circumstances, and contains such excellent counsels and advices, conceived with so much piety and judgment, and expressed with so much energy and dignity of language, as could not fail to make them profitable to the son ; and must render them useful to all in similar circumstances, who may have the opportunity to read them.

"I hope that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first-fruits are Heaven's by an unalienable right; and that as your parents devoted you to the

service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication imports? Consider well, what separation from the world, what purity, what devotion, what exemplary virtue, are required in those who are to guide others to glory! I say exemplary, for low, common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world: your light must so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven. For my part, I cannot see with what face clergymen can reprove sinners, or exhort men to lead a good life, when they themselves indulge their own corrupt inclinations, and by their practice contradict their doctrine. If the holy Jesus be indeed their Master, and they are really his ambassadors, surely it becomes them to live like his disciples; and if they do not, what a sad account must they give of their stewardship!

"I would advise you, as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with Him who is the Alpha and Omega; and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little, if not less liberty than you have now. I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion: not that I always spent so much; but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no further. So in all things else: appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, &c. But above all things, my dear Sammy, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's day. In all things endeavor to act upon principle, and do not be like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself, Why do I this, or that? Why do I pray, read, study, or use devotion, &c.? By which means you will come to such a

steadiness and consistency in your words and actions as becomes a reasonable creature and a good Christian."

Such a mother at the head of a numerous family was a public blessing. I have before observed that Methodism is under the highest obligations to this excellent woman; and the extent of the obligations to the mother has not yet been duly estimated by the followers of the son.

About this time an accident occurred, which, with the total destruction of the parsonage house at Epworth, and all the family property, had nearly proved fatal to the family itself, the whole of which had been saved almost by miracle. The fire (of which we shall see a particular account when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley) took place on February 9, 1709. Samuel, who was then at Westminster School, had received only a confused account of this catastrophe; and, among other inaccurate intelligence, had heard that one of the children was either lost or had perished in the flames. On this occasion he wrote the following letter to his mother, which marks much solicitude and dutiful affection:—

"Madam,—Had not my grandmother told me, the last time I was there, that you were near lying-in, at which time I thought it would be in vain to write what you would not be able to read, I had sent you letters over and over again before this. I beg, therefore, you would not impute it to any negligence, which sure I never can be guilty of, while I enjoy what you gave me—life. My father lets me be in profound ignorance as to your circumstances at Epworth; and I have not heard a word from the country since the first letter you sent me after the fire; so that I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations, for fear of being jeered out of my life. They ask me whether my father intends to leave Epworth? whether he is rebuilding his house? whether any contributions are to be expected? what was the lost child, a boy or a girl? what was its name? whether my father had lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved? To all of which I am forced to answer, I can't tell—I don't know—I have not heard. I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an ignoramus. If you think my Cowley and Hudibras worth accepting, I shall be very glad to send them to my

mother, who gave them me. I hope you are all well, as all are in town.

"Your most affectionate son,

"SAM. WESLEY.

"*June* 9, *St. Peter's Coll., Westminster.*"

As he had the reputation of being a good and accurate scholar, he was taken occasionally by Dr. Thomas Sprat, bishop of Rochester, and one of the prebends of Westminster, to read to him in the evenings at his seat at Bromley, in Kent. Bishop Sprat had at that time the reputation of being one of the first scholars in England, learned in almost all arts and sciences, and a poet of the first order. To almost any young man of learning and genius the friendship and conversation of such a person as Bishop Sprat would have been invaluable. But Mr. Wesley was so intent on his own classical studies, and withal short-sighted, and of a feeble voice, that he esteemed this service rather as a bondage than a privilege. The bishop's studies were nothing similar to his own; and he considered the time he was obliged to spend at Bromley as totally lost. From this place he wrote a Latin letter to his father, Aug., 1710, full of complaints, but ill justified by their cause. Dr. Whitehead has preserved a fragment, which I shall transcribe. Speaking of the bishop, he says,—

"Ille mihi et in sacris, et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus: studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus pro virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a schola me detraxit, non modo nullam ad utilitatem sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis speciem me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipulis elegit ut perlegerum ei noctu libros: me raucum, me *μνώπα*. Gaudeo vos valetudine bonâ frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionam oro. Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis. Aviam ultimis festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detineor."

"He (the bishop) will always be exceedingly troublesome to me both in sacred and profane learning; for he obliges me to interrupt those studies to which I had applied

myself with all my might. Spending my last year in this college, where, being a senior, I do not need the hospitality of friends, he has taken me away both from my studies, and from school, not only without any benefit, but without even the appearance either of utility or pleasure. To-day he is from home, else I should not have had time to write this letter. He chose me from all the scholars; me, who am both hoarse and short-sighted, to read books to him by night! I am glad that you enjoy good health. I beg yours and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother* in the last holydays: in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend."

Mr. Wesley was but young at this time, and might be said to have scarcely finished his common school exercises. He had hitherto conversed merely with school-books, and had not read those authors by whose assistance he might have formed and ornamented his style: hence his Latinity in the preceding letter, though grammatically correct, is that of a school-boy who translates Latin into English, being governed simply by the idiom and phraseology of his mother tongue. He was now about twenty years of age, and was only beginning to study the Greek and Latin authors *critically*, and to relish their beauties. His Latin compositions, both in prose and verse, which were the fruits of his maturer age, show how solidly he had built on the good foundation which was laid at Westminster School.

That he retained both at Westminster and Oxford the good impressions he had received from his religious education, there is abundant proof. In December, 1710, he wrote to his mother. The following extract from his letter gives, as Dr. Whitehead justly observes, a pleasing view of his simplicity, and of his serious attention to the state of his own heart, and the first motions of evil:—

"I received the sacrament (says he) the first Sunday of this month. I am unstable as water: I frequently make good resolutions, and keep them for a time, and then grow weary of restraint. I have one grand failing, which is, that having done my duty, I undervalue others; and think what

* The grandmother whom he mentions here was the widow of John Wesley, A. M., of Whitchurch, and niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller. See some account of this eminent historian and divine in the life of the Rev. J. Wesley, vicar of Whitchurch.

wretches the rest of the college are, compared with me! Sometimes in my relapses I cry out, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots? then may you also do good who are accustomed to do evil.' But I answer again, 'With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.' Amen."

Mrs. Wesley answered this letter in the same month. I shall lay the whole of her excellent letter before the reader.

"*Thursday, Dec.* 28, [1710.]

"DEAR SAMMY,—I am much better pleased with the beginning of your letter than with what you used to send me; for I do not love distance or ceremony. There is more of love and tenderness in the name of *mother* than in all the complimental titles in the world.

"I intend to write to your father about your coming down; but yet it would not be amiss for you to speak of it too. Perhaps our united desires may sooner prevail upon him to grant our request; though I do not think he will be averse from it at all.

"I am heartily glad that you have already received, and that you design again to receive, the holy sacrament; for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the strengthening and refreshing of the mind than the frequent partaking of that blessed ordinance.

"You complain that you are unstable and inconstant in the ways of virtue. Alas! what Christian is not so too? I am sure that I, above all others, am most unfit to advise in such a case; yet, since I cannot but speak something, since I love you as my own soul, I will endeavor to do as well as I can; and, perhaps while I write I may learn, and by instructing you I may teach myself.

"*First.* Endeavor to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible of the awful and constant presence of the great and holy God. Consider frequently, that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our beds, and about our paths, and spies out all our ways; and whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause, and say to yourself,—What am I about to do? God sees me! Is this my avowed faithfulness to my Creator,

Redeemer, and Sanctifier? Have I so soon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it easier for the eternal Son of God to die for me, than it is for me to remember him? For what end came he into the world but to satisfy the justice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal salvation? What! cannot I watch one hour with that Jesus who veiled his native glory with our nature, and condescended so low as to make himself of no reputation, by putting on the form of a servant, that he might be capable of conferring the greatest benefit upon us that man could receive, by his suffering such a shameful and cursed death upon the cross for our redemption? O, Sammy, think but often and seriously on Jesus Christ, and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith!

"*Secondly.* Consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those who persevere in the paths of virtue. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for such as love and serve him faithfully.' And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain, inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquillity. Could we but once attain to a strong and lively sense of spiritual things,—could we often abstract our minds from corporeal objects, and fix them on heaven,—we should not waver and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment; but the soul would be naturally aspiring toward a union with God, as the flame ascends; for he alone is the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions toward him.

"*Thirdly.* Meditate often and seriously on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity of this present state of things. Alas! had we all that the most ambitious, craving souls can desire; were we actually possessed of all the honor, wealth, strength, beauty, &c., that our carnal minds can fancy or delight in, what would it signify if God should say unto us, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee?' Look back upon your past hours, and tell me which of them afford you the most pleasing prospect; whether those spent in

play or vanity, or those few that were employed in the service of God? Have you not, in your short experience, often found Solomon's observations on the world very true? Has not a great part of your little life proved, on reflection, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on a death-bed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life, and made large promises of amendment if it would have pleased God to have spared them; but none that ever lived, or died, have repented of a course of piety and virtue. Then, why should you not improve the experience of those who have gone before you, and your own also, to your advantage? And since it is past dispute that the ways of virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and that life is only short at best, and uncertain, and that this little portion of time is all we have for working out our salvation;—for as the tree falls, so it must lie; as death leaves us, judgment will certainly find us;—have a good courage—eternity is at hand. Lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you; and run with patience and vigor the race which is set before you; and if at any time present objects should make so great an impression on your senses as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech him, that since he for our sake suffered himself to be under the state of temptation, he would please to succor you when you are tempted; and in his strength you will find yourself enabled to encounter your spiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through HIM who hath loved us.

"I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best: but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to very few to choose their company. Yet, lest the comparing yourself with others that are worse may be an occasion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well, sometimes, to entertain such thoughts as these:—

"'Though I know my own birth and education, and am conscious of having had great advantages, yet how little do I know of the circumstances of others! Perhaps their parents were vicious, or did not take early care of their minds, to instil the principles of virtue into their tender years, but suffered them to follow their own inclinations

till it was too late to reclaim them. Am I sure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and strong impulses of the Holy Spirit, as I have had? Do they sin against as clear conviction as I do? Or are the vows of God upon them, as upon me? Were they so solemnly devoted to him at their birth as I was?' You have had the example of a father who served God from his youth; and, though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet, surely, earnest prayers for many years, and some little good advice, have not been wanting.

"But if, after all, self-love should incline you to partiality in your own case, seriously consider your own many failings, which the world cannot take notice of, because they were so private; and if still, upon comparison, you seem better than others, then ask yourself, Who is it that makes you to differ? and let God have all the praise, since of ourselves we can do nothing. It is he that worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and if at any time you have vainly ascribed the glory of any good performance to yourself, humble yourself for it before God, and give him the glory of his grace for the future.

"I am straitened for paper and time, therefore must conclude. God Almighty bless you, and preserve you from all evil. Adieu."

The next year, 1711, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford; where his diligence was exemplary, and his profiting great.

The anonymous author of his Life, prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his Poems, 1743, says, "In both these places, (Westminster and Oxford,) by the sprightliness of his compositions, and his remarkable industry, he gained a reputation beyond most of his contemporaries, being thoroughly and critically skilled in the learned languages, and master of the classics, to a degree of perfection perhaps not very common in this last-mentioned society, so justly famous for polite learning." With these qualifications he was sent for, from the university, to officiate as one of the ushers in Westminster School; and soon after, under the direction of Bishop Atterbury, then dean of Westminster, entered into holy orders. His attachment to this unfortunate prelate (who, by his continual opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's

measures, became obnoxious to the government, and was at last on frivolous pretences, whether true or false, banished for life) prevented his preferment in the Church. And it proceeded further; for through this same attachment he was prevented from obtaining the vacant chair of under master in Westminster School; for which he was eminently qualified by learning, judgment, habit, and experience, after he had officiated as head usher for about twenty years. It was denied him on the frivolous pretence that he was a married man! This was to him a severe disappointment, as he fully expected the place. But though he quitted the school in disgust,* he made a very pious use of this dispensation of divine Providence, as may be seen by the following verses, written on this occasion, dated January 22, 1732, and which, I believe, have never been published :—

Oppress'd, O Lord, in thee I trust,
To thee insulted flee :
Howe'er in mortals 'tis unjust,
'Tis righteousness in thee.

To God why should the thankless call
His blessings to repeat ?
Why should the unthankful for the small
Be trusted with the great ?

To thee my soul for mercy flies,
And pardon seeks on high ;
For earth, its mercy I despise,
And justice I defy.

Grant me, O Lord, with holier care,
And worthier thee, to live !
Forgive my foes, and let them dare
The injured to forgive.

Thy grace, in death's decisive hour,
Though undeserved, bestow ;
O, then, on me thy mercies shower,
And welcome judgment now !

These verses fully express the disappointment, its injustice, and the feelings it produced. As he had reason to believe that the ministry was at the bottom of this transac-

* That Mr. Wesley was much mortified, cannot for a moment be questioned; but that his mortified feelings amounted to "disgust," will, perhaps, admit of a doubt; for in the dedication of his poems, in 1736, he observes, "Westminster School is a place no power on earth can hinder me from loving." Whatever might be his feelings with regard to the *men*, the *place* at least gave rise to many endearing recollections.—EDITOR.

tion, we need not wonder at the severe epigrams with which he assailed the Walpolian administration. We shall have occasion to refer to these afterward.

While at Oxford, he appears to have entered a good deal into Biblical criticism; and particularly into the controversy excited by Mr. Whiston, who, having labored himself into the Socinian scheme, endeavored by writing and publishing to support it to the uttermost of his power.

Mr. S. Wesley had written a discourse on the larger epistle of Ignatius. This epistle Mr. Whiston had attacked as interpolated by the Athanasians; and, in his "Primitive Christianity Revived," (4 vols. 8vo.,) had endeavored, not only to weaken the evidence of our Lord's divinity, but to inundate the church with spurious writings, which he wished to prove of equal authority with those of the New Testament, and necessary to complete the canon of the Christian revelation.

How these things affected the mind of Mr. Wesley may be seen in a letter sent to Robert Nelson, Esq., author of the "Fasts and Festivals of the English Church," dated Oxford, June 3d, 1713, when he had been about two years at the university. He says,—

"I hoped long ere this to have perfected, as well as I could, my dissertation on Ignatius, and gotten it ready for the press, when I came to town this year. But I found myself disappointed; at first, for some months by my affairs in the East India house; and since, by my charity hymns, and other matters. I think I told you some time since that I had laid materials together for a second discourse on that subject, directly against Mr. Whiston's objections to the shorter and genuine copy of Ignatius; whereas my former was chiefly against the larger; because I then thought if that were proved interpolated, it would be readily granted that the other was the genuine. But having found, when Mr. Whiston's four volumes came out, that he had in the first of them laid together many objections against the shorter epistles, I set myself to consider them; and having now got Archbishop Usher, Bishop Pearson, and Dr. Smith on that subject, and as carefully as I could perused them, I found that many of Mr. Whiston's objections were taken from Daillé, a few from the writings of the Socinians and modern Arians, though most of them from his own observa-

tions. These latter being new, and not having appeared when Bishop Pearson and the others wrote, could not be taken notice of then; and being now published in the English language, may seduce some well-meaning persons, and persuade them that the true Ignatius was of the same opinion with the Arians, (whereas I am sure he was as far from it as light is from darkness,) and that the rather, because there has been no answer, that I know of, published to them, though they were printed in the year 1711. I know many are of opinion that it is best still to slight him, and take no notice of him. This, I confess, is the most easy way; but cannot tell whether it will be safe in respect to the common people, or will tend so much to the honor of our Church and nation. Of this, however, I am pretty confident, that I can prove all objections, whether general or particular, against the shorter copy to be notoriously false, such as that, pp. 86, 87, 'That the smaller so frequently calls Christ God;' which, he says, was done to serve the turn of the Athanasians, and cannot in reason be supposed to be an omission in the larger, but must be an interpolation in the smaller; whereas I find that the smaller calls him God but fifteen times, the larger, eighteen; and if we take in those to Antioch and Tarsus, twenty-two times, for an obvious reason.

"Again, he says, p. 64, 'That serious exhortations to practical, especially domestic duties, are in the larger only, being to a surprising degree omitted in the small.' But I have collected above one hundred instances wherein these duties are most pressingly recommended in the smaller. But what he labors for most, is to prove that the first quotations in Eusebius, and others of the ancients, are agreeable to the larger, not the smaller. Whereas on my tracing and comparing them all, as far as I have had opportunity, I have found this assertion to be a palpable mistake, unless in one quotation from the Chronicon Alexandrinum, or Paschale. I would gladly see Montfaucon, Causa Marcelli, St. Basil contra Marcellum, Observations on Pearson's Vindiciæ, and some good account of the Jewish Sephiroth; because I think the Gnostics, Basilidians, and Valentinians, borrowed many of their Æons from them, since they have the same names; and this might perhaps give further light to the famous ΣΙΓΗ of Ignatius, for the clearing whereof Bishop Pearson, Dr. Bull, and Grotius have so well labored."

Mr. Wesley mentions two Dissertations here which he had drawn up, and at least made ready for publication, on the authenticity of the smaller, and interpolations of the larger epistles attributed to Ignatius. Whether these were ever put to press, I have not been able to learn.

He speaks also of charity hymns, which I have not seen; and of his business at the East India House, which I suppose was in the affairs of his uncle, Samuel Annesley, who was then in the company's service at Surat, as we have already seen in the short memoir of his life.

If Mr. Wesley had any patron, it was Dr. Francis Atterbury, dean of Westminster, and bishop of Rochester; who succeeded Dr. Thomas Sprat in that see, in the year 1713. The disgrace of this prelate blasted all his prospects of preferment in the Church. His history is so nearly connected with that of Mr. Wesley as to render it necessary to say a few words of a man whose quarrel with the ministry led to his own banishment, and agitated the whole nation.

Bishop Atterbury was a very high Churchman; he was prolocutor in the upper house of convocation, and determined in the support of the highest privileges of his order. During the rebellion in Scotland, when the Pretender's Declaration was dispersed in England, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops in and near London, published "A Declaration of their abhorrence of the Rebellion; and an Exhortation to be zealous in the discharge of their duties to King George." This Bishop Atterbury refused to sign, because of certain reflections cast on the high Church party in it. This, together with his general opposition to the measures of ministers, served to lay him under suspicion. In August, 1722, he was apprehended under an accusation of being concerned in a plot in favor of the Pretender, and committed to the tower. A paper which one of the messengers who arrested him pretended to have found concealed in the bishop's premises, and which the bishop protested against as being forged, was the principal evidence against him. On the 23d of March, 1723, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, "for inflicting certain pains and penalties on Francis lord bishop of Rochester." As he reserved his opposition to the bill till it should come before the upper house, of which he was a

member, it easily passed the Commons; and on the 9th of April it was sent up to the House of Lords, and on May 11th he was permitted to plead for himself. This he did in a masterly speech, in which he demonstrated the utter improbability and falsity of the accusation. It was in vain. The king did not like him, and the ministry were determined on his downfall; he was therefore condemned; for the bill was passed on the 16th by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three. On the 27th the king confirmed it; and on the 18th of June he was put on board of the Aldborough man of war, and conveyed to Calais under the sentence of perpetual banishment. He went afterward to Paris, where he was obliged to live very privately, no Englishman being permitted to associate or converse with him without a special license from the secretary of state, the fees of whose office were oppressively high. He died at Paris, February 15, 1732; and his body was brought over to England on May 12th following, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

Thus Mr. Wesley lost his chief friend and patron; whose cause, because he considered it the cause of truth, he continued invariably to support and vindicate, though he was satisfied, from the complexion of the times, that this would be an insuperable bar to his promotion.

The following extracts of letters from the bishop during his exile will show in what light he was viewed by his patron, now no longer able to do him service. They were occasioned by that fine poem which Mr. Wesley wrote and printed in his collection, on the death of Mrs. Morice, his lordship's daughter.

"*April* 24, 1730.

"I have received a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for—your elegy upon the death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help, an impulse upon me to thank you under my own hand; to express the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good deed and good work. As a poet and as a man I thank you, I esteem you."

"*Paris, May* 27, 1730.

"I am obliged to Wesley for what he has written on my dear child; and take it the more kindly, because he could

not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him. Though if ever I am, I will; for he has shown an invariable regard for me all along, in all circumstances; and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations."

"*Paris, June* 30, 1730.

"The verses you sent me touched me very nearly; and the Latin in the front of them as much as the English that followed.*

"There are a great many good lines in them; and they are written with as much affection as poetry. They came from the heart of the author, and he has a share of mine in return; and if ever I come back to my country with honor, he shall find it."

This was no mean praise from so great a man, and so good a judge. The reflection made by the anonymous author of a Sketch of his Life, prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his poems, is worthy to be preserved here:—

"It may be thought, and perhaps truly enough, that his attachment to this great unfortunate prelate hindered him from rising higher in the world: but as it was what he always gloried in, so it is obvious to remark, that it would be for the credit of human nature if such examples were more frequent, and that great men did oftener find upon the vicissitudes of fortune such firmness and fidelity from those they had obliged."

Mrs. Morice, on whom this elegy was written, was so affected at her father's troubles and disgrace, that she sunk into a lingering disorder, from which she never recovered. As she found her end approaching, she earnestly desired to be taken to France, to have one interview with her father before she died. She had her desire, and survived the interview only a few hours! The sorrowful tale is thus pathetically related by Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope:—

"The earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me to Montpelier; where, after continuing two months

* ——Heu! nunc misero mihi demum
Exilium infelix! nunc alto vulnus adactum.

under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a journey to Tholouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not with great spirit and courage ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she had above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterward; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as on her part every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on 'the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever.' Not many minutes after that, she laid her head on her pillow in a sleeping posture—

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none but those which reason and religion furnish me; and those I hold on as fast as I can. I hope that He who laid the burden upon me, for wise and good purposes no doubt, will enable me to bear it."

Mrs. Morice died in 1729, and it was supposed that her dissolution hastened that of her persecuted father. All the preceding circumstances are admirably wrought up in the elegy mentioned above.

When all things are considered, we need not wonder at the severity of the following epigrams, with which Mr. Wesley assailed Sir Robert Walpole and his friends:—

When patriots sent a bishop 'cross the seas,
They met to fix the pains and penalties;
While true-blue blood-hounds on his death were bent,
Thy mercy, Walpole, voted banishment!
Or, forced thy sovereign's orders to perform,
Or proud to govern, as to raise the storm,

Thy goodness, shown in such a dangerous day,
He only who received it can repay:
Thou never justly recompensed canst be,
Till banish'd Francis do the same for thee.

Tho' some would give Sir Bob no quarter,
But long to hang him in his garter:
Yet sure he will deserve to have
Such mercy as in power he gave;
Send him abroad to take his ease,
By act of pains and penalties:
But if he e'er comes here again,
Law, take thy course, and hang him then.

Four shillings in the pound we see,
And well may rest contented,
Since war, *Bob* swore't should never be,
Is happily prevented.

But he, now absolute become,
May plunder *every penny*;
Then blame him not for taking *some*,
But thank for leaving *any*.

Let H——— his treasure now confess,
Display'd to every eye;
'Twas base in H——— to sell a peace,
But great in Bob to buy.

Which most promotes Great Britain's gain
To all mankind is clear;
One sends our treasure 'cross the main,
One brings the foreign here.

But if 'tis fit to give rewards
Or punishments to either,
Why, make them both together *lords*,
Or hang them both together.

At scribblers poor, who rail to eat,
Ye wags give over jeering;
Since gall'd by *Harry*, *Bob* the great
Has stoop'd to pamphleteering.

Would not one champion on his side
For love or money venture?
Must knighthood's mirror, spite of pride,
So mean a combat enter?

To take the field his weakness shows,
Though well he could maintain it;
Since H——— no honor has to lose,
Pray how can Robin gain it?

Worthy each other are the two:
Halloo, boys! fairly start ye;
Let those be hated worse than you
Whoever strive to part ye.

A steward once, the Scripture says,
When order'd his accounts to pass,
To gain his master's debtors o'er,
Cried, for a *hundred* write *fourscore*.
Near as he could, Sir Robert, bent
To follow gospel precedent,
When told a *hundred* late would do,
Cried, I beseech you, sir, take *two*.
In merit which should we prefer,
The *steward* or the *treasurer*?
Neither for justice cared a fig;
Too proud to beg, too old to dig;
Both bountiful themselves have shown,
In things that never were their own:
But here a difference we must grant,
One *robb'd the rich* to keep off want;
T' other, vast treasures to secure,
Stole from the *public* and the *poor*.

Among the family papers a Latin ode has been found, with its translation, both by Mr. Wesley, and on the same subject. As I believe these have never been published, I shall insert them also:—

EPITAPHIUM VIVI.

Juxta quiescit, credite Posteri!
Contemptor auri, propositi tenax
Risûsque, vir severus, æquè
Dedecoris, Decorisque risor.

Quem nec Popelli nec Procerum favor
Perstrinxit unquam, quem neque percutit
Famæve mendacis susurrus,
Vel fremitus minitantis aulæ.

Curâ solutus, Rege beatior;
Motus per omnes invariabilis;
Amicus Harlæi cadentis,
W——i dominantis hostis.

ANNAM parentem qui patriæ ratus,
Semperque eandem, semper amabilem;
Solvebit extinctæ *perennem*,
Parva, licet pia dona, laudem.

Non exulantis Præsulis immemor,
Qui lege latâ fugerat Angliam,
Utráque fortunâ probati
Patris amans, et amatus illi.

Quos sprevit omnes, tutus ab hostibus,
Hic dormit infra, nec cineri nocet,
Seu, Lector, irredere malis
Seu tetricam caperare frontem.

S. WESLEY.

TRANSLATION.

A man who slighted gold lies here;
True to his laughter and his aim;
Yet even in his mirth severe,
He laugh'd at glory and at shame.

Who counted vulgar favor light,
And smiles of lords; who held as sport
The whispers of defaming spite,
The thunder of a threatening court.

Stranger to care, than kings more blest,
Unmoved however parties go;
A friend to *Harley* in distress,
To *Walpole*, when in power, a foe.

Who ANNE (her country's parent) thought
Still lovely princess! *still the same;*
And praises to her ashes brought,
An humble offering to her fame.

Not mindless of the *prelate* great,
By statute sent across the main;
A father, tried in either state,
He loved, and was beloved again.

Safe from the foes he ne'er could fear,
Unhurt in dust he lays him down;
Whether you praise him with a sneer,
Or sourly blame him with a frown.

The fourth stanza relates to "Lines on the Death of Queen Anne," which will be found at the end of this memoir; and the fifth to Bishop Atterbury. Both copies are in Mr. Wesley's own hand-writing, and undoubtedly were of his own composing.

The bishop himself was not less severe on his persecutor than his friend Mr. S. Wesley was. Witness the following lines "On Sir Robert Walpole, by Bishop Atterbury:"—

Three Frenchmen grateful in their way,
Sir Robert's glory would display.
Studious by sister arts to advance
The honor of a friend to France;
They consecrate to Walpole's fame
Picture and verse, and anagram.
With mottos quaint the print they dress,
With snakes, with rocks, with goddesses.
Their lines beneath the subjects fit,
As well for quantity as wit.
Thy glory, Walpole, thus enroll'd,
E'en foes delighted may behold,
For ever sacred be to *thee*
Such sculpture, and such poetry!

"It is not a little to Mr. Wesley's honor that he was one of the projectors, and a careful and active promoter, of the first infirmary set up at Westminster, for the relief of the sick and needy, in the year 1719; and he had the satisfaction to see it greatly flourish from a very small beginning, and to propagate by its example, under the prudent management of other good persons, many pious establishments of the same kind in distant parts of the nation."—*Account of Mr. S. Wesley by a Friend.*

Among Mr. S. Wesley's letters I find one to his brother John, which contains some curious family matters; particularly respecting a project of the latter to draw the character of every branch of the family, the commencement of which he had submitted to his brother for his approbation. Whether this project was ever completed I cannot tell; or if so, whether the document exists; if it do, it is not in any place to which I have had access.

"*Dean's-yard, Nov.* 18, 1727.

"Dear Jack,—I am obliged to you for the beginning of the portrait of our family; how I may judge when I see the whole, though I may guess nearly within myself, I cannot positively affirm to you. There is, I think, not above one particular in all the character which you have drawn at length that needs further explanation; when you say you can bring ear-witnesses to attest, whether that

attestation relates only to—money sent—or to that bed. That bed too?—Jealousy naturally increases with age, of which I think one of the best uses we can make is, to guard against it betimes, before the habit grows strong.

"I hope your being in the country, as it is some inconvenience to you, so it will be a considerable help one way or other to friends at Wroote, else I shall be tempted to wish you at Oxford, as I heartily do my brother Charles, though it is too late to tell him so now, since he cannot possibly save this term unless he be there already.

"You send me no account of your negotiation with the dean for his absence; but I don't blame you, since you filled every corner of your own paper with much more important matters than anything his lordship can say or do, even though Charles's studentship were to depend upon it, as I hope it will not.

"I hope I shall send a letter with your receipt and certificate this evening; and with orders once more to inquire of Mr. Tooke whether he has asked you leave to be absent the greater part of the quarter, or the whole, as it may happen.

"My wife and I join in love and duty, and beg my father's and mother's blessing. I would to God they were as easy in one another, and as little uneasy in their fortunes, as we are! In that sense perhaps you may say, I am *Tydides melior patris;* though I believe there is scarce more work to be done at Wroote than here, though we have fewer debts to discharge. Next Christmas I hope to be as clear as I have hoped to be these seven years. Charles is, I think, in debt for a letter; but I don't desire he should imagine it discharged by setting his name in your letter, or interlining a word or two. I must conclude, because my paper is done, and company come in.

"I am your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. Wesley."

What all this letter relates to will be best seen by other parts of the general history.

Mr. Wesley being disappointed of the under mastership at Westminster, to which he had every kind of title, we need not wonder that Dean's-yard could no longer have attractions for him. His health in it had been greatly im-

paired by a conscientious and rigorous fulfillment of his duties, and by his close and intense study; he was therefore the more easily persuaded to accept a situation in the country.

About the year 1732 there happened to be a vacancy in the head mastership of the free school at Tiverton in Devonshire. Without any solicitation on his part, he was invited thither. He accepted it, and held the situation till his death.

This school was founded by Mr. Peter Blundell, a clothier of that town, in 1619, who handsomely endowed it for a master and usher; and gave two fellowships and two scholarships to Sidney College, Cambridge, and one fellowship and two scholarships to Baliol College, Oxford, for scholars here educated. The founder of this institution Mr. Wesley has commemorated in the following lines:—

ON MR. PETER BLUNDELL,

FOUNDER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN TIVERTON, DEVON.

—— Famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Exempt from sordid and ambitious views,
Blest with the art to gain, and heart to use,
Not satisfied with life's poor span alone,
Blundell through ages sends his blessings down.
Since worth to raise, and learning to support,
A patriarch's lifetime had appear'd too short;
While letters gain esteem in wisdom's eyes,
Till justice is extinct, and mercy dies,
His alms perpetual, not by time confined,
Last with the world, and end but with mankind.

Mr. S. Wesley having correct information (much of it gained on the spot in a hasty visit to the university) of the extraordinary labors of his brothers, John and Charles, with their once fervent coadjutor, Mr. Morgan, in visiting the prisoners, relieving the sick, instructing the ignorant, and rendering themselves patterns of a strictly holy life and uncommon self-denial, wrote a poetic epistle to his brother Charles, then at Christ's Church, Oxford, encouraging them to go on, and endeavoring to guard them against such excess of labor as might be injurious to health and life. This epistle, which appears to have been written

April 20, 1732, deserves, for its piety, and the strong fraternal affection manifested in it, to be recorded here, and particularly as it has not yet been given entire in any of the publications I have seen :—

Though neither are o'erstock'd with precious time—
If I can write it, you can read my rhyme :
And find an hour to answer, I suppose,
In verse harmonious, or in humble prose,
What I, when late at Oxford, could not say,
My friends so numerous, and so short my stay.
Let useless questions first aside be thrown,
Which all men may reply to, or that none :
As whether doctors doubt the D—— will die,
Or F—— still retains his courtesy ?
Or I——n dies daily in conceit,—
Dies without death, and walks without his feet ;
What time the library completes its shell ?
What hand revives the discipline of Fell ?
What house for learning shall rewards prepare,
Which orators and poets justly share,
And see a second Atterbury there ?
Say, does your Christian purpose still proceed
To assist, in every shape, the wretch's need ?
To free the prisoner from his anxious jail,
When friends forsake him, and relations fail ?
Or yet, with nobler charity conspire
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire ?
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
Without preciseness, singularly good ?
Safe march they on, 'twixt dangerous extremes
Of mad profaneness, and enthusiasts' dreams ?
Constant in prayer, while God approves their pains,
His Spirit cheers them, and his blood sustains !
Unmoved by pride or anger, can they fear
The foolish laughter, or the envious fleer ?
No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care,
The devil always dreads offensive war.
Where heavenly zeal the sons of night pursues,
Likely to gain, and certain not to lose ;
The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,
And pours the light in, they so greatly fear.
But hold ! perhaps this dry religious toil
May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil !
Perhaps facetious foes to meddling fools
Shine in the class, and sparkle in the schools
Your arts excel, your eloquence outgo ;
And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow !
Have brightest turns and deepest learning shown,
And proved your wit mistaken by their own ?

If not, the wights should moderately rail,
Whose total merit, summ'd from fair detail,
Is, sauntering, sleep, and smoke, and wine, and ale!
How contraries may meet without design!
And pretty gentlemen and bigots join!
A pert young rake observes, with haughty airs,
That "none can know the world who say their prayers;"
And Rome, in middle ages, used to grant,
The most devout were still most ignorant.
So when old bloody Noll our ruin wrought,
Was ignorance the best devotion thought.
His crop-hair'd saints all marks of sense deface,
And preach that learning is a foe to grace:
English was spoke in schools, and Latin ceased;
They quite reform'd the language of the beast.
One or two questions more, before I end,
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John beyond his strength presume to go,
To his frail carcass literally a foe?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time to insure eternity?
Does Morgan weakly think his time misspent?
Of his best actions can he now repent?
Others, their sins with reason just deplore,
The guilt remaining, when the pleasure's o'er:
Shall he for virtue first himself upbraid,
Since the foundation of the world was laid?
Shall he (what most men to their sins deny)
Show pain for alms, remorse for piety?
Can he the sacred eucharist decline?
What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?
Or does his sad disease possess him whole,
And taint alike the body and the soul?
If to renounce his graces he decree,
O that he could transfer the stroke to me!
Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do
For Him that made him, and redeem'd him too?
Zeal may to man, beyond desert, be show'd;
No supererogation stands with God.
Does earth grow fairer to his parting eye?
Is heaven less lovely, as it seems more nigh?
O wondrous preparation this—to die!

The unhappy case of Mr. Morgan, who, naturally weak, fell into a state of morbid melancholy, has been mentioned by most of Mr. John Wesley's biographers. The whole case, in original letters that passed between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Morgan's father, lies before me; but this is not the place to introduce it. Through his natural weakness he ran into many extravagances, which his friend and tutor,

Mr. John Wesley, did everything in his power to guard him against; but all in vain. He fell, as might have been expected, an early victim, not to enthusiasm, but to morbid melancholy.

As to the conduct of his brothers, in visiting the sick, &c., Mr. S. Wesley approved of it most highly, and would have done so invariably had not his mind become warped on some doctrinal and other points afterward.

Two or three extracts from letters which passed between Samuel and his brother John about this time embrace some excellent sentiments:—

"*September* 19, 1730.

"Dear Brother,—Your question concerning the eternity of hell torments may do me good in considering it, if not you in my answering; and therefore I would not have you be sparing on such occasions, provided you always remember how much it has lain out of my way to study.

"1. I own I think the *similis ratio* seems not strong enough to bear the weight of infinite punishment; yet, though the argument from thence be metaphysical, I know not how to answer it. If offenses rise in guilt in proportion to the dignity of the person offended, shall we only deny it when against God? Or, because he is infinite, must there be no proportion, which there undeniably is, in all other cases?

"2. Necessity of nature I think much stronger, and, indeed, sufficient to make the scale even, at least, if not to cast it. Every fault is not only in some sort, but in fact, infinite, that is, in duration; for guilt is indelible without atonement, as men have formerly universally acknowledged, which appears by their expiatory sacrifices.

"There is no regard, even in human punishments, to the continuance of suffering, or at least no proportion ever aimed at between the duration of the crime and of the punishment. A thief at fifty shall have ten years of life cut off for a felony done in a quarter of an hour, and a thief at twenty shall lose twenty or thirty years for a less theft. I own Draco's excuse comes in here: that the least deserved death, and he had no further punishment for the greatest crime; yet still this shows there is a difference allowed between the two, merely because their punish-

ments would be of a different length, which is of no concern to the lawgiver, though of very great to the offender.

"But there is one consideration which I think of great weight. Supposing it unjust to punish a short life of sin with eternal torments, it does not follow that eternal punishments are unjust in another world, because this short life is not the only ground of that punishment, since there is repetition of sin to all eternity, which must necessarily occasion repetition of sufferings. There is no preventing grace to hinder it beforehand, and no propitiation to atone for it afterward.

"3. I own, I think immortality of both kinds was brought to light by the gospel, and therefore that natural reason is no further concerned than to clear it from contradiction. The worm we may find out even by that reason; though revelation shows us the fire which is not quenched. Indeed, it is very remarkable in Virgil, that he puts an end to the joys of Elysium, but not to the torments of Tartarus. To those who do or may embrace the gospel, choice seems to be clear; and as for others, we have a general rule. Only we may argue, that as in heaven there are many mansions, so there are in hell likewise: and he who knew not his Lord's will shall be beaten with few (that is, comparatively few) stripes.

"I am your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

FROM THE SAME.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I think you are now in that state, wherein he who is not for you is against you. The interrupting your meeting is, doubtless, in order to letting it alone for good; and although I do not know how often you met together, yet I would rather straiten than slacken the string now, if it might be without breaking. I cannot say I thought you always in everything right; but I must now say, rather than you and Charles should give over your whole course, especially what relates to the castle, I would choose to follow either of you, nay, both of you, to your graves. I cannot advise you better than in the words I proposed for a motto to a pamphlet, Στῆθ ἑδραῖος ὡς ἀκμων τυπτόμενος, καλοῦ γαρ ἀθλητοῦ δέρεθαι καὶ νικᾶν, "Stand

thou steadfast as a beaten anvil; for it is the part of a good champion to be flayed alive, and to conquer."

FROM THE SAME.

"Dear Brother,—Your last letter affected me much. I find by the very way of pronouncing, that you are not yet in a consumption, though there is apprehension and danger of your being so. Your life is of benefit and consequence to the world; and I would therefore willingly, for the sake of others, draw your days out to their utmost date. For yourself, indeed, the matter is not much, if you go well, whensoever called; as I don't question but you will. As to any faults I have to tell you of, I think you know already all I say and all I think too upon that subject. The main is what I have often reapeated—Your soul is too great for your body; your watching and intention of thought for a long time; your speaking often and long when wearied: in short, your spirit, though in a better sense than Dryden meant it, 'o'erinforms its tenement of clay.'"

In the year 1733, having solicited his brother John to stand godfather for one of Mrs. Wright's children, and receiving a refusal, on the ground that it would be impossible for him to discharge the duties imposed on him in accepting that office, &c., he wrote again, pressing the subject. From this letter I shall make the following extract, as it is highly characteristic of the man, and his summary mode of reasoning:—

"——— Your reasons for not standing for Hetty's child are good; and yet were they as good again, there is one against them that would make them good for nothing, namely, the child will hardly be christened at all, unless you and I stand. *E malis minimum.* The charge need not fright, for I'll lay down. Tell me as soon as you can your answer to this paragraph. Some in Johnson's hold the matter to be indifferent, and so excuse themselves. I'll find a representative for you, as well as pence, if you do but give me my commission. Write soon.

"I am, dear J., your affectionate, &c.

"S. Wesley.

"*June* 21, 1733."

As the affairs of Georgia are in a certain way connected with all the branches of the Wesley family, it will be necessary here to give some account of that settlement.

Georgia is the most southern of the United States of America; bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Floridas, on the west by the Mississippi, and on the north-east and north by South Carolina and Tennessee. The settlement of a colony there was first proposed in 1732, for the accommodation of poor people in Great Britain and Ireland, by several very humane and opulent men; and King George II. granted them letters patent, June 9, 1732, for legally carrying into execution their benevolent design; and the place was called Georgia in honor of the British king. In November, 1732, one hundred and sixteen settlers embarked for that colony, under the superintendence of Mr. James Oglethorpe, who chose Savannah for the place of settlement, where he built a fort, &c. Three years afterward, Mr. Oglethorpe having returned to England, re-embarked with five hundred and seventy adventurers, among whom were one hundred and thirty Highlanders, and one hundred and seventy Germans.

As a singular curiosity, I insert a list of the whole ship's crew and passengers, with their respective ages, written by Mr. Wesley, by which we may see who were his first companions, and the objects of his ministerial labors. With this list I should gladly insert General Oglethorpe's original drawings and plans of his infant settlement in Georgia, but the engravings would make the work too expensive.*

* List of the ship's crew and passengers that sailed with Messrs. John and Charles Wesley from Gravesend, for Georgia, Oct. 14, 1735, on board the ship Symmonds, James Oglethorpe, Esq., governor.

— Cornish, Captain.
Mr. Bailleul, First Mate.
Mr. Craig, Second Mate.

Mr. Oglethorpe.
Mr. Johnson.
Mr. Pury.
Mrs. Mackay.
1. Mr. Dempsey.
Louis De.
3. Francis Brooks, 18.
Alexander Grimaldi, 19.
James Billinghurst, 14.
John Hughes, 14.
4. Daniel Arthur, 17.
John Brownfield, 21.
5. David Tannerberger, 39.
John, his son, 9.
George Neifer, 20.
Augustin Neifer, 18.
6. David Seisburger, 39.
Rosina, his wife, 39.
7. Judith Telchigen, 29.
Catharine Raisdelin, 30.
Uliana Jeskin, 19.
David Nickman, 39.
Adolph Vonshermsdorf, 29.
Anne Waschin, 50.

As there was an intimacy between Mr. Oglethorpe and the Wesley family, he proposed to Mr. John Wesley to accompany him as chaplain to the colony, and missionary to the Indians; and he took Mr. Charles Wesley as his secretary. It was in company with part of the above adventurers that the two brothers, with Mr. Oglethorpe, embarked on board the Symmonds at Gravesend, Oct. 14,

9. Rosina Haverichden, 46.
Richina Demoulin, 31.
10. John Andreas Dover, 27.
Anna Catharina, his wife.
11. William Allen, 32.
Eliz., his wife, 32.
Frances, daughter of J. Hird, 13.
12. Richard White, 39.
William Waston, 20.
13. Samuel Davidson, 35.
Susannah, his wife, 25.
Susannah, his daughter, 7 months.
Benjamin Goldwire, 14.
14. William Heddon, 29.
John Robinson, 20.
15. Thomas Hird, 42.
Grace, his wife, 39.
Phebe, his daughter, 17.
16. Mark, his son, 21.
John, ditto, 12.
Mr. John Wesley.
Mr. Charles Wesley.
Mr. Ingham.
Mr. Delamotte.
Martha Delgrace, 33.
Lewis, 8.
Solomon, 2.
Sarah Harness, her maid, 20.
William Taverner, 16.
Eliz. Wheeler, Mr. Horton's, 26.
Catharine, Mr. Hawkins's.
Anne Harris, Mr. Oglethorpe's.
Mary, ditto.
17. Thomas Proctor, 42.
Eliza, his wife, 32.
James, his son.
18. William, his son, 7½.
James, his son, 3.
Susannah, his daughter, 5.
19. Martha Tackner, 40.
Eliz. Hazle, her daughter, 18.
John, her son, 12.
20. Ambrose Tackner, 30.
Charles Carter, servant to the trust, 14.
21. John Welch, 30.
Ann, his wife, 26.
James, his son, 5.
John, his son, 3.
22. Robert Patterson, 31.
Mary Patterson, 27.
23. Samuel Parkins, 33.
Catharine Parkins, 26.
24. John Walker, his son, 19.
John Cooling, Dr. Triffiers, 17.
Thomas Proctor's son, 16.
25. Jacob Frank, 31.
Matthew Spainish, 31.
John Bainer, 23.
26. Matthew Seidbolt, 28.
Martin Maack, 23.
27. Gatlieb Demght, 19.
Jos. Fred Tusher, 27.
Michael Meyer, 24.
Michael Fulmer, 65.
David Yaach, 25.
29. William Pennis, 21.
Thomas Burk, 33.
Claudius Vandorsten, 33.
Edmund Sexton, 21.
William Cooper, 19.
George Sunderland, 15.
30. Benjamin Ward, 28.
Margaret Ward, 21.
31. Mr. William Horton.
Mr. Joseph Tanner.
32. *Officers' Cabin.*
33. Francis Moore.
Mary Moore.
34. Thomas Hawkins.
Beata Hawkins.
35. Richard Lawley.
Anne Lawley.

IN THE MIDSHIP CABIN.

On the Larboard above.

Samuel Hodgkinson, 34.
William Moore, 39.
William Davy, 28.

Below.

John Moncrieff, Mr. Johnson's.
John Smith, Hodgkinson's, 21.

On the Starboard above.

William Chance, 10.
Jo. Cawtry, 10.
Jo. Cosins, 11.
Geo. Frazier, Mrs. Mackay's, 22.

1735, and sailed for Georgia. See Mr. John Wesley's Journal for the full account.*

In a work entitled, "A Narrative of the Colony of Georgia," printed at Charleston, South Carolina, 1741, 12mo., p. 176, the following lines are inserted, from a poem, entitled, "Georgia," and verses upon Mr. Oglethorpe's second voyage to Georgia, published by Rev. Samuel Wesley, in 1736. As I have not met with them elsewhere, I shall here present them to the reader.

Walter Foley, Mr. Hawkins's, 29. *Below.*
John Smalley, F. Brooks's, 29.
Thurston Haskar, J. Brownfield's, 23.
William Barbo, 14.
James Cole, Jo. Robinson's, 14.
Thos. Clyatt, T. Hird's, 19.
William Forster, William Heddon's.

In all one hundred and twenty-four men, women, and children; of whom twenty six were Moravians.

So accustomed was Mr. Wesley to do everything according to rule, and to let no circumstance pass unnoticed which he might press into his project of being useful to all, that he took the preceding list, with all circumstances, that he might be the better able to direct his pious endeavors to promote the spiritual good of this naval congregation.

Several of the descendants of those persons may still be in existence, to whom this list cannot be unacceptable. Not a few of the above are referred to by name in Mr. Wesley's Journals and Life.

* Though Mr. Wesley has entered largely into the subject of his Georgian mission, there are points of deep and curious interest, highly creditable to himself, which he has omitted. The writer of this note had the good fortune to meet with the MS. Journal of Mr. Ingham, a few years ago, which has never yet appeared before the world, and in which a number of circumstances are detailed, illustrative of the character of the voyage, and of the mission. It appears, on a perusal of this document—a copy of which Dr. Clarke was anxious to possess, and which he was partly promised a little before his death,—

1. That Mr. Ingham, the companion of Mr. Wesley, kept a daily and distinct account of the voyage, the mission, &c.

2. That the two journalists were not aware of the nature and extent of each other's entries.

3. That the whole of Mr. Wesley's statements have been penned with a rigid adherence to truth.

Mr. Ingham was in some instances exposed to the same censures as Mr. Wesley, arising from the native opposition of the human heart to truth, which, in fact, gave rise to many of the remarks of the latter being opposed by designing men: but without even attempting to do it, or knowing the thing itself was necessary, he confirms all Mr. Wesley's printed statements, and wipes away all the aspersions of his Georgian slanderers.

4. That John is the hero of his tale; for though there are warm expressions of friendship toward Charles, yet he seems to move like one of the subordinate characters of a drama.

The first entry in the MS. is Oct. 10, 1735, four days before embarkation. Some of the preparatory steps are detailed with great minuteness. Mr. Hall, Mr. Wesley's brother-in-law, was to have gone out to Georgia with them, together with his wife; but when just on the point of sailing, he wheeled off, and they saw him no more.—EDITOR.

See, where beyond the spacious ocean lies
A wide waste land, beneath the southern skies;
Where kindly suns for ages roll'd in vain,
Nor e'er the vintage saw, or ripening grain;
Where all things into wild luxuriance ran,
And burden'd nature ask'd the aid of man:
In this sweet climate and prolific soil
He bids the eager swain indulge his toil;
In free possession to the planter's hand
Consigns the rich, uncultivated land.
Go you, the monarch cries, go settle there,
Whom Britain from her plenitude can spare:
Go, your old wonted industry pursue,
Nor envy Spain the treasures of Peru.

But not content in council here to join,
A further labor, Oglethorpe, is thine;
In each great deed thou claim'st the foremost part,
And toil and danger charm thy generous heart:
But chief for this thy warm affections rise;
For, O! thou view'st it with a parent's eyes:
For this thou tempt'st the vast tremendous main,
And floods and storms oppose their threats in vain.

He comes, whose life, while absent from your view,
Was one continued ministry for you;
For you were laid out all his pains and art,
Won every will, and soften'd every heart.
With what paternal joy shall he relate
How views its mother isle your little state!
Think, while he strove your distant coast to gain,
How oft he sigh'd, and chid the tedious main!
Impatient to survey, by culture graced,
Your dreary woodland and your rugged waste.
Fair were the scenes he feign'd, the prospects fair;
And sure, ye Georgians, all he feign'd was there.
A thousand pleasures crowd into his breast;
But one, one mighty thought absorbs the rest,
And gives me heaven to see, the patriot cries,
Another BRITAIN in the desert rise.

Again:—

With nobler products see thy Georgia teems,
Cheer'd with the genial sun's directer beams;
There the wild vine to culture learns to yield,
And purple clusters ripen through the field.
Now bid thy merchants bring their wine no more,
Or from the Iberian or the Tuscan shore:
No more they need the Hungarian vineyards drain,
And France herself may drink her best champaigne.
Behold! at last, and in a subject-land,
Nectar sufficient for thy large demand;

Delicious nectar, powerful to improve
Our hospitable mirth and social love:
This for thy jovial sons. Nor less the care
Of thy young province, to oblige the FAIR;
Here tend the silkworm, in the verdant shade,
The frugal matron, and the blooming maid.

General Oglethorpe, whose name has frequently occurred in connection with that of Mr. Wesley, is said to have been a brave officer. When he was a young man he entered into the Austrian service, and was dining one day in company with a number of his brother officers, among whom was a French prince of the blood. The Frenchman, who sat opposite to Oglethorpe at table, looked with an air of contempt upon the British youth; and taking up his glass, drank his health, throwing at the same time, with a dash of his finger, some drops of wine in his face. Oglethorpe coolly replied, "That is a fine joke, prince; but we play it off better in my country," and instantly threw his glass of wine in the face of his insulter in return. The Gallic prince immediately arose, and began to prepare for deeds of honor, when the company insisted upon his sitting down, as having offered the first insult.

While John and Charles were in Georgia, Mr. Samuel Wesley kept up with them an affectionate and instructive correspondence.

To Charles, who began to feel himself out of his place by being in Frederica, where he had some most grievous crosses to bear, of which he bitterly complained to his brother, as well as of that want of regeneration of which he was now fully convinced, he wrote the following letter:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, Sept.* 21, 1736.

"DEAR CHARLES,—To make full amends for my not hearing from you at first, I have received four letters from you within this month, of each of which according to their dates. To that of April 8, Frederica, eight at night, I answer thus:—I own the will of God in your being in America, that is, the order of his providence: but I do not see that it was the will of God in another sense, as it is the rule of your action. Before I confess that, I must have a text either plainly or probably applied. You seem to be under severe trials; and I might, with full as much

justice, quote, 'Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God,' as ever you could do, 'He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' It was God's will, too, that I should come hither;—how else am I here? For who hath resisted his will in that sense? I am in a desert, as well as you, having no conversable creature but my wife, till my mother came last week; at which that I am no more grieved, is perhaps my fault. Your fearing a cure of souls is no argument against your fitness for it, but the contrary. What 'indelible character' means, I do not thoroughly understand: but I plainly know what is said of him 'who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back.' Your wishing yourself out of the reach of temptation is but wishing yourself in heaven.

"That you had lived eighteen years without God, I either do not understand, or I absolutely deny. My wife loses none of your love, if repaying it in kind be putting it to the right use.

"To yours of April 28.—'You repent not of obedience to divine providence.' I hope not; and I hope I never persuaded you to disobedience. I am sure coming back to England will not be looking back from the plough, while you can exercise your ministry here. Jack's passions, if I know anything of him, never were of the same kind as yours. I advised him to go—not you; nor will ever consent to your staying.

"Never spare unburdening yourself to me: why you should have waited even years for that purpose—Jack can tell.

"That 'sister Emily ever retracted her consent,' she utterly denies, for she says she never gave it. By that I see I did no more than was absolutely necessary, when I used the strongest terms to express my meaning; lest I might have been brought in for being passive at least; though I never would, should, or could have consented.

"I own I cannot rejoice in your affliction any more than in my own: it is not for the present joyous, but grievous. God grant a happy end and meeting! I use a holyday, St. Matthew's day, to converse with you. Why may not the same man be both publican and apostle?

"However, if you can get hither, you may keep your apostleship, though not your receipt of customs.

"To yours of May 5.—I heartily wish you joy of the danger being over. I would send what you write for; but your next letter gives me hopes of your being here, before the cargo could come to you. Allix I had sent for to London, before your letters reached me. Lawrence I do not altogether approve of, but begin to doubt; though that should be no reason against my sending it. What the books are, p. 100, I comprehend not: but I suppose they are recommended in some p. 100 I have not seen; perhaps in a journal that was to come to me by a safe hand, but has never arrived at all. I wish you joy of *amor sceleratus habendi*. I can say little of Phil, but that she wants you. Br. Hall's is a black story.* There was no great likelihood of his being a favorite with me: his tongue is too smooth for my roughness, and rather inclines me to suspect than believe. Indeed, I little suspected the horrid truth: but finding him on the reserve, I thought he was something like Rivington, and feared me as a jester, which is a sure sign either of guilt on the one hand, or pride on the other. It is certainly true of that marriage; it will not and it cannot come to good. He is now at a curacy in Wiltshire, near Marlbro'. I have no correspondence with Kez: I did design it after reading yours; but the hearing she is gone to live with Patty and her husband made me drop my design.

"Yours from Savannah, May 15, is your last and best letter, because it brings news that you design to come back as soon as you can. The sooner the better, say I; for I know Mr. O. will not leave the place till he thinks it for the public good so to do.

"September 28. So long have I been forced to stay for time to transcribe, (most wretched work,) and to go on, which is pleasant enough. I have had a sort of a ship-journal of Jack's, ending at his being upon the coast; but have had nothing of that kind since his landing. Glad shall I be of a full and authentic account, which I begin to perceive I shall hardly have till I see you.

"If Jack will continue Kezzy's allowance, should she come hither, she might pay me for her board, which I

* In the manuscript journal of Mr. Ingham, there is a minute of disapprobation, which goes to support the prejudices of Mr. Samuel Wesley against Hall.—EDITOR.

cannot afford to give her, be a great comfort to her mother, and avoid the hazard of strong temptations either to discontent on the one hand, or what is much worse on the other. If this comes to your hand before you sail for England, I wish you would bring Jack's resolution upon that point: but except he will engage to continue the stipend, I must not take her in; for I can do no more than I can do. Supposing that he intends to spend his life in India, which seems most probable, why or wherefore should he refuse the fifty pounds? If he is not poor, does he know none that is? There appears much more danger of pride in refusing it, than there can be of avarice in accepting so small a sum.

"Michaelmas-day. This third time I am come to go on with my writing, but must be somewhat shorter than my paper would admit, because of going to church. My mother sends her love and blessing to you and Jack; and bids me to tell you she hopes to see you again in England, without any danger of a second separation.

"My wife and I join in love; and Phil, according to her years, in duty. I heartily pray God to prosper you in public and private where you are; and to give you a safe voyage back, and a long and happy abode here!

"I am, dear Charles, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"*Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, Sept.* 29, 1736.

"My hearty love and service to Mrs. O—" [Oglethorpe.]

Mr. Charles Wesley, according to the purpose referred to in the preceding letter, sailed from Boston, October 25, 1736, and landed at Deal on the 31st of December following. His brother John continued about a year longer; he arrived in England, January 30, 1738. Being both fervent in spirit, they on their return powerfully proclaimed repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and strongly insisted on the necessity of being born again, and of having the witness of God's Spirit with theirs, that they were thus born of God. At first, all the churches of London were open to them; and the people flocked together to see and hear two weather-beaten missionaries, whose skin appeared as if tanned by their continual exposure to the

suns and winds of summer and winter on the continent of America. God attended their preaching with the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Multitudes were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and many obtained that faith in Christ by which the guilt of sin was removed, and the fear of death taken away, and had the Spirit of God witnessing with theirs that they were the sons and daughters of God Almighty. The crowds that attended the churches where they preached were so great that the clergy thought it proper to refuse them any further use of their pulpits; and hence, being turned out of these, they went to the highways and hedges to compel sinners to come to the marriage feast. For, as they had sufficiently learned that nothing but the gospel could be the power of God unto salvation to them that believe, they boldly and zealously proclaimed Christ crucified wherever they found a crowd of sinners; using extempore prayer, and preaching without notes. This seemed a new thing in the earth; and while multitudes were awakened and turned to God, several who did not think that such extraordinary exertions were necessary, ridiculed their zeal; and others, who imagined God could not give his approbation to any kind of spiritual service that was not performed within the walls of a church, became greatly offended; and it is a fact that not a few opposed and blasphemed.

Their eldest brother, Mr. Samuel Wesley, who was a very high Churchman, considered their conduct as little less than a profanation of the Christian ministry; and as both the doctrines they preached, and their mode of acting, were grossly misrepresented to him, he conceived a violent prejudice against their proceedings, and went too far with their detractors in condemning them unheard.

Mr. Samuel Wesley, though a man of sound judgment and prudence, was too apt to conceive prejudice against anything that appeared contrary to his notions of the orthodox faith, and any Churchman who in the slightest degree varied from established ecclesiastical order. On these grounds the conduct of his brothers was beheld by him with a jealous eye; and his mind at last became evil affected toward them by the ridiculous tales that some of his correspondents had been industrious to glean up; and

especially by those of a Mrs. Hutton, at whose house Mr. Charles Wesley, and afterward Mr. John, lodged after their return from Georgia.

By this lady's information, who was both weak and unawakened, having no knowledge whatever of experimental religion, he was led to consider his brothers full as erroneous in their doctrines as they were singular and irregular in their ministerial conduct; and in short, on her authority, to set down his brother John as a lunatic or madman!

Many letters passed between these two brothers in consequence of the letters of Mrs. Hutton; and as a good part of this correspondence has been published by the late Dr. Priestley, who by some means, not well accounted for, got possession of these family documents, on some parts of which, in his Address to the Methodists, he has made very exceptionable comments, I judge it necessary to lay the whole before the reader, supplying the deficiencies in Dr. Priestley's publication from documents in my own possession.

The points to which Mr. Samuel Wesley chiefly objected were, the powerful effects produced under his brother's preaching,—the sudden convictions and instantaneous conversions, together with the professions of those who were thus converted, that they knew they were pardoned, having a clear evidence from the Holy Spirit in their own minds that they were passed from death to life. This experience he held to be utterly impossible; and all who professed to have it passed with him as hypocrites, enthusiasts, fanatics, shallow pates, and madmen. Even his own brothers fell under this general censure. Added to this, Mr. Samuel found it difficult to believe that a regular performance of moral duties, attending the ministry of the Church, and duly receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper, were not the conditions of our acceptance with God. On some of these points he certainly had not a distinct and clear view of some of the most important doctrines of his own Church. At the time of the controversy with his brother John, he most assuredly had not a Scriptural notion of the depth and extent of original corruption, of the necessity of the atonement, of justification by faith, nor of the influences of the Holy Spirit as exerted to convince the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and to enlighten, quicken, sanctify, and seal the souls of believers.

All this is so evident from his letters, that there is no room left for the necessity of conjecture or surmise.

He did not like the singularity of his brothers' conduct when in Oxford, before they went to America, though he had formerly greatly applauded their zeal; and still less their doctrines, and mode of proceeding, after their return. On all these subjects he expresses his mind in the following controversy with little ceremony; and often with a magisterial severity that savored too much of intolerant principles, of the character of the schoolmaster, and the austerity of the elder brother. But we should make some allowance for the high notions of Church authority and prerogative in which he was educated. Besides, he was eleven years older than the eldest of his two brothers concerned in this correspondence, and he did not like to be taught the first principles of religion by his juniors.

Mrs. Hutton's first letter is the following:—

"*June* 6, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised to see a letter from me; but Mr. Hutton and I are really under a very great concern, and know not whom to apply to if you cannot help us. After you left London, and your brothers had lost the conveniency of your house, believing them good and pious Christians, we invited them to make the same use of ours, and thought such an offer would not be unacceptable to God or to them, which they received with signs of friendship, and took up with such accommodations as our house could afford, from time to time, as they had occasion. Mr. Charles, on his arrival in England, was received and treated with such tenderness and love as he could have been in your house; Mr. John the same; and as occasion has offered, at different times, ten or twelve of their friends. But your brother John seems to be turned a wild enthusiast, or fanatic; and to our very great affliction is drawing our two children into these wild notions, by their great opinion of Mr. John's sanctity and judgment. It would be a great charity to many other honest, well-meaning, simple souls, as well as to my children, if you could either confine or convert Mr. John when he is with you; for, after his behavior on Sunday, the 28th of May, when you hear it, you will think him not a quite right man.

"Without ever acquainting Mr. Hutton with any of his notions or designs, when Mr. Hutton had ended a sermon of Bishop Blackhall's, which he had been reading in his study to a great number of people, Mr. John got up and told the people that five days before he was not a Christian, and this he was as well assured of as that five days before he was not in that room; and the way for them all to be Christians was to believe and own that they were not now Christians. Mr. Hutton was much surprised at this unexpected, injudicious speech; but only said, 'Have a care, Mr. Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments.' I, not being in the study when this speech was made, had heard nothing of it when he came into the parlor to supper; where were my two children, two or three other of his deluded followers, two or three ladies who boarded with me, my niece, and two or three gentlemen of Mr. John's acquaintance, though not got into his new notions. He made the same wild speech again; to which I made answer, 'If you was not a Christian ever since I knew you, you was a great hypocrite; for you made us all believe you was one.' He said, 'When we had renounced everything but faith, and then got into Christ, then, and not till then, had we any reason to believe we were Christians; and when we had so got Christ, we might keep him, and so be kept from sin.'

"Mr. Hutton said, 'If faith only was necessary to save us, why did our Lord give us that divine sermon?' Mr. John said, 'That was the letter that killeth.' 'Hold,' says Mr. Hutton, 'you seem not to know what you say: are our Lord's words the letter that killeth?' Mr. John said, 'If we had no faith.' Mr. Hutton replied, 'I did not ask you how we should receive it, but why our Lord gave it; as also the account of the judgment in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, if works are not what he expects, but faith only?'

"Now it is a most melancholy thing to have not only our two children, but many others, to disregard all teaching, but by such a spirit as comes to some in dreams, to others in such visions as will surprise you to hear of. If there cannot be some stop put to this, and unless he can be taught true humility, the mischief he will do wherever he goes among the ignorant but well-meaning Christians will be very great.

"Mr. Charles went from my son's, where he lay ill for some time; and would not come to our house, where I offered him the choice of two of my best rooms; but he would accept of neither, but chose to go to a poor brazier's in Little Britain, that that brazier might help him forward in his conversion, which was completed on May 22, as his brother John was praying. Mr. John was converted, or I know not what, or how, but made a Christian, May 25. A woman had besides a previous dream: a ball of fire fell upon her and burst, and fired her soul. Another young man, when he was in St. Dunstan's Church, just as he was going to receive the sacrament, had God the Father come to him, but did not stay with him: but God the Son did stay, who came with him holding his cross in his hands.

"I cannot understand the use of these relations: but if you doubt the truth, or your brother denies them, I can produce undeniable proofs of the relations of such facts from the persons who related the facts, that they had received such appearances.

"Mr. John has abridged the Life of one Haliburton, a Presbyterian teacher in Scotland. My son had designed to print it, to show the experiences of that holy man, of indwelling, &c. Mr. Hutton and I have forbid our son being concerned in handing such books into the world; but if your brother John or Charles think it will tend to promote God's glory, they will soon convince my son God's glory is to be preferred to his parents' commands. Then you will see what I never expected, my son promoting rank fanaticism.

"If you can, dear sir, put a stop to such madness, which will be a work worthy of you, a singular charity, and very much oblige your sincere and affectionate servant,

"E. Hutton.

"*To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, Tiverton, Devon.*"

Such were the reports and reporters on which Mr. S. Wesley founded some of his most solemn objections to the doctrines and conduct of his brothers! Prejudice and bigotry alone could have recourse to such evidence in a case like this.

Mrs. Hutton most evidently knew little of the way of salvation. She had heard some idle tales which she re-

ceived as truth; and she had heard true accounts, which, through her total ignorance of the work of God in the soul of man, she continually misrepresents.

Were it not for her ignorance, the serious reader must consider her as designedly sitting in the seat of the scorner, or willfully uttering blasphemies.

To write a critique on her letter would be useless: it shows itself what it is. Mr. John Wesley, it appears, told them that "they must repent of their sins, and come to Christ crucified, not to their miserable works and obedience, for the remission of sins; and that redemption in his blood was to be received by faith; and that a conformity, in their way, to our Lord's sermon on the mount, could not atone for sin that was past, or reconcile them to the offended justice of a holy God."

This, though the doctrine of their Church, was to them a strange doctrine; for it seems it was not there duly inculcated. Of experimental religion they knew nothing; did not understand its language; and, as far as they could, turned it into ridicule.

Under the ministry of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, their children were convinced that they were sinners, and were flying to lay hold on the hope set before them in the gospel; and this the poor parents thought to be fanaticism and madness!

The truly rational, Scriptural, and deeply impressive experience of Mr. Haliburton was, with Mrs. Hutton, rank fanaticism;* and she was overwhelmed with distress because her children were likely to be made partakers of the same grace!

This one circumstance is sufficient to show in what state

* If testimonies in favor of the Life of Haliburton were necessary, in addition to those of Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke, they could easily be multiplied. Sir Richard Ellys, eminent for his knowledge of the classics—a correspondent of the first scholars of his age, both at home and abroad—the author of several learned works—a man to whom Horsley dedicated his "Britannia Romana"—to whom Boston dedicated his "Tractatus Stigmatologicus"—to whom Wetstein's edition of Suicer was dedicated—and to whom Sloss looked for patronage on the publication of his "Discourses on the Trinity;" yes, this eminent man preferred, with the exception of the Bible, the Life of Haliburton to all the books in his valuable and extensive library. Dr. Conyers, of Deptford, too, once remarked to the Rev. D. Simpson, of Macclesfield, that if he were banished into a desert island, and had the choice of only four books, the Life of Haliburton should be one.—EDITOR.

Mrs. Hutton was; and how utterly incapable she was of judging rightly in matters pertaining to vital religion.

That Mr. Samuel Wesley, a man of learning and of a sound judgment, could have entertained such representations; that he could not see, in this tissue of misrepresentations and confusion, the violent prejudice and total ignorance of his correspondent, is strange indeed! That he should have given her a serious answer in matters in which the honor and character of his brothers were concerned, whom he knew to be men of common sense and deep piety, is yet more strange! But he was himself at that time prejudiced and highly bigoted: and prejudice has neither eyes nor ears. I shall subjoin his answer.

"*Tiverton, Devon, June* 17, 1738.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am sufficiently sensible of yours and Mr. Hutton's kindness to my brothers, and shall always acknowledge it; and cannot blame you either for your concern, or writing to me about it.

"Falling into enthusiasm is being lost with a witness; and if you are troubled for two of your children, you may be sure I am so for two whom I may in some sense call mine; who, if once turned that way, will do a world of mischief, much more than even otherwise they would have done good; since men are much easier to be led into evil, than from it.

"What Jack means by 'not being a Christian till last month,' I understand not. Had he never been in covenant with God? Then, as Mr. Hutton observed, baptism was nothing. Had he totally apostatized from it? I dare say not; and yet he must be either unbaptized, or an apostate, to make his words true. Perhaps it might come into his crown that he was in a state of mortal sin, unrepented of; and had long lived in such a course. This I do not believe; however, he must answer for himself. But where is the sense of requiring everybody else to confess that of themselves in order to commence Christians? Must they confess it, whether it be so or no? Besides, a sinful course is not an abolition of the covenant, for that very reason, because it is a breach of it. If it were not, it would not be broken.

"Renouncing everything but faith may be every evil, as

the world, the flesh, and the devil: this is a very orthodox sense, but no great discovery. It may mean rejecting all merit of our own good works. What Protestant does not do so? Even Bellarmin, on his death-bed, is said to have renounced all merits but those of Christ. If this renouncing regards good works in any other sense, as being unnecessary or the like, it is wretchedly wicked; and to call our Saviour's words 'the letter that killeth,' is no less than blasphemy against the Son of man. It is mere Quakerism, making the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within.

"When the ball of fire fired the woman's soul, (an odd sort of fire that,) what reference had it to my two brothers? Was the youth that had the Father come to him told anything about them? Did he see anything, or only hear a voice? What were the words, if any? I suppose he will take shelter in their being unspeakable. In short, this looks like downright madness. I do not hold it at all unlikely that perpetual intenseness of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother. I have been told that the Quaker's introversion of thought has ended in madness. It is a studious stopping of every thought as fast as it arises, in order to receive the Spirit. I wish the canting fellows had never had any followers among us, who talk of indwellings, experiences, getting into Christ, &c., &c. As I remember assurances used to make a great noise, which were carried to such a height, that (as far as nonsense can be understood) they rose to fruition, in utter defiance of Christian hope, since the question is unanswerable, 'What a man hath why doth he yet hope for?' But I will believe none without a miracle, who shall pretend to be wrapped up into the third heaven.

"I hope your son does not think it as plainly revealed that he shall print an enthusiastic book, as it is that he shall obey his father and his mother. Suppose it were never so excellent, can that supersede your authority? God deliver us from visions that make the law of God vain.

"I pleased myself with the expectation of seeing Jack; but that is now over, and I am afraid of it. I know not where to direct to him, or where he is. Charles I will write to as soon as I can, and shall be glad to hear from you in the mean time.

"I heartily pray God to stop the progress of this lunacy.

"We join in service.

"I am, dear madam, your sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"*To Mrs. Hutton, College-street, Westminster.*"

I am truly sorry to be obliged to notice these letters, and had passed them by in silence, had they not been twice officiously obtruded on the attention of the public by men more eminent for various other excellences than for candor; and used as means and arguments to discredit Mr. Wesley, and that great work of pure and undefiled religion which he was the means, in the hand of God, of diffusing throughout these lands.

Mr. Samuel Wesley seems to take almost everything for granted that this very silly and prejudiced woman related to him, from words ill understood which she had heard, and miserable fabrications of misrepresented facts, of which she says, "I can produce undeniable proofs of the relation of such facts from the persons who related the facts, that they had received such appearances!" That is, she can bring proofs that the facts were related by the persons who related them! But honest truth dwells not in such confusion, nor veils itself with such disguises.

I need not say what Mr. Samuel Wesley's duty was when he heard such tales against his excellent brothers; men who were not at all inferior to himself in learning, who were at least his equals in judgment, and for the depth of whose piety he himself could vouch. He tells, however, some sad truths in his answer relative to himself. In unqualified terms, a man is with him a Christian if he be but baptized! He is in the covenant of God, which even a course of sin cannot annul, though a life of that kind may be a breach of it; and that he must have entirely apostatized, that is, abjured Christianity and blasphemed Christ, (for that is what is implied in total apostasy,) or have never been baptized, in order not to be a Christian. With him water baptism, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, are the same thing; an old and pernicious error, which is deceiving thousands even in the present day. As to his distinction between mortal sin, and what is its opposite,

though unmentioned, venial sin, we know from what school it was derived.

At this time Mr. S. Wesley most undoubtedly knew not the doctrine of faith as laid down in the Articles and Homilies of the Church; and he, in his zeal against assurance, of which he had a very inaccurate and confused idea, confounds the hope of everlasting life with the hope or expectation of the present favor and approbation of God, the consequence of being justified by faith!

The illiberal reflections on the Quakers were not called for. It is not true that they make the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within; nor that their introversion of thought (what they call their silent waiting upon God) ends in madness.

To conclude: taking it for granted, from this Huttonian information that both his brothers were run mad, he finishes with piously praying God to stop the progress of this lunacy! What a revolution of credulity in a person so difficult to be persuaded to believe anything of which he could not have the most palpable evidence!

Mrs. Hutton is now encouraged to proceed with her gleanings, and in the next letter exceeds her former self.

"*June* 20, 1738.

"Dear Sir,—I return you thanks for so obligingly answering my letter, for which I ought to beg your pardon, since I am sensible what I have related must afflict you, though it might not be in your power to lessen my affliction. For how can I expect more regard will be had to a brother than is had to parents? though in reality your brothers are much more obligated to you than many children are to their parents; you doing for them as a most kind and judicious parent, when you had not the same obligation. I was in hopes mine to you would have met your brother John at Tiverton, where he said he was going. If so, he could have explained to you the meaning of the two visions I sent you word of.

"Every one of his converts are directed to get an assurance of their sins being all pardoned, and they sure of their salvation, which brings all joy and peace. And this is given them in an instant, so that every person so con-

verted is able to describe the manner and time when they get it, as they call it. Your brother John writ his reflections on Mr. Hervey's paper in these words: 'Remission of sins, and peace with God.—The life of God, or love, in our souls.—The evidence of our weakness, and the power of Christ.'

"My son felt it on the 25th of April at the blessed sacrament, as the minister said, 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c. Your brother Charles felt it at Mr. Bray's, as your brother John was praying for it for him on the 22d of May. Your brother John felt it on the 25th of May, just as he awaked.

"These things they make no secrets; for good Mr. Baldwin told me he heard your brother Charles give a relation of a young man at Oxford, who had lived, as he himself thought, a very good and pious life; but he was first convinced it was nothing, before he could get this faith; upon which he threw himself upon his face, upon his chamber floor, and lay so (I suppose praying) an hour or two, and then rose up with great joy and peace of mind.

"This affected Mr. Baldwin so much, that the next opportunity he had to talk with my son, he put into his hands a sermon of Bishop Bull's upon the subject of the assistance we may expect from the Holy Spirit. But all authors and writings but the Bible are rejected; and every man, if he will practice what he knows, shall have all the light necessary for himself, taught him from God.

"They are, I think, aiming at something more; for my son told me that a woman, who is a Dissenter, had three years and more, as she fancied, been under the seal of reprobation; and upon her coming to Mr. Bray's, where your brother Charles, Mr. Bray, and my son were praying for her, though she went home in the same melancholy, yet in an hour after she sent them word that she was delivered from the power of Satan, and desired them to return public thanks for the same in her behalf. I heard a poor, simple barber, whose name was Wolfe, relate such a dream that a blacksmith had, as a sign of his being just getting into Christ, and of his own power, as put me beyond patience. My poor son lay ill of a fever at the same time, with such a number of these fancied saints about him,

that I expected nothing but his weak brain would be quite turned. I think it is not far from it, that he will not give any, the most pious or judicious author his father recommends, a reading.

"Now your brother John is gone, who is my son's pope, it may please God, if you give yourself the trouble to try, he may hear some reason from you. If you could bring your brother Charles back, it would be a great step toward the reconversion of my poor son. Your two brothers are men of great parts and learning; my son is good humored, and very undesigning; and sincerely honest, but of weak judgment; so fitted for any delusion. It would be the greatest charity you ever did, and your charity of all kinds is very extensive. If you can undeceive your brother Charles and my son, it would put a stop to this wildfire.

"I suppose you received a letter from your brother John that he came to London the 12th at night, set forward the 13th, without seeing your brother Charles, to make a visit to Count Zinzendorf. I know he looks upon his fancies as directions from the Holy Spirit. What carried him to Georgia I know not; but I can prove he brought that notion with him to Deal, when he landed from Georgia; and had Mr. Whitefield believed it, he had not proceeded on his voyage; John had brought him back by the direction of the Spirit. We do nothing but pray for our children, and all others under this strange delusion, since arguments from us, which to others seem reasonable, have no effect upon them. I doubt not of your prayers upon the same occasion, and all other means your good judgment shall enable you to use.

"I have been thus long to give you all the light I can into this affair, as a help toward your finding out a cure; being, with the greatest value and respect for your real, not imaginary, worth,

"Your most sincere, humble servant,

"ELIZABETH HUTTON.

"*To the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, at Tiverton, Devon.*"

Poor Mrs. Hutton appears sadly tried because her son, in the point in question, relative to the remission of sins

and the witness of the Spirit, will not receive the authority of Bishop Blackwall, Bull, and others, but that of the BIBLE *only!* Perhaps it will make the reader smile; but this brings to my recollection the case of the poor Roman Catholic woman, who, having lost her rosary, cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! I have lost my crucifix, and now have nothing but God Almighty to trust to!"

That both the Mr. Wesleys professed to have received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, at the time specified by Mrs. Hutton, is a fact which they not only never denied, but exulted in to the day of their death.

The letter in which Mr. John Wesley defended himself against the misrepresentations of Mrs. Hutton, and his brother's charges founded on them, I cannot find; it is most probably lost; but that such a letter was written is evident from his brother Samuel's allusion to it in a letter dated December 13th of this year, which shall shortly be introduced. But a letter before me of the 30th of October must be inserted here, as it contains Mr. J. Wesley's explanation at large of his own state, the change that had passed upon his soul, and what he believed relative to such influences of God upon the hearts of men.

"*October* 30, 1738.

"DEAR BROTHER,—That you will always receive kindly what is so intended I doubt not. Therefore I again recommend the character of Susurrus. O may God deliver both you and me from all bitterness and evil speaking, as well as from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism!

"1. With regard to my own character, and my doctrine likewise, I shall answer you very plainly. By a Christian, I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him; and in this obvious sense of the word, I was not a Christian till May 24th last past. For till then sin had the dominion over me, although I fought with it continually; but surely then, from that time to this, it hath not; such is the free grace of God in Christ! What sins they were which till then reigned over me, and from which, by the grace of God, I am now

free, I am ready to declare on the house-top, if it may be for the glory of God.

"2. If you ask by what means I am made free, (though not perfect, neither infallibly sure of my perseverance,) I answer, by faith in Christ; by such a sort or degree of faith as I had not till that day. My want of this faith I knew long before, though not so clearly till Sunday, January 8th last, when, being in the midst of the great deep, I wrote a few lines in the bitterness of my soul, some of which I have transcribed; and may the good God sanctify them both to you and me.

"'By the most infallible of all proofs, inward feeling, I am convinced this day,

"'1. Of *unbelief;* having no such faith in Christ as will prevent my heart from being troubled, which it could not be if I believed in God, and rightly believed also in him.

"'2. Of *pride*, throughout my life past; inasmuch as I thought I had what I find I have not. Lord, save, or I perish! Save me,

"'(1.) By such a faith in thee and in thy Christ, as implies trust, confidence, peace in life and in death.

"'(2.) By such humility as may fill my heart from this hour for ever with a piercing, uninterrupted sense, *Nihil est quod hactenus feci;* having evidently built without a foundation.

"'(3.) By such a recollection as may cry to thee every moment, but more especially when all is calm, (if it should so please thee,) give me faith, or I die! Give me a lowly spirit, otherwise, *Mihi non sit suave vivere.* Amen! come, Lord Jesus! Υιε Δαβιδ, ελεησον μου.'

"Some measure of this faith which bringeth salvation, or victory over sin, and which implies peace and trust in God through Christ, I now enjoy through his free mercy, though in very deed it is in me but as a grain of mustard seed; for the πληροφορια πισεως, the seal of the Spirit, the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and producing joy in the Holy Ghost, joy which no man taketh away, joy unspeakable and full of glory; this witness of the Spirit I have not, but I patiently wait for it. I know many who have already received it; more than one or two in the very hour we were praying for it. And having seen

and spoken with a cloud of witnesses abroad, as well as in my own country, I cannot doubt that believers who wait and pray for it, will find these scriptures fulfilled in themselves. My hope is, that they will be fulfilled in me. I build upon Christ, the Rock of ages, on his sure mercies described in his word, and on his promises, all which I know are yea and amen.

"Those who have not yet received joy in the Holy Ghost, that love of God, and the plerophory of faith, (any or all of which I take to be the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God,) I believe to be Christians in that imperfect sense wherein I call myself such; and I exhort them to pray that God would give them also to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and to feel his love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto them.

"On men I build not; neither on Matilda Chapman's word, whom I have not talked with five minutes in my life; nor on anything peculiar in the weak, well-meant relation of William Herbery, who yet is a serious, humble-acting Christian. But have you been believing on these? Yes: I find them more or less in almost every letter you have written on the subject. Yet were all that has been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' to be fairly proposed in syllogisms, I believe it would prove not a jot more on one than on the other side of the question.

"O brother, would to God you would leave disputing of the things which you know not, (if indeed you know them not,) and beg of God to fill up what is yet wanting in you. Why should not you also seek till you receive that peace of God which passeth all understanding? Who shall hinder you, notwithstanding the manifold temptations, to rejoice with joy unspeakable, by reason of glory? Amen, Lord Jesus! May you, and all who are near of kin to you, (if you have it not already,) feel his love shed abroad in your hearts by his Spirit which dwelleth in you; and be sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of your inheritance!

"I am your and my sister's most affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"*To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, Tiverton, Devon.*"

To this admirable letter Mr. Samuel thus answered:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, Nov.* 15, 1738.

"Dear Jack,—I have many remarks to make on your letter; but do not care to fight in the dark, or run my head against a stone wall.

"You need fear no controversy with me, unless you think it worth while to remove these three doubts:

"1. Whether you will own or disown, in terms, the necessity of a sensible information from God of pardon? If you disown it, the matter is over as to you; if you own it, then—

"2. Whether you will not think me distracted to oppose you with the most infallible of all proofs, inward feeling in yourself, and positive evidence in your friends, while I myself produce neither?

"3. Whether you will release me from the horns of your dilemma, that I must either talk without knowledge like a fool, or against it like a knave? I conceive neither part strikes. For a man may reasonably argue against what he never felt, and may honestly deny what he has felt to be necessary to others.

"You build nothing on tales; but I do. I see what is manifestly built upon them; if you disclaim it, and warn poor shallow pates of their folly and danger, so much the better. They are counted signs or tokens, means or conveyances, proofs or evidences, of the sensible information, &c., calculated to turn fools into madmen, and put them, without a jest, into the condition of Oliver's pastor.

"When I hear visions, &c., reproved, discouraged, and ceased among the new brotherhood, I shall then say no more of them; but till then I will use my utmost strength that God shall give me to expose these bad branches of a bad root, and thus—

"Such doctrine as encourages and abets spiritual fireballs, apparitions of the Father, &c., &c., is delusive and dangerous. But the sensible necessary information, &c., is such; ergo,——

"I mention not this to enter into any dispute with you, for you seem to disapprove, though not expressly disclaim; but to convince you I am not out of my way, though encountering of windmills. I will do my best to make folks wiser.

"I will borrow from our Litany a prayer you will join in.

"'That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; to comfort and help the weak-hearted; to raise up those that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet: *We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*'

"My wife joins with love; we are all pretty well.

"I am, dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*"

I was about to make some severe strictures on this letter, because it is exceedingly disingenuous, and because it has been urged by some of the enemies of Mr. J. Wesley and Methodism as a triumph over their doctrine of assurance, &c. But on having recourse to Dr. Whitehead, who inserts a part of this letter, I adopt his reflections on it, which are full in point.

"This letter appears to me full of fallacy. To give one instance: Mr. John Wesley had said, the witness of the Spirit was the common privilege of believers; that he considered joy in the Holy Ghost, the love of God, and the plerophory of faith, as the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God; that the whole of what had been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' could not, in his opinion, either prove or disprove the point in question between them; that is, visions, dreams, and balls of fire were totally foreign to the witness of the Spirit, for which he was contending. But his brother Samuel changes the term witness, and substitutes for it, sensible information, by which he means something visible to the sight, or existing in the fancy; and then indeed visions, &c., were connected with the question; and he reasons on this supposition. But this was a mere sophism, of which Mr. J. Wesley would probably have taken notice, had he been writing to a stranger, or had he foreseen that any one would print the letters after his death." The doctor refers here to the publication of the original letters of the Wesley family, by Dr. Priestley.

To the foregoing letter Mr. J. Wesley replied thus :—

"*Nov.* 30, 1738.

"———— I believe every Christian who has not yet received it, should pray for the witness of God's Spirit with his spirit, that he is a child of God. In being a child of God, the pardon of his sins is included; therefore I believe the Spirit of God will witness this also. That this witness is from God, the very terms imply; and this witness I believe is necessary for my salvation. How far invincible ignorance may excuse others I know not. But this you say is delusive and dangerous, because it encourages and abets idle visions and dreams. It encourages—true; accidentally, but not essentially. And that it does this accidentally, or that weak minds may pervert it to an idle use, is no objection against it; for so they may pervert every truth in the oracles of God; more especially that dangerous doctrine of Joel, cited by St. Peter, 'It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.' Such visions indeed as you mention are given up; does it follow that visions and dreams in general 'are bad branches of a bad root?' God forbid. This would prove more than you desire."

Mr. Samuel Wesley returns once more with objections raised on nearly the same grounds; changing the terms of the question in debate, and arguing on these changes.

"*Dec.* 13, 1738.

"Dear Jack,—You own abundantly enough to clear Mrs. Hutton from any misrepresentations as to you, and me from any misunderstanding her. I was but too right in my judgment.

"1. You was not a Christian before May 24; but are so now, in a sense of the word you call obvious, which was so far from it, that it astonished all who heard you then, and which I deny to be so much as true.

"2. You hold the witness of the Spirit, a clear information of adoption, whereof pardon is a part, to be absolutely

necessary to your salvation, and that of others, unless excused by invincible ignorance. Enough! Enough! Yet,

"3. You apply Joel amazingly, though you give up such visions as I speak of, yet not allowing me to call such 'bad branches of a bad root.' That I may not be guilty of putting them more or less into every letter, I'll discuss that matter fully by itself, once for all, desiring you in the mean time to say what other Scripture dreams or visions you would insist on. Whether all between Genesis and the Revelation? I am afraid Ahab's lying spirit may be too pertinent.

"That you were not a Christian before May in your sense any one may allow; but have you ever since continued sinless? Sin has not the dominion. Do you never then fall? Or do you mean no more than that you are free from presumptuous sins? If the former, I deny it; if the latter, who disputes?

"Your misapplication of the witness of the Spirit is so thoroughly cleared by Bishop Bull, that I shall not hold a candle to the sun. What portion of love, joy, &c., God may be pleased to bestow on Christians, is in his hand, not ours. Those texts you quote no more prove them generally necessary, in what you call your imperfect state, than 'Rejoice in the Lord always' contradicts 'Blessed are they that mourn.' There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh, till that day comes when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, which I take it will hardly be before death; to which happiness God of his infinite mercy, through Christ, bring us all!

"We join in love. As your last is dated from Oxford, I write thither, though you may be gone by this time.

"I am, dear Jack, your affectionate and sincere friend and brother, S. Wesley.

"I had much more to say; but it will keep, if ever it should be proper."

This letter may be thought proper, or passable, between brother and brother; but it is inexcusable in a logician, and completely proves that Mr. Samuel had not one show of argument further to produce. The first part of Mr. J. Wesley's reply is lost: the following is all that remains:—

"I think Bishop Bull's sermon on the witness of the Spirit (against the witness of the Spirit it should rather be entitled) is full of gross perversions of Scripture, and manifest contradictions both to Scripture and experience. I find more persons day by day who experience a clear evidence of their being in a state of salvation; but I never said this continues equally clear in all, as long as they continue in a state of salvation. Some indeed have testified, and the whole tenor of their life made their testimony unexceptionable, that from that hour they have felt no agonies at all, no anxious fears, no sense of dereliction, as others have.

"But much I fear we begin our dispute at the wrong end. I fear you dissent from the fundamental Articles of the Church of England. I know Bishop Bull does. I doubt you do not hold justification by faith alone; if not, then neither do you hold what our Articles teach concerning the extent and the guilt of original sin, neither do you feel yourself a lost sinner; and if we begin not here, we are building on the sand. O may the God of love, if my sister or you are otherwise minded, reveal even this unto you!"

Rem acu tetigit. This was most undoubtedly the state and feeling of Mr. Samuel Wesley at this time. That he came to a better state of mind at last, his brother fully believed.

The next year's correspondence is as follows:—

"*Tiverton, March* 29, 1738-9.

"Dear Jack,—I might as well have wrote immediately after your last as now, for any new information I expected from my mother; I might as well have let it alone at present, for any effect it will have, further than showing you I neither despise you on the one hand, nor am angry with you on the other.

"I am hardly persuaded you will see me face to face in this world, though somewhat nearer than Count Zinzendorf. Charles has at last told me in terms, he believes no more of dreams or visions than I do. Had you said so, I believe I should have hardly spent any time upon them, though I find others credit them, whatever you may do.

"You make two degrees or kinds of assurance. That

neither of them is necessary to a state of salvation I prove thus :—

"1. Because multitudes are saved without either. These are of three sorts :—1. All infants baptized, who die before actual sin. 2. All persons of a melancholy and gloomy constitution, who, without a miracle, cannot be changed. 3. All penitents [*backsliders*] who live a good life after their recovery, and yet never attain to their first state.

"2. The lowest assurance is an impression from God, who is infallible, that heaven shall be actually enjoyed by the person to whom it is made. How is this consistent with fears of miscarriage ; with deep sorrow, and going on the way weeping ? How can any doubt after such certificate ? If they can, then there is an assurance whereby the person who has it is not sure.

"3. If this be essential to a state of salvation, it is utterly impossible any should fall from that state finally, since, how can anything be more fixed than what Truth and Power has said he will perform ? unless you will say of the matter here, as I observed of the person, that there may be assurance wherein the thing itself is not certain.

"I am your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

The reader will observe, that in this letter Mr. S. Wesley confounds the assurance of being now in the favor of God, with that of being infallibly and eternally saved ! The latter doctrine Mr. J. Wesley never taught.

The following is Mr. J. Wesley's reply :—

"*Bristol, April* 4, 1738-9.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I greatly rejoice at the temper with which you now write ; and trust that there is not only mildness, but love also in your heart : if so, you shall know of this doctrine whether it be of God, though perhaps not by my ministry.

"To this hour you have pursued an *ignoratio elenchi*. Your assurance and mine are as different as light and darkness. I mean an assurance that I am now in a state of salvation : you, an assurance that I shall persevere therein. The very definition of the term cuts off your second and third observation. As to the first, I would take notice—

"1. No kind of assurance, (that I know,) or of faith, or of repentance, is essential to their salvation who die infants.

"2. I believe God is ready to give all true penitents, who fly to his free grace in Christ, a fuller sense of pardon than they had before they fell. I know this to be true of several; whether there are exempt cases, I know not.

"3. Persons that were of a melancholy and gloomy constitution, even to some degree of madness, I have known in a moment (let it be called a miracle, I quarrel not) brought into a state of firm, lasting peace and joy.

"My dear brother, the whole question turns chiefly, if not wholly, on matter of fact. You deny that God does now work these effects; at least, that he works them in such a manner. I affirm both; because I have heard those facts with my ears, and seen them with my eyes. I have seen (as far as it can be seen) many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of horror, fear, and despair, to the spirit of hope, joy, and peace; and from sinful desires, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact, whereof I have been, and almost daily am, eye or ear witness.

"What (upon the same evidence as to the suddenness and reality of the change) I believe, or know, touching visions or dreams. This I know: several persons in whom this great change, from the power of Satan unto God, was wrought either in sleep, or during a strong representation to the eye of their minds, of Christ, either on the cross, or in glory. This is the fact: let any judge of it as they please. But that such a change was then wrought appears (not from their shedding tears only, or sighing, or singing psalms, as your poor correspondent did by the woman at Oxford, but) from the whole tenor of their life, till then many ways wicked; from that time holy, just, and good. Saw you him who was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; he that was a drunkard, but now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who abhors the very lusts of the flesh? These are my living arguments for what I assert, that God now, as aforetime, gives remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, which may be called visions: if it be not so, I am found a false witness.

But, however, I do and will testify the things I have both seen and heard.

"I do not now expect to see your face in the flesh; not that I believe God will discharge you yet, but I believe I have nearly finished my course.* O may I be found in Him, not having my own righteousness!

> When I thy promised Christ have seen,
> And clasp'd Him in my soul's embrace;
> Possess'd of thy salvation—then,—
> Then may I, Lord, depart in peace!

"The great blessing of God be upon you and yours. I am, dear brother, your very affectionate and obliged brother,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"P. S.—I expect to stay here some time; perhaps as long as I am in the body."

This letter Mr. Samuel Wesley answered thus:—

"*April* 16, 1739.

"DEAR JACK,—I heartily pray God that we may meet each other with joy in the next life; and beg him to forgive either of us, as far as guilty, for our not meeting in this. I acknowledge his justice in making my friends stand afar off, and hiding my acquaintance out of my sight.

"I find brevity has made me obscure. I argue against assurance, in your or any sense, as part of the gospel covenant, because many are saved without it. You own you cannot deny exempt cases, which is giving up the dispute. Your assurance being a clear impression of God upon the soul, I say must be perpetual, must be irreversible; else it is not assurance from God, infallible and omnipotent.

* Under this mark Dr. Priestley has the following note:—"How greatly was Mr. Wesley mistaken in this his full persuasion, when he lived fifty years after this!" This very note is introduced designedly to discredit Mr. Wesley's doctrine of assurance; but the reflection is unfair and false. Mr. Wesley does not say, nor intimate, that he had a full persuasion that he had nearly finished his course. He says simply, "I do not expect to see your face in the flesh—I *believe* I have nearly finished my course;" and at the conclusion of the letter, "I expect to stay here some time: *perhaps* as long as I am in the body." Now, do these hypothetic terms—expect, believe, perhaps—amount to a full persuasion that he should shortly die? I trow not. But he had reason to suppose and believe, from the then state of his health, that death was at the door. And with respect to the continuance of human life everything is problematical. In the midst of life we are in death.

See the conclusion of his next letter, May 10, 1739.

"You say the cross is strongly represented to the eye of the mind. Do these words signify, in plain English, the fancy? Inward eyes, ears, and feelings, are nothing to other people. I am heartily sorry such alloy should be found among so much piety."

In the above letter Mr. S. Wesley lays down premises of his own, which he attributes to his brother; and which his brother never proposed, nor maintained. And, strange to tell, from these assumed premises he draws conclusions which they will not support! A clear impression of God upon the soul must be irreversible, because God is infallible and omnipotent! Was there ever such reasoning? He might as well have maintained that the divine image in the soul of man was, in his creation, a clear and full impression of God; therefore it was perpetual and irreversible. Consequently Adam never fell, and the history of that event is a fable! O how prejudice and religious bigotry blind the mind, and pervert the heart! Mr. Samuel Wesley thus proceeds:—

"The little reflection on my poor correspondent at Oxford is quite groundless. I do not remember he says singing (adding rolling, &c.) was the only sign of her new birth; it is brought as a fruit of it. May we not know the tree by the fruit? Such visions, I think, may fairly be concluded fallacious, only for being attended with so ridiculous an effect.

"My mother tells me she fears a formal schism is already begun among you, though you and Charles are ignorant of it. For God's sake take care of that, and banish extemporary expositions and extemporary prayers.

"I have got your abridgment of Haliburton, and have sent for Watts. If it please God to allow me life and strength, I shall by his help demonstrate that the Scot as little deserves preference to all Christians but our Saviour, as the book all writings but those you mention. There are two flagrant falsehoods in the very first chapter. But your eyes are so fixed upon one point, that you overlook everything else. You overshoot: but Whitefield raves.

"I entreat you to let me know what reasons you have to think you shall not live long. I received yours, dated the 4th, on Sunday 14th. The post will reach me much

sooner, and I shall want much to know what ails you. I should be very angry with you, if you cared for it, should you have broken your iron constitution already; as I was with the glorious Pascal for losing his health, and living almost twenty years in pain.

"Dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother, S. WESLEY."

In answer to Mr. Samuel's argument, or rather assertion, that the assurance in question made no part of the gospel covenant, Mr. J. Wesley answers:—

"*Bristol, May* 10, 1739.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The having abundance of work upon my hands, is only *a* cause of my not writing sooner; THE cause was rather my unwillingness to continue an unprofitable dispute.

"The gospel promises to you, and to me, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, even as many of those as the Lord our God shall call, as are not disobedient to the heavenly vision, the witness of God's Spirit with their spirit that they are the children of God; that they are now at this hour all accepted in the Beloved; but it witnesses not that they always shall be. It is an assurance of present salvation only; therefore not necessarily perpetual, neither irreversible.

"I am one of many witnesses of this matter of fact, that God does now make good this his promise daily, very frequently during a representation (how made I know not, but not to the outward eye) of Christ, either hanging on the cross, or standing on the right hand of God. This I know to be of God, because from that hour the person so affected is a new creature, both as to his inward tempers and outward life. 'Old things are passed away, and all things become new.'

"A very late instance of this I will give you. While we were praying at a society here, on Tuesday the first instant, the power of God (so I call it) came so mightily among us, that one, and another, and another fell down as thunderstruck. In that hour, many that were in deep anguish of spirit were all filled with peace and joy. Ten persons, till then in sin, doubt, and fear, found such a change that sin had no more dominion over them; and

instead of the spirit of fear, they are now filled with that of love, and joy, and a sound mind. A Quaker, who stood by, was very angry at them; and was biting his lips, and knitting his brows, when the Spirit of God came upon him also; so that he fell down as one dead. We prayed over him, and he soon lifted up his head with joy, and joined with us in thanksgiving.

"A bystander, one John Haydon, was quite enraged at this; and being unable to deny something supernatural in it, labored beyond measure to convince all his acquaintance that it was a delusion of the devil. I was met in the street next day by one who informed me that John Haydon was fallen raving mad. It seems he had sat down to dinner, but wanted first to make an end of a sermon he was reading. At the last page he suddenly changed color; fell off his chair; and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. I found him on the floor, the room being full of people, whom his wife would have kept away: but he cried out, 'No! let them all come; let all the world see the just judgment of God.' Two or three were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'Ay, this is he I said deceived the people: but God hath overtaken me. I said it was a delusion of the devil; this is no delusion!' Then he roared aloud, 'O thou devil; thou cursed devil! yea, thou legion of devils! thou canst not stay in me. Christ will cast thee out; I know his work is begun. Tear me to pieces, if thou wilt: but thou canst not hurt me.'

"He then beat himself again; and groaning again with violent sweats, and heaving of the breast, we prayed with him, and God put a new song in his mouth. The words were, which he pronounced with a clear, strong voice,—'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth for evermore.' I called again an hour after. We found his body quite worn out, and his voice lost: but his soul was full of joy and love, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

"I am now in as good health (thanks be to God) as I ever was since I remember, and I believe shall be so as long as I live, for I do not expect to have a lingering death.

The reasons that induce me to think I shall not live to be old are such as you would not apprehend to be of any weight. I am under no concern on this head: let my Master see to it. O may the God of love be with you and my sister more and more!

"Dear brother, your ever affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

About two months before his death, Mr. Samuel Wesley wrote the following letter, which was probably the last he wrote on the subject; and appears to be an answer to the foregoing:—

"*Tiverton, Sept.* 3, 1739.

"DEAR JACK,—It has pleased God to visit me with sickness, else I should not have been so backward in writing. Pray to him for us, 'that he would give us patience under our sufferings, and a happy issue out of all our afflictions; granting us in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

"It is good news that you have built a charity school, and better still that you have a second almost up, as I find by yours, that Mr. Wigginton brought me. I wish you could build not only a school, but a church too, for the colliers, if there is not any place at present for worship where they can meet; and I should heartily rejoice to have it endowed, though Mr. Whitefield were to be the minister of it, provided the bishop fully joined.

"Your distinction between the discipline and the doctrine of the Church is, I think, not quite pertinent; for surely episcopacy is a matter of doctrine too; but granting it otherwise, you know there is no fear of being cast out of our synagogue for any tenets whatsoever. Did not Clarke die preferred? Were not Collins and Coward free from anathema? Are not Chubb and Gordon now caressed? My knowledge of this makes me suspect Whitefield, as if he designed to provoke persecution by his bodings of it. He has already personally disobliged the bishops of Gloucester and London; and doubtless will do as much by all the rest, if they fall not down before his whimsies, and should offer to stand in his way. Now if he by his madness should lay himself open to the small remains of discipline among us, as by marrying without license, or any

other way, and get excommunicated for his pains, I am very apprehensive you would still stick to him as your dear brother; and so, though the Church would not excommunicate you, you would excommunicate the Church. Then I suppose you would enlarge your censure, which now takes in most of the inferior clergy. But you have taught me to have the worse opinion of no man upon that account, till you have proved your charge against Bishop Bull. At present I am inclined to think that being blamed with him is glory.

"You yourself doubted at first, and inquired and examined about the ecstasies: the matter therefore is not so plain as motion to a man walking. But I have my own reason, as well as your authority, against the exceeding clearness of divine interposition there. Your followers fall into agonies. I confess it. They are freed from them after you have prayed over them. Granted. They say it is God's doing. I own they say so. Dear brother, where is your ocular demonstration? Where indeed is the rational proof? Their living well afterward may be a probable and sufficient argument that they believe themselves. But it goes no further. I must ask a few more questions. Did these agitations ever begin during the use of any collects of the Church? or during the preaching of any sermon that had been preached within consecrated walls without that effect, or during the inculcating any other doctrine besides that of your new birth? Are the main body of these agents or patients good sort of people beforehand, or loose and immoral?

"My wife joins in love to you and Charles, if he is with you, or indeed wherever he is; for you know best his motions, and he is likely to hear from you before me. Phil is very well; my wife indifferent; and I am on the mending hand in spite of foul weather.

"I am, dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"Samuel Wesley."

The tone of this letter is greatly altered from that of most of the preceding. He no longer disputes against the doctrine of assurance; but the agitations he cannot conceive to be a work, or effect of the working, of the divine

Spirit. Mr. J. Wesley did not consider them as such; but simply asserted the fact, that many thus seized were delivered from them at the earnest prayers of believers, and at the same time received a sense of their acceptance with God; and this last was proved to be his work by the subsequent holiness of their lives.

The question,—Did any of these agitations take place while any of the collects of the Church were read? might be answered by another,—Was Paul reading a rational dissertation on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, when Felix trembled? Acts xxiv, 25. One of our artists, who attempted to paint this scene, did represent Paul reading out of a book to Felix: but, on being asked the question, Was it likely that Paul read before Felix; and if so, was it likely that he trembled at that reading? was in a moment convinced of the absurdity, struck the book out of the apostle's hands, and directed both them and his eyes to the Roman governor.

The collects are for the worship of the Church, the people of God, who come to perform their devotions to their God and Father; they were never designed to be instruments of awakening the profligate. That belongs to suitable discourses delivered from the pulpit. It requires strong and forcible addresses, varied and suited according to circumstances and occasions, to arrest and awaken the careless, and to cause them to turn their eyes in upon their hearts, and consider their ways. It was a very silly objection which Mr. Samuel made in a letter to his mother against the field preaching of his two brothers and Mr. Whitefield: "They leave off (says he) the Liturgy in the fields. Though Mr. Whitefield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his tatterdemalions on a common." If he had, who would have attended to him or it?—a thing which they could hear in any church, or read themselves on their return home! No, it was the novelty of the thing that induced them to attend. They saw a man in the garb and attitude of a minister standing on the common, on the highways, or by the hedges;—and they ran together to hear what he had to say, and he preached unto them Jesus, and in such a Scripture way as was then heard in few churches in the land. Thus they were awakened and converted to God. "Upon a review," says Dr. Whitehead,

"of the whole of this controversy, we may safely pronounce that the doctrine of assurance is in no respect invalidated or rendered doubtful by anything Mr. Samuel Wesley has said against it."

On the contrary we may assert, that it shines more illustrious; and that the very circumstance of such a very wise, learned, and able logician as Mr. Samuel not having been able to bring one argument of any weight against it, though he availed himself, in the straits to which his brother had reduced him, of sophisms to support him, is a strong proof that it is founded on the sacred Scriptures, necessarily belongs to the new covenant, and that there is neither divination nor enchantment against it. As to field preaching, the vast and wondrous moral change that was made in the hearts and lives of the superlative sinners of Kingswood, to which Mr. Samuel Wesley, in the letter above, turns his attention with delight, was produced, under God, by out-of-door preaching, for at that time there was neither chapel nor church in all that district. And yet, with all this evidence before his eyes, so bigoted was he to forms and ecclesiastical order, that he says in the above letter to his mother, that he "would rather have his brothers picking straws within the walls of the university, than preaching in the area of Moorfields." Had they been of his mind, how many thousands of souls must, in all likelihood, have perished, to whom that kind of preaching became the means of salvation, and who are now exulting in the glory of God, because his faithful servants went out to the highways and to the hedges, and compelled them to come in, that his house might be filled!

For other matters relative to what was called Mr. Wesley's doctrine of assurance, (or, in other and better words, his strongly insisting on and applying to suitable subjects this apostolic doctrine, "God sent forth his Son to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons: and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!") see several observations at the close of the memoir of Mrs. Susannah Wesley.

We find from Mr. Samuel Wesley's letter of September 3, 1739, that he had been visited with sickness, from which I believe he did not fully recover, though he then fancied

himself "on the mending hand." But the event showed that he was then on the confines of the grave. According to the statement of a friend, who wrote the short memoir prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his poems, "continual application to various business, and an intense pursuit at the same time of his studies, had well nigh worn him out by the time he had reached little more than half the age of man; so that being advised to retire for air and gentle exercise, to recruit his constitution, he was easily prevailed upon to accept a country school in the west of England, where he soon fell into a lingering illness, which in a few years brought him to his end."

Dr. Whitehead observes: "Mr. Wesley had a bad state of health some time before he left Westminster, and his removal to Tiverton did not much mend it. On the night of the 5th of November, 1739, he went to bed seemingly as well as usual, was taken ill about three in the morning, and died at seven, after about four hours' illness."

The following letter from a particular friend, Mr. Amos Matthews, to Mr. Charles Wesley, states the circumstances more explicitly:—

"*Tiverton, Nov.* 14, 1739.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your brother, and my dear friend, (for so you are sensible he was to me,) on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could; but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take anything, nor to speak to us, only yes, or no, to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, he hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf, and in a great measure calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon,

and is gone to reap the fruit of his labors. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time, for which reason I hope you will excuse him who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity, yours in all things,

"Amos Matthews."

On receiving this intelligence, Mr. John and Charles Wesley set off to visit and comfort their widowed sister at Tiverton, which they reached on the 21st; and under this date Mr. J. Wesley makes the following entry in his Journal:—

"On Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1739, in the afternoon, we came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!"

Pray what does this imply? An earnest desire that the God of all grace may convince all opposers of this doctrine that it is of God, by giving them, before they go hence, a calm and full assurance of their interest in Christ. Can any wish be more humane, more charitable, or more merciful? But how has this entry been treated by a late biographer of Mr. Wesley? I am sorry to be obliged to mention Mr. Robert Southey with anything that seems like disrespect. But on this subject he has been illiberal; and I think I can set him right. "Wesley," says he, "cannot be suspected of intentional deceit; yet who is there, who, upon reading this passage, would suppose that Samuel had died after an illness of four hours? Well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert."

None of his brothers, nor of the Methodists of that time, ever was eager to hold up Mr. Samuel Wesley as their convert. His brothers labored to bring him from the errors under which he lay; and most certainly there were articles in his creed that were neither in his Church nor in

his Bible, as the preceding letters prove. That he ceased his opposition to the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, without which religion is little better than a shadow, is evident from his letter of Sept. 3, which was two months before he died. That Mr. Wesley does not even insinuate that he received a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ in his last four hours, is most evident. He says it was several days before he went hence; and he says this on the authority of one who had attended him in all his weakness,—and he had weakness for several years, as we have seen; but he was particularly weak and afflicted some months before he died; and surely several days before he died, when his particular weakness must have led him to conclude that death might be at the door, was ample time for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to be manifested to his soul, that he might not die in the dark. May we not retort, and say, "Southey cannot be suspected of intentional deceit; yet who is there, who, upon reading this passage, would not suppose that Mr. J. Wesley states, that his brother Samuel got a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ, in the last four hours of his life?" "But he died," says Mr. Southey, "in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages." I believe he did. But Mr. Southey seems not to understand the distinction between THE FAITH,—that is, the system of doctrines, duties, privileges, &c., which constitute the Christian revelation; and the *faith* that *justifies the ungodly*. He who does not know this distinction, knows little of Christianity for his own personal salvation. Mr. Southey is also an opposer of the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. So essential do I think this to Mr. Southey's salvation, that I heartily pray to God that not only several days, but several years, (for I wish him a very long life,) before he goes hence, he may receive from God a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ, and be thus convinced that the doctrine is of God. In this case, as in many others, relative to Mr. Wesley and Methodism, Mr. Southey has spoken against what he does not understand.*

* Most of Mr. Southey's errors will be found corrected by the Rev. James Everett, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1818, pp. 260, 340, 419; and subsequently by the Rev. Richard Watson, in his "Observations" on Mr. Southey's Life of Mr. Wesley.

I may tell him, and all who are of his mind, that the Methodists never refer to Mr. Samuel Wesley as a proof of the truth of this doctrine. They refer to no man, not to Mr. John Wesley himself; they appeal to none:—they appeal to the Bible, where this doctrine stands as inexpugnable as the pillars of heaven. Nor do they need solitary instances as facts, to prove that on this point they have not mistaken the Bible, while they, by the mercy of God, have thousands of testimonies every year of its truth; and they know it to be the common birthright of all the sons and daughters of God. Without it, the whole life of faith would be hypothetical. And if a man have not the consolations of the Holy Spirit, and a Scriptural and satisfactory evidence of his own interest in Christ, and of his title, through him, to the kingdom of heaven, the Koran, for aught he knows, may be as true as the Bible. No man can inherit unless he be a son: "For if sons, then heirs;" and to them that are sons, "GOD sends the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father." These are the true sayings of God, and all his people know them.

Before I quit that collection of letters published by Dr. Priestley, where Mr. Samuel Wesley's opposition to his brothers is principally recorded, I must say a word on the gratulatory appeal which the doctor makes to the Methodists, in his address prefixed to those letters.

"This very publication," says he, "will convince you that you who are now called Methodists are a very different set of people, and much more rational, than those who were first distinguished by that name." I answer, we are not a very different people, nor different at all, either in one article of our essential doctrines, or in one tittle of our church discipline. That our people grow wiser and better, and become more useful, we acknowledge with gratitude to the Author of every good and perfect gift; and this is naturally to be expected when they have the advantages of a pure and enlightened ministry, where they are in the constant habit of hearing that gospel trumpet which emits no uncertain sounds. The doctor goes on: "We do not now hear of those sudden and miraculous conversions." Whether the doctor did or did not hear of what he calls sudden and miraculous conversions, WE, thank God, do hear of and see them almost daily in different parts of our

connection; yea, and in several cases accompanied with what he calls "convulsions, falling down," &c., though we do not think that these circumstances are at all essential to the thing, for we find, in numerous cases, the instantaneous work effected without them. They are neither looked for, sought for, nor encouraged. They are adventitious circumstances; in most cases of their occurrence unavoidable, for the very reasons which Mr. J. Wesley gave at the time they were most frequent, under his own ministry. "For," says he, "how easy is it to suppose that a strong, lively, and sudden apprehension of the heinousness of sin, the wrath of God, and the bitter pains of eternal death, should affect the body as well as the soul, during the present laws of vital union; should interrupt or disturb the ordinary circulations, and put nature out of its course! Yea, we may question whether, while this union subsists, it be possible for the mind to be affected in so violent a degree, without some or other of those bodily symptoms following. It is also remarkable that there is plain Scripture precedent of every symptom which has lately appeared. So that we cannot allow even the conviction attended with these to be madness, without giving up both reason and Scripture." Dr. Priestley goes on and says, "Nor will many of you, I presume, at this day pretend to date your new birth with as much precision as your natural birth." The inaccuracy of these expressions I leave undisturbed. "But you will here find the day, the hour, and the minute, when both Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley first received, or imagined they first received, their divine light; and, as they say, became Christians, from being before that moment no Christians." More inaccuracy! Hour and minute are added here by Dr. Priestley, none of which appear in the letters in this publication; but I let that pass also, though inexcusable in an experimental philosopher; for although these things are not mentioned, yet they were doubtless as determinable as the day. I must also say here, that Methodism is in this respect also the same. God does his own work in the same way now that he did then. And there is nothing more usual among even the best educated and enlightened of the members of the Methodists' Society than a distinct knowledge of the time, place, and circumstances, when, where, and in which, they were deeply

convinced of sin, and afterward had a clear sense of God's mercy to their souls, in forgiving their sins, and giving them the witness in themselves that they were born of God; so that, in this sense also, the Methodists not only continue to preach, believe, and be what they formerly were, but differ *toto cœlo* from Dr. Priestley, and the religious tenets he held. And let this be an answer to his question in p. 25, "In what then, my brethren, do we differ?" In almost every article of our creed, the being of a God and the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures excepted. And if we ever change our creed into that to which the doctor wishes to lead us, may our name be blotted out from the earth, and our memorial perish from among the children of men! *Selah.*

I shall now proceed to take a general view of the writings and character of this eminent man.

It is said of Mr. Samuel Wesley, by those who knew him well, that "he possessed an open, benevolent temper, which he had from nature, which he had so cultivated on principle, and was so intent upon it as a duty to help everybody as he could, that the number and continual success of his good offices were astonishing even to his friends, who saw with what pleasure and zeal he did them; and he was an instance how exceedingly serviceable in life a person of a very inferior station may be, who sets his heart upon it. As his diligence on such occasions was never tired out, so he had a singular address and dexterity in soliciting them. His own little income was liberally made use of; and as his acquaintance whom he applied to were always confident of his care and integrity, he never wanted means to carry on his good purposes; so that his life was a series of useful charity."

Mr. Wesley's wit was keen, and his sense strong. As a poet, he stands entitled to a very distinguished niche in the Temple of Fame; and it has long appeared to me strange that his poetical works have not found a place either in Johnson's, Anderson's, or Chalmers' collection of the British poets. To say that those collectors did not think them entitled to a place there, would be a gross reflection on their judgment; as in the last and best collection, consisting of one hundred and twenty-seven poets, it would be easy to prove that Samuel Wesley is equal to most, and

certainly superior to one half, of that number. But the *name!* the name would have scared many superficial and fantastic readers, as they would have been sadly afraid of meeting in some corner or other with Methodism, which is so intimately connected with the name of Wesley. With multitudes a name is the omen of good or bad luck, according to their fancies or prepossessions.

But though he has not been brought before the public in any of the above collections, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Johnson has given a quotation from him in the grammar prefixed to his Dictionary as the best specimen of that kind of poetry to which he refers. The lines are generally known; but many are ignorant of their author.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

The truth and beauty of these lines will be felt as well as seen; therefore every one is a judge of their merit. Mr. Southey, too, in his "Specimens of the later English Poets," published in 1807, has noticed him, and given us specimens of his poetical productions. The verses on the setting up of Mr. Butler's monument, which I shall hereafter introduce, and "Advice to One who was about to write, to avoid the Immoralities of the ancient and modern Poets," are introduced into his pages.

In 1736 Mr. Samuel Wesley published "A Collection of Poems on several Occasions," in 4to., for which it appears he got a handsome list of subscribers. Before this, several of them had been published separately; or in other collections, without the name of the author. One of these poems, indeed the largest in the collection, is entitled "The Battle of the Sexes." It contains fifty verses, in the stanza of Spencer. It had been published by itself, without the author's knowledge;* and produced a handsome compli-

* Samuel Wesley remarks, in his "preface to the second edition" of this poem, that "the first was printed more correctly than could have been rea-

ment from Mr. Christopher Pitt, "To the unknown author of The Battle of the Sexes." It is too long to transcribe; but I cannot withhold the following lines:—

> "What muse but yours so justly could display
> Th' embattled Passions marshall'd in array?
> To airy notions solid forms dispense,
> And make our thoughts the images of sense?
> Discover all the rational machine,
> And show the movements, springs, and wheels within?"

His personification and description of Religion in this poem has been admired by all readers,—

> "Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood;
> Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free:
> Against example resolutely good,
> Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity."

In this work there are four Tales admirable for their humor, and for their appropriate and instructive moral; though in some instances the descriptions are rather coarse: "The Cobler;" "The Pig;" "The Mastiff;" and "The Basket."

As the work is in the hands of few of those under whose notice these Memoirs are likely to fall, I shall insert "The

sonably expected, since it was published without the writer's knowledge, and a great many undeserved compliments were passed upon him." The person alluded to was Thomas Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," with notes, and the author of some dramatic pieces and poems, for one of which Pope gave him a place in his "Dunciad." The "Battle of the Sexes" appears to have been published in Dublin, with the following motto:—

"Bella, horrida bella!"—VIRG.

A new title-page was added in 1738. In subsequent editions the motto is,—

——— "Paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ Gentes æterna in fœdera mittant."—VIRG.

The second edition, which, as has just been stated, was published by Samuel Wesley himself, appeared in 1736. A literary friend, to whom the "Wesley Family" is deeply indebted for his contributions, and who is honorably noticed by Dr. Clarke in his preface to the work, has suggested a query to the writer of this note, Whether the first edition of the poem was not published in London in 1733–4, and reprinted in Dublin from the edition in 1738? The gentleman who gave it to Cooke, told him he "met with it by accident from a friend abroad." See the preface. The poem contains four stanzas less than in the edition by the author, and is in many places different. Cooke states the poem to have been inscribed to his friend and his mistress; but in the second line of Mr. Wesley's edition we find "HAMILTON," instead of "patiently."—EDITOR.

Pig" as a specimen, in an Appendix at the end of these Memoirs.

Mr. S. Wesley had the highest reverence for divine revelation. He considered its detractors, whom he generally found to be profligates, unworthy of the name of men; and they received the severest lashes of his satirical muse. Some specimens of his mode of thinking and feeling on this point, as well as on subjects of less gravity, will be found among the Appendices.

Mr. Duncombe, in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, to which I shall have occasion again to refer, speaking of this work, says, "We have a volume of poems in quarto, by Samuel Wesley, which are ingenious and entertaining. He had an excellent knack of telling a tale in verse."

The verses already alluded to, on setting up Mr. Butler's monument in Westminster Abbey, have been attributed to another author; but we have Mr. Wesley's hand and name claiming them as his own; and though well known, I shall introduce them here because of an important variation in the second line in the manuscript from that in the printed copy.

> "While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
> No purse-proud printer would a dinner give:
> See him, when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
> Presented with a monumental bust!
> The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
> He asked for *bread*, and he received a *stone*."

In the printed copies, "no generous patron" is found instead of "*purse-proud printer*."

There are many poems by Samuel Wesley not found in his Collection. Among these may be mentioned, "The Song of the Three Children," paraphrased by M. de la Pla, and published by S. Wesley in 1724, *anonymous*. See Bibliotheca Britannica, p. 957. Also "Georgia," a poem, in 1736, from which extracts have been given. My readers may find three others in Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. iii, pp. 301, 310, and 312, together with some I shall hereafter notice.

The Methodists should know that the hymns which begin with the following lines were composed by Mr. Samuel Wesley:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.

"From whence these dire portents around," &c.

"The Sun of righteousness appears," &c.

"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise," &c.

"Hail, Father, whose creating call," &c.

"Hail, God the Son, in glory crown'd," &c.

"Hail, Holy Ghost! Jehovah! third," &c.

"Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord," &c.

I do not recollect to have seen in print the following lines to Mr. Pope:—

"Depend not upon verses for fame,
(Though none can equal thine;)
Our language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in some few fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd;
But History lasts, though modern flowers
Of poetry must fade.

A surer way, then, wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
While there remains among mankind
A sense of right and wrong!

Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe."

His verses on forms of prayer, against Dr. Watts, who made forms of praise, by turning the Psalms into a sort of Christian hymns, are strong and pointed:—

"Form stints the spirit, Watts has said,
And therefore oft is wrong;
At best a *crutch* the weak to aid,
A *cumbrance* to the strong.

Of human liturgies the load
Perfection scorns to bear;
The apostles were but weak, when God
Prescribed his form of prayer.

Old David both in prayer and praise
A form for *crutches* brings;
But Watts has dignified his lays
And furnish'd him with *wings*.

Even Watts a form for praise can choose,
For prayer who throws it by;
Crutches to *walk* he can refuse,
But uses them to *fly!*"

Mr. Wesley was highly esteemed by Lord Oxford, to whom, as before noticed, he dedicated his quarto volume of poems; and also by Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and Prior, the latter of whom has made honorable mention of him. With Addison, also, he was intimately acquainted, as well as with some others of the greatest men of his time. From the two former, the following letters may be introduced:—

"*Dover-street, Aug.* 7, 1734.

"REVEREND SIR,—I am sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have had a letter of yours dated June 8, and this is August 7, and I have but now set pen to paper to answer it.

"I assure you I was very glad to hear from you; and since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have had an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad for your sake that you are so well approved of. I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation. If your health be established, I make no doubt that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me.

"There is very little news stirring. They all agree that the bishop of Winchester is dying. They say Hoadley is to succeed him, and Potter, Hoadley; but how further I cannot tell, nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing. I am very glad you was reduced to read over Hudibras three times with care; and I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work. Certainly it will be, to do it as it should be. I do not know one so capable of doing this as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. Lilly's Life I have; and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

"The news you read in the papers of a match with my

daughter and the duke of Portland was completed at Mary-le-bonne Chapel. I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both. I think it must be mutual; one part cannot be happy without the other. There is a great harmony of temper, a liking to each other, which I think is a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

"I am, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"The two boys are very well. Pray let me hear from you soon; and let me know from under your own hand how you do."

This letter shows that much familiarity and confidence subsisted between his lordship and Mr. Wesley; and it is most likely that it was by Lord Oxford's influence that he obtained the mastership of Blundell's School; a place for which he was every way qualified, except in health, but, in his infirm state, the most improper situation in which he could have been placed. A church preferment would have suited his habits much better; and as he had naturally a robust constitution, he might have lived many years longer, and his latter days might have been more useful than his first. To a person of impaired health and infirm constitution, the office of public schoolmaster is as deleterious as the bottom of a coal-mine.

The following letter from Mr. Pope is without the date of the year; and we scarcely know to what it refers; but I suppose to the subscription for Mr. Wesley's Collection of Poems; and if so, it must have been written about 1735.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks, when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Eckershall; which I will pay beforehand to any one you shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delaney, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this. It was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry, that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it to you for me. I agree with

you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favor of this wretched tabernacle, my body. The soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it harbors much good-will for her husband and herself; no man being more truly,

"Dear sir, your faithful and affectionate servant,

"A. Pope."

Though both this letter and that of Lord Oxford be in the main excessively flat, and carelessly composed, yet the last paragraph here contains some fine ideas, expressed with the utmost felicity of language.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1809, p. 609, is the fac-simile of a poetical epistle from Mr. Pope, accurately copied from the original, which requires no further illustration than to observe, that "Father Francis cross the sea," was Dr. Atterbury, the then exiled bishop of Rochester.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN A MIST;—THE REV. MR. WESLEY REFUSED TO WRITE AGAINST MR. POPE, BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID POPE.

1. Wesley, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.

2. What patron this, a doubt must be
Which none but you can clear,
Or Father Francis 'cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

3. That both were good must be confess'd,
And much to both he owes,
But which to him will be the best
The lord of Oxford knows.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Oxford, Dover-street.

The bishop of Winchester, mentioned by Lord Oxford, was Richard Willis, formerly of All Souls' College, Oxford, and military chaplain to King William, who raised him first to the bishopric of Salisbury; after which he was translated in 1723 to the see of Winchester. He died in

August, 1734, and was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley in the September following. One thing was peculiarly remarkable in Bishop Willis; he generally preached extempore, with ease, correctness, and fluency; a thing most singular among the clergy in those days; a thing which Mr. S. Wesley execrated in his brothers; and which, with extempore prayer, he said "was enough to bring in all confusion."

To this extempore preaching Dr. Willis was at first led no doubt by the temper of his master King William, who was accustomed to hear such kind of preaching in Holland, and could scarcely have borne to hear doctor or prelate read a sermon out of the pulpit at the congregation. When Willis became a bishop he continued the practice. Some thought he wrote his sermons first, and then committed them to memory. What Bishop Godwin, De Præsulibus Angliæ, p. 245, says of Bishop Willis, I shall subjoin; the substance I have given before.

"Richardus Willis, Collegii Omnium Animarum non item pridem socius, à rege Gulielmo præcipuè eâ de causâ ascitus qui in castris militaribus sibi à sacris adesset, quod singulari quâdam facultate *extempore concionandi*, vel conciones memoriter recitandi polleret."

So Mr. John Wesley was not the first extempore preacher in the Church; nor did extempore preaching bring in all or any confusion, as Mr. Samuel Wesley thought it must do.

Mr. Wesley had not only the friendship of Lord Oxford, but his intimacy also; and frequently dined at his house. But this was an honor for which he was obliged to pay a grievous tax, ill suited to the narrowness of his circumstances. Vales to servants, that sovereign disgrace to their masters, were in those days quite common, and in some instances seem to have stood in the place of wages. A whole range of livery-men generally stood in the lobby with eager expectation and rapacity, when any gentleman came out from dining at a nobleman's table; so that no person who was not affluent could afford to enjoy the privilege of a nobleman's entertainment.

Mr. Wesley, who was a frequent visitor at Lord Oxford's, having paid this tax oftener than well suited his circum-

stances, thought it high time either to come to some compromise with these cormorants, or else to discontinue his visits. One day, on returning from his lordship's table, and seeing the usual range of greedy expectants, he addressed them thus: "My friends, I must make an agreement with you, suited to my purse; and shall distribute so much (naming the sum) once in the month, and no more." This becoming generally known, was not only the means of checking that troublesome importunity, but also of redressing the evil; for their master, whose honor was concerned, commanded them to "stand back in their ranks when a gentleman retired;" and prohibited their begging! Many eminent men have endeavored to bring this vile custom into deserved disgrace; Dryden, Addison, Swift, &c.; but it still continues, though under another form; leaving taverns out of the question, (where the lowest menial expects to be paid, if he condescends to answer a civil question,) cooks, chamber-maids, waiters, errand-boys, &c., &c., all expect money, if you lodge in their master's house but a single night! And they expect to be paid too in proportion to the treatment you have received from their master, and in proportion to his credit and respectability, and not to your means or purse. The gentry of the land should rise up as one man against this disgraceful custom, as the board of excise have done against the bribes taken by their officers. Let a servant, on being hired, hear, "Your wages for which you agree shall be duly and faithfully paid; I shall not require the aid of my friends to make up the deficiencies of my servants. The day on which I am informed you receive anything from my guests, you shall be dismissed from my service." If all agree to act thus, this grievous tax upon our friends will soon be abolished. There are few cases where the friendly visit does not cost him who pays it five times more than his maintenance would have done at his own house.

I have already referred to Mr. Wesley's lines on the death of Queen Anne, to which allusion is made in the fourth stanza of his Epitaphium Vivi, p. 162. But I can find none but the following, which he has altered from Prior's Ode, presented to King William on his return from Holland after the queen's death, in 1695. I insert them because of a circumstance that shall be mentioned below.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.

1. At Anna's tomb, (sad, sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
And every muse and every grace
In solemn, silent state shall weep.

2. For her the great, the good, shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat;
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bless her name, so truly great!

3. Fair Albion shall, with grateful trust,
Our sacred Anna's relics guard;
Till Heaven awake the precious dust,
And give the saint her full reward.

These verses have been set to music by that eminent performer and honest man, Charles Wesley, Esq., son to the late Rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew to Mr. Samuel Wesley; and applied to the late Queen Charlotte, changing nothing but the name *Charlotte* for *Anna;* and if the private and domestic character of both be considered, we shall find them at least as truly applicable to the queen of George III., as to the illustrious spouse of the prince of Denmark. They were certainly very appropriate in their application to the good Queen Mary.

In his compositions, letters, and friendships, we have already seen much of the character of Mr. Samuel Wesley, and relative to this point little needs to be added. A part of his character, of which the world knew nothing, was the brightest, and most worthy of the imitation of every son and every brother. From the time he became usher in Westminster School, he divided his income with his parents and family. Through him, principally, were his brothers John and Charles maintained at the university; and in all straits of the family, his purse was not only opened, but emptied, if found necessary. And all this was done with so much affection and deep sense of duty, that it took off and almost prevented the burden of gratitude which otherwise must have been felt. These acts of filial kindness were done so secretly, that although they were very numerous, and extended through many years, no note of them is to be found in his correspondence; his right hand never knew what his left hand did. Those alone knew

his bounty who were its principal objects, and they were not permitted to record it. Indirect hints we frequently find in the letters of old Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and sometimes in those of his brothers; and those hints were all they dared mention in their correspondence with a man who wished to forget every act of kindness he had done. His brothers always spoke of him with the highest reverence, respect, and affection.

Mr. Badcock, it seems, possessed a letter of acknowledgment from old Samuel Wesley, written not long before his death, to this dutiful and affectionate son. I have not been so fortunate as to see this letter, and cannot tell whether it now exists; but the reader will be highly pleased at what Mr. Badcock says of it:—

"I have in my possession a letter of this poor and aged parent, addressed to his son Samuel, in which he gratefully acknowledges his filial duty, in terms so affecting, that I am at a loss which to admire most, the gratitude of the parent, or the affection and generosity of the child. It was written when the good old man was nearly fourscore, and so weakened by a palsy as to be incapable of directing a pen, unless with his left hand. I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make Wesley applauded when his wit is forgotten."

Yes, filial affection is one of the first duties man owes upon earth; only his duty to God is paramount. There cannot be a nearer representative of an impoverished Christ to the eye of a child, than a parent in distress; nor will the approbation of God be more strongly expressed in the day of final retribution, than to that child who has honored the Lord with his substance, in supplying the wants of those from whom, under God, he has derived his being. And those who have ministered to the necessities of their parents will be found at the top of the list of those of whom the Fountain of justice and Father of mercies speaks, when he says, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me." A sound creed is a good thing; but we know that it may be entertained where little of the practice of piety and mercy is to be

found. And there may be in some respects a deficient creed, where nevertheless all the great truths of religion are found; and where it even is not so, there are many cases where the conformity of the life to the purest principles of truth, justice, and mercy, sufficiently evidences the law of God written in the heart by the finger of the Almighty himself.

The man who acted thus toward his parents, and contributed to the utmost of his power to the support and education of his brothers and sisters, and whose whole conduct was irreproachable, has been styled by certain gentlemen who ought to have inquired, if they did not know better, "a worldly priest, who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbors, as an infallible mark of a Dissenter." This slander is too thin, too barefaced, and too malevolent, to deserve notice. Mr. Southey has duly exposed it by a fine irony. "The *amiable spirit* which is displayed in this sentence, its *liberality*, its *charity*, and its *regard to truth*, require no comment."—*Life of Wesley*, vol. i, p. 294.

I can say, on the best authority, that such was the amiableness, benevolence, and excellence of his public and private character, that during the seven years he resided at Tiverton, where he was best known, he was nearly idolized. His diligence and able method of teaching in his school were so evident and successful, that in the first year upward of forty boys were added to it. And such confidence had the public in him, that children were sent from all quarters to be placed under his tuition. His memory was dear to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. And while my page shall live, his eminent abilities, his steady attachment to his friends, whom he invariably cleaved to in adversity, and his uncommon filial piety, and various other excellences, shall not be forgotten.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a member of the Philosophical Society at Spalding, and gave to their museum an amulet that had touched the heads of the three kings of Cologne, whose names were in black letters within.

He married a Miss Berry, whose character he has drawn in the following poem, in which he ingeniously introduces her name in the first line:—

> Her hair and skin are as the *Berry*,—brown;
> Soft is her smile, and graceful is her frown;

Her stature low, 'tis something less than mine;
Her shape, though good, not exquisitely fine;
Though round her hazle eyes some sadness lies,
Their sprightly glances can sometimes surprise;
But greater beauties to her mind belong,
Well can she speak, and wisely hold her tongue;
In her plain sense and humble sweetness meet:
Though gay, religious; and though young, discreet.
Such is the maid, if I can judge aright,
If love or favor hinder not my sight.
Perhaps you'll ask me how so well I know?
I've studied her, and I confess it too,
I've sought each inmost failing to explore,
Though still the more I sought, I liked the more.

This lady was daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church, and rector of Watton, in Norfolk. Her grandfather, John Berry, M. A., fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was presented to the rectory of East Down, Devonshire, by the protector, Richard Cromwell, in 1658, from which he was ejected in 1662, by the Act of Uniformity. When ejected he had ten children, and scarcely anything for their subsistence; but God took care of them, and most of them afterward lived in comfortable circumstances. He continued to preach in several places as he had opportunity; and once, if not oftener, was cast into Exeter common jail, where he lay for several months. Of him Mr. Baxter says, "He was an extraordinary, humble, tender-conscienced, serious, godly, able minister." He died happy in God, December, 1704, aged nearly 80.

It appears that Mr. Berry, the son of this venerable man, was a clergyman of great worth and unshaken integrity. It was on the decease of this clergyman that Mr. Wesley wrote his poem, entitled the "Parish Priest," which several of Mr. J. Wesley's biographers, and indeed some of the family, supposed to have been written on the rector of Epworth. I was also led away by the common opinion, but saw my mistake before the first edition of this work went to the press, and wrote to the editor to examine the subject; but owing to his press of business, and my absence from the kingdom, the mistake was perpetuated. On a careful examination, I find the character is that of his wife's father, the Rev. John Berry; for it was first presented to the public five years prior to the volume of poems being published. In proof of this, in the first vol-

ume of the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1731, p. 504, it is thus advertised: "No. 9, The Parish Priest, a poem upon a clergyman lately deceased, price 6*d*." In the minutes of the Spalding Society, which may be found in the third volume of the Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, this poem is described as "the character of his wife's father, the Rev. John Berry, M. A., vicar of Watton, in Norfolk." This is placed beyond all doubt by the original publication, thus dated: The Parish Priest, a poem upon a clergyman, lately deceased: London, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, 1731; price sixpence. There was a second edition in 1732; so that this poem, supposed to be on the death of the rector of Epworth, was made and printed four or five years before his death. I find that Mr. Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes, and also Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, make the same statement from these authorities. In the History of Norfolk, 6 vols. fol., vol. iii, p. 590, it will be seen, "John Berry, M. A., was appointed to the living of Watton, Aug. 26, 1691, which he held till his death, which was in 1730. His successor was appointed Sept. 30, 1730." Thus we find he held the living upward of forty years. The poem, therefore, even in its letter, more correctly applies to him than to Samuel Wesley, who was only thirty-nine years rector of Epworth; and the poet sings of his subject,—

"While *forty years* his heavenly doctrine charms."

The poem then will be found, in many instances, inapplicable to Mr. Wesley. Mr. Berry's widow seems to have survived him many years, and to have resided with Mr. Samuel Wesley, as appears by a letter of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, dated March 8, 1738. See p. 403.

But although this poem has been improperly supposed to refer to the rector of Epworth, the father, instead of the vicar of Watton, the father-in-law, yet the major part of it applies equally to the former. The hospitality, indeed, is described in it on a scale which the circumstances of the rector of Epworth could not allow; yet there are many proofs—proofs, too, the most convincing—that he was not only the friend, but the feeder of the poor. At stated times he also feasted the poor of his parish; and the children of his own family actually served them while at their repast,

and vied with each other who should perform this labor of love with the greater cheerfulness and alacrity.

That Samuel Wesley was liberal, according to his power, the records we have of him sufficiently prove.*

With Miss Berry, the daughter of the rector of Watton, Mr. Samuel Wesley became acquainted at Westminster, where her parents then resided, and boarded young gentlemen belonging to the school. He was a most indulgent husband, and passionately fond of his wife, which is proved by his frequent poetical addresses to her after marriage. Though he was accustomed to boast of his authority as a husband, yet she had sense enough to rule under the appearance of submission. Mrs. Hall, who knew her, spoke of her as one who was well described in her husband's poetic tale, called "The Pig:"—

> "She made her little wisdom go
> Further than wiser women do."

He had several children; but only one daughter, called Phil in the preceding letters, lived to woman's estate. She married an apothecary, named Earle, in Barnstaple; whose chief motive in his marriage with her appeared to have been the expectation of succeeding to the title of earl of Anglesea, which he imagined to be nearly extinct, and only recoverable through his wife, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley; and this even while John and Charles

* In a sermon preached at Bow Church, before the trustees of Georgia, by J. Burton, D. D., March 15, 1732, to which is appended an account of moneys and effects received and expended by the trustees, we find the following items:—

		£	s.	d.
"1731. Nov. 26. Rev. Samuel Wesley	(sub.) .	1	1	0
Rev. Samuel Wesley	(don.) .	5	5	0

"Nov. 20. Rev. Samuel Wesley, a pewter chalice and patine for present use in Georgia, until silver ones are had. N. B. Sent on board the Volente, Capt. Smyter, in December, 1732.

"1733. April 18. An unknown benefactor, by the hands of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, two silver chalices, and two patines for the use of the first church in the town of Savannah. Sent on board the Susannah, Capt. Bailey, May, 1733."

He could not afford to give silver vessels to the temple; but he gave what he could, vessels of pewter. His zeal provoked some unknown person, of greater ability, to present silver vessels for the sanctuary, and who sought the honor that cometh from God only; and therefore, hiding himself from public view, made the good rector the instrument of presenting them to the society, and of transmitting them afterward to that infant church.

were alive, the latter having male issue! This couple have been dead upward of forty years.

He had an only son, Samuel, who died young, but at what age I have not learned. His death appears to have been a heavy stroke to all the family; and was particularly so to his grandfather, for the reasons which he alledges in the following consolatory letter, written to his son on the occasion; and which appears to have been the answer to that in which he received the news of his death. A part of this letter contains some curious particulars relative to his Dissertations on the Book of Job, which some of my readers at least will be pleased to see.

"*Letter to my son Sam, on the death of his only son Sam.*

"*June* 18, 1731.

"Dear Son,—Yes, this is a thunderbolt indeed to your whole family; but especially to me, who now am not likely to see any of my name in the third generation (though Job did in the fourth) to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me that there must be a hereafter; because when the truest piety and filial duty have been showed, it has been followed by the loss of children, which therefore must be restored and met with again, as Job's first ten were in another world. As I resolve from hence, as he directs, to stir up myself against the hypocrite, I trust I shall walk on my way, and grow stronger and stronger, as well as that God will support you both under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. But when and how did he die? and where is his epitaph? Though if sending this now will too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it. Now for the two letters.

"First, that of May 27, from London; sum is, 1st, As to the placing the Dissertations, wherein, as you say, the prolegomena are something of anguish, though that and all the rest I leave (as often before) to your judgment, for my memory is near gone; neither have I the papers in any order by me.

"2. The Poetica Descriptio Monstri, I think would come in most naturally after all the Dissertations of the Behemoth and Leviathan; but you, having the whole before you, will be the most proper judge.

"3. Do with the De Carmine Pastoritio as you please.

"4. Periplus Rubri Maris comes with the geography, when Mr. Hoole has finished it.

"5. I remember no extracts but that from the Catena, which is six hundred and sixteen folio pages; but I think I have got the main of it into thirty quartos, which I finished yesterday, though there is no haste in sending it, for I design it for the appendix. This to May 27.

"Now to yours from the Isle of Ely, June 3, which relates to the children, and my last ——— I leave to your mother, who writes this post if she has time; though something I have writ you already in my ult. or penult. on the subject.

"As for the Testimonia Arianorum, περι του Λογου, it happens well that I have a pretty good copy, though not so perfect as that which is lost, and will get Mr. Horberry to transcribe it as soon as he returns from Oxford; though I think it will not come in till toward the latter end of the work, as must your collation at the very end, only before the appendix; and I shall begin to revise it to-morrow.

"Blessing on you and yours, from your loving father,
"S. W."

I believe the collation mentioned here is that at the end of the Dissertations, and which I have described in another place.

The appendix, of which I have a considerable portion in the author's MS. before me, does not appear to have been ever printed. It should have succeeded the collation, as stated above.

It may be seen from the accounts which have been written of the Rev. John Wesley, how earnestly his father wished him to succeed him in the rectory of Epworth; and how strongly this was pressed upon him by his elder brother Samuel. But it is not so well known that Mr. Samuel was the first object of his father's choice; however, this is sufficiently evident from the following letter, which I transcribe from the original; and Mr. Samuel had evidently endeavored to divert his father's wish, and to cause him to fix it on his brother John. The offer of Epworth to Samuel was made February, 1732; the offer of it to John, some time in the end of 1734: the letter, as referring to several family matters, is interesting and curious.

"*February* 28, 1732–3.

"DEAR SON SAMUEL,—For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living, provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

"My first and best reason for it is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and his people here better than I have done; though, thanks be to God, after near forty years' labor among them, they grow better, I having had above one hundred at my last sacrament, whereas I have had less than twenty formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty. You have been a father to your brothers and sisters; especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the university. Neither have you stopped here; but have showed your pity to your mother and me in a very liberal manner, wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves, and have even done noble charities to my children's children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavor to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health at London? My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there; where your wife and you will nourish her, till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.

"There are a few things more which may seem to be tolerable reasons to me for desiring you to be my successor, whatever they may appear to others. I have been at very great and uncommon expense on this living—have rebuilt from the ground the parsonage barn and dovecote; leaded, and planked, and roofed a great part of my chancel; rebuilt the parsonage house twice when it had been burnt, the first time one wing, the second down to the ground, wherein I lost all my books and MSS., a considerable sum of money, all our linen, wearing apparel, and household

stuff, except a little old iron, my wife and I being scorched with the flames, and all of us very narrowly escaping with life. This, by God's help, I built again, digging up the old foundations and laying new ones: it cost me above £400, little or nothing of the old materials being left; besides new furniture from top to bottom; for we had now very little more than what Adam and Eve had when they first set up house-keeping. I then planted the two fronts of my house with wall-fruit the second time, as I had done the old, for the former all perished by the fire. I have before set mulberries in my garden, which bear plentifully, as lately cherries, pears, &c., and in the adjoining croft walnuts, and am planting more every day. And this I solemnly declare, not with any manner of view, or so much as hopes, that any of mine should enjoy any of the fruit of my labor, when I have so long since outlived all my friends; but my prospect was for some unknown person, that I might do what became me, and leave the living better than I found it.

"And yet I might own I could not help wishing, as 'twas natural, that all my care and charge might not be utterly sunk and lost to my family, but that some of them might be the better for it; though yet I despaired of it for the reason above mentioned, till some time since the best of my parishioners pressed me earnestly to try if I could do anything in it: though all I can do is to resign it to you; which I am ready frankly and gladly to do; scorning to make any conditions, for I know you better.

"I commend this affair, and you and yours, to God, as becomes your affectionate father,

"S. Wesley."

Strong characters will have enemies. Mr. S. Wesley, jun., had such; and that he treated them with contempt, not silent, his works show: but his uprightness, steady friendship, benevolence, and charity, even those enemies confessed. In those times party ran, or rather raged, high. Those who loved him were persecuted; and he manfully espoused their cause, and shared their reproach.

His high-church principles may have amounted to bigotry, but never to intolerance; for there were many among the Dissenters whom he cordially esteemed, and with

whom he lived in habits of friendship. See his poem "On the Death of a Female Friend, a Dissenter from the Church of England." By this piece he appears displeased rather with the doctrines of unconditional reprobation and election; and especially as held by those who considered all others in a state of the utmost danger who did not hold their creed, and who thought sour godliness a test of saving grace. Such persons he certainly met with; and such he points out in the following lines of the above-mentioned poem:—

> Wretches of every glimpse of day afraid,
> Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade:
> As if each look display'd its owner's fate;
> And all that smiled were seal'd for reprobate;
> As awkward sourness were a sign of grace;
> And sure election blest an ugly face:
> As if hell-fire were always placed in view,
> Ordain'd for all men but the gloomy few.

He knew that hypocrisy and fanaticism had mingled themselves with pure religion, in days comparatively recent; he was afraid of their revival. It was this fear that caused him to oppose his brothers as he did, when he found them going so far out of the beaten path of Church regularity. Had it pleased God to spare his life but a little longer, the reader may naturally suppose, from the evidence that has been already adduced, that he would have thought and spoken differently both of their manner of preaching, and the success of their ministry. We have already seen from indisputable evidence, that in these respects, as well as in reference to the doctrine they preached, his mind was considerably changed before he died; and that he died not only in "the faith which had been common to all Christians in all ages," but in that faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which he had, not a hypothetical hope, but an assurance of his personal and eternal salvation. This subject has already been discussed. Several of his poems, written to his sisters, will be found in the memoirs of their lives: and some more of his letters in the Life of his brother John.

For a due character of his poetic excellence, see Mr. Pitt's ode "To the unknown author of the Battle of the Sexes."

Mr. Samuel Wesley lies buried in Tiverton church-yard, with the following inscription on his grave-stone:—

Here lye interred
The remains of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, A. M.
Some time student of Christ Church, Oxon:
A man, for his uncommon wit and learning,
For the benevolence of his temper,
And simplicity of manners,
Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all:
An excellent preacher:
But whose best sermon
Was the constant example of an edifying life.

So continually and zealously employed
In acts of beneficence and charity,
That he truly followed
His blessed Master's example
In going about doing good:

Of such scrupulous integrity,
That he declined occasions of advancement in the world
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances;
And avoided the usual ways to preferment
As studiously as many others seek them.

Therefore, after a life spent
In the laborious employment of teaching youth,
First for near twenty years
As one of the ushers in Westminster School,
Afterward for seven years
As head master of the free-school at Tiverton,
He resigned his soul to God
November 6th, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

MISS SUSANNAH WESLEY,—THE FIRST.

Mr. S. Wesley had two daughters named Susannah. The first, who was certainly his eldest female child, was born at South Ormsby, in 1691. In the register of South Ormsby, her baptism is entered thus:—"Susannah, the daughter of Samuel Wesley, Clerk, and Susannah his wife, was baptized the 31st of March, 1691. Samuel Wesley, Rector." She died when about two years of age, as I learn from the following entry in the same church: "Susannah, daughter of Samuel Wesley, and Susannah his wife, was buried April 17, 1693."

MISS EMILIA WESLEY—MRS. HARPER.

Of Emily Wesley little is known: she seems to have been the eldest of the seven daughters of the rector of Epworth, who survived their father, and came to woman's estate. She was born at South Ormsby, and was baptized in the church of that village, by her father, then its rector, Jan. 13, 1692, the entry being still extant in the church register, and signed, "Samuel Wesley, rector." She is reported to have been the favorite daughter of her mother, (though this has been disputed in favor of Patty,) and to have had strong sense, much wit, a prodigious memory, and a talent for poetry. She was a good classical scholar, and wrote a beautiful hand. I have not been able positively to ascertain any of her poetical compositions, as no verses remain to which her name is affixed.

The following lines, describing Mr. John Wesley, are said to be hers; and the late Miss Wesley, who gave them to me, was of opinion that she was the author, though her name is not affixed; and for this opinion she gave me this reason, that "Emily Wesley was known to have written some encomiastic verses upon her brother John."

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

"His eyes diffuse a venerable grace:
And charity itself is in his face.
Humble and meek, learn'd, pious, prudent, just,
Of good report, and faithful to his trust:
Vigilant, sober, watchful of his charge,
Who feeds his sheep, and doth their folds enlarge."

She married an apothecary at Epworth, of the name of Harper, who left her a young widow. What proportion the intellect of Mr. Harper bore to that of his wife, we know not; but in politics they were ill-suited, as he was a violent whig, and she an unbending tory.

Her mother took much pains for the improvement of her mind, and the welfare of her soul, as may be seen by a manuscript still preserved, consisting of sixty 4to. pages, entitled, "A Religious Conference between M. and E.;" with this motto, "'I write unto you, little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you,' Gal. iv, 19. May what is sown in weakness be

raised in power! Written for the use of my children, 1711–12." See p. 375. Indorsed by Mr. John Wesley as follows, "My Mother's Conference with her Daughter."

A letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 16, 1750, has already been inserted at the conclusion of the account of the disturbances in the parsonage house at Epworth: it proves that Jeffrey continued his operations at least thirty-four or thirty-five years after he retired from Epworth.

It appears, from the education given to Miss Emily, and some others of her sisters, that their parents designed them for governesses. About the year 1730 Emily became teacher at the boarding school of a Mrs. Taylor, in Lincoln, where, though she had the whole care of the school, she was not well used, and was worse paid. Having borne this usage as long as reason would dictate forbearance, she laid the case before her brothers, with a resolution to set up school on her own account at Gainsborough. She had their approbation; gave Mrs. Taylor warning, and went to Gainsborough, where she continued at least till 1735, as she was there at the time of her father's death.

Several of these particulars we learn from the following letter, written to her brother John, when she had made up her mind to leave Lincoln, and go to Gainsborough:—

"Dearest Brother,—Your last letter comforted and settled my mind wonderfully. O continue to talk to me of the reasonableness of resignation to the divine will, to enable me to bear cheerfully the ills of life, the lot appointed me; and never to suffer grief so far to prevail, as to injure my health, or long to cloud the natural cheerfulness of my temper. I had writ long since, but had a mind to see first how my small affairs would be settled; and now can assure you, that at lady-day I leave Lincoln certainly. You was of opinion, you may remember, that my leaving Mrs. Taylor would not only prove prejudicial to her affairs, (and so far all the town agrees with you,) but would be a great affliction to her. I own I thought so too; but we both were a little mistaken. She received the news of my going with an indifference I did not expect. Never was such a teacher, as I may justly say I have been, so foolishly lost, so unnecessarily disobliged. Had she paid my

last year's wages but the day before Martinmas, I still had stayed: instead of that, she has received one hundred and twenty pounds within these three months, and yet never would spare one six or seven pounds for me, which I am sure no teacher will ever bear. The jest is, she fancies I never knew of any money she received; when, alas! she can never have one five pounds but I know of it. I have so satisfied brother Sam, that he wishes me good success at Gainsbro', and says he can no longer oppose my resolution, which pleases me much, for I would gladly live civilly with him, and friendly with you.

"I have a fairer prospect at Gainsbro' even than I could hope for; my greatest difficulty will be want of money at my first entrance. I shall furnish my school with canvass, worsteds, silks, &c., &c., and am much afraid of being dipped in debt at first: but God's will be done! Troubles of that kind are what I have been used to. Will you lend me the other £3, which you designed for me at lady-day? It would help me much: you will if you can, I am sure,—for so would I do by you. I am half starved with cold, which hinders me from writing longer. Emery is no better. Mrs. Taylor and Kitty give their service. Pray send soon to me. Kez is gone home for good and all. I am knitting brother Charles a fine purse; pray my love to him.

"I am, dear brother, your loving sister and constant friend, Emilia Wesley."

As Mrs. Harper makes no mention of her husband in her letter to Mr. Wesley in 1750, it is likely he was dead before that time. She had one child, whom she calls Tetty: but whether she survived her mother we do not know.

Mrs. Harper is represented as a fine woman; of a noble, yet affable countenance, and of a kind and affectionate disposition. She was left without property: but in her widowhood, for many years, till her death, she was maintained entirely by her brothers, and lived at the preachers' house adjoining to the chapel in West-street, Seven Dials, London.

Mr. John Wesley has been stated by some of his biographers to have had no family affections. This is anything but truth: almost the whole family were cast upon his care

after his father's death, and were wholly, kindly, and affectionately supported by him. A proof of his kindness is seen in the case of Mrs. Harper. She had a maid to whom she was greatly attached. This woman also Mr. Wesley supported, that she might attend upon her mistress, though there was a regular servant, whose business it was to wait on the family in that house.

This slander, of the want of family affections, of which certain persons have made so uncandid a use, might have arisen from one of Emily's letters to her brother, which, in a petulant humor, she wrote some time in the year 1743; against which, in a pointed letter, Mr. Wesley answers from Newcastle, in the same year. That of Miss Emily I have not seen; but its leading features are sufficiently evident in the following answer:—

"*Newcastle, June* 30, 1743.

"Dear Emmy,—Once, I think, I told you my mind freely before: I am constrained to do so once again. You say, 'From the time of my coming to London, till last Christmas, you would not do me the least kindness.' Do I dream, or you? Whose house was you in for three months, and upward? By whose money was you sustained? It is a poor case, that I am forced to mention these things. But 'I would not take you lodgings in fifteen weeks.' No, nor should I have done in fifteen years. I never once imagined that you expected *me* to do this! Shall I leave the word of God to serve tables? You should know I have quite other things to mind: temporal things I shall regard less and less. 'When I was removed, you never concerned yourself about me.' That is not the fact. What my brother does, I do. Besides, I myself spoke to you abundance of times, before Christmas last. 'When at preaching, you would scarce speak to me.' Yes; at least as much as to my sister Wright, or, indeed, as I did to any one else at those times. 'I impute all your unkindness to one principle you hold, that natural affection is a great weakness, if not a sin.' What is this principle I hold? That natural affection is a sin? or that adultery is a virtue? or that Mohammed was a prophet of God? And that Jesus Christ was a son of Belial? You may as well impute all these principles to me as *one*. I hold one just as much as

the other. O Emmy, never let that idle, senseless accusation come out of your mouth!

"Do *you* hold that principle, 'That we ought to be just (that is, pay our debts) before we are merciful?' If I held it, I should not give one shilling for these two years, either to you, or any other. And, indeed, I have for some time stayed my hand; so that I give next to nothing, except what I give to my relations. And I am often in doubt with regard to that: not, whether natural affection be not a sin? but, whether it ought to supersede common justice? You know nothing of my temporal circumstances, and the straits I am in almost continually; so that were it not for the reputation of my great riches, I could not stand one week.* I have now done with myself, and now have only a few words to add concerning you. You are of all creatures the most unthankful to God and man. I stand amazed at you. How little have you profited under such means of improvement! Surely whenever your eyes are opened, whenever you see your own tempers, with the advantages you have enjoyed, you will make no scruple to pronounce yourself (whores and murderers not excepted) the very chief of sinners.

"I am, &c., J. WESLEY."

Before Mrs. Harper became a resident in the preachers' house at West-street, she was a constant attendant on the ministry of her brothers at the Old Foundry, by which she considerably profited. After she came to West-street, her privileges became greater, as her opportunities of attending the means of grace were multiplied; and for this attendance she had every facility, as the apartments of the family opened into the chapel from the first floor; and by throwing up some sashes that separated the house and the chapel, behind the pulpit, every convenience was afforded for hearing, without the trouble of ever going out of doors. In this comfortable retreat, in the very bosom of the church, Mrs. Harper terminated her earthly existence at a very advanced age, some time between the years 1770 and 1772.

Though she survived the major part of her incomparable

* For a considerable time Mr. Wesley was responsible for the debts, not only on several chapels and houses, but also for support of the preachers and their families. To these oppressive responsibilities he refers in the above sentence.

memory, which was much impaired previously to her death, yet her peculiarly benevolent and even temper never forsook her. That her mind was highly cultivated, and her taste exquisite, we have some proof in the assertion of her brother, Mr. John Wesley: "My sister Harper was the best reader of Milton I ever heard." The life of such a woman must have furnished innumerable anecdotes of the most instructive kind: but, alas! for want of a collector, they have been borne away long since on the gale that never returns, and buried in the viewless regions of endless oblivion.

The following nervous lines, addressed to her some time before her marriage, were written by her sister, Mrs. Wright:—

My fortunes often bid me flee
So light a thing as poetry:
But stronger inclination draws,
To follow wit and nature's laws.
Virtue, form, and wit in thee
Move in perfect harmony:
For thee my tuneful voice I'll raise,
For thee compose my softest lays;
My youthful muse shall take her flight,
And crown thy beauteous head with radiant beams of light.

True wit and sprightly genius shine
In every turn, in every line:—
To these, O skillful Nine, annex
The native sweetness of my sex;
And that peculiar talent let me show
Which Providence divine doth oft bestow
On spirits that are high, with fortunes that are low.

Thy virtues and thy graces all,
How simple, free, and natural!
Thy graceful form with pleasure I survey;
It charms the eye,—the heart, away.
Malicious Fortune did repine,
To grant her gifts to worth like thine!

To all thy outward majesty and grace,
To all the blooming features of thy face,
To all the heavenly sweetness of thy mind,
A noble, generous, equal soul is join'd,
By reason polish'd, and by arts refined.
Thy even, steady eye can see
Dame Fortune smile, or frown at thee;
At every varied change can say, It moves not me!

Fortune has fix'd thee in a place
Debarr'd of wisdom, wit, and grace.
High births and virtue equally they scorn,
As asses dull, on dunghills born:
Impervious as the stones, their heads are found;
Their rage and hatred steadfast as the ground.
With these unpolish'd wights thy youthful days
Glide slow and dull, and nature's lamp decays;
O what a lamp is hid 'midst such a sordid race!

But though thy brilliant virtues are obscured
And in a noxious, irksome den immured;
My numbers shall thy trophies rear,
And lovely as she is, my Emily appear.
Still thy transcendent praise I will rehearse,
And form this faint description into verse;
And when the poet's head lies low in clay,
Thy name shall shine in worlds which never can decay.

Wroote was the place of which Mrs. Wright speaks so degradingly; and on which her brother Samuel wrote a mock heroic poem, which he inscribed to his sister Hetty. The parsonage house at that place he thus describes:—

The house is good, and strong, and clean,
Though there no battlements are seen,
But humble roof of thatch, I ween
Low rooms from rain to cover.
Where safe from poverty (sore ill!)
All may live happy if they will,
As any that St. James's fill,
Th' Escurial, or the Louvre.

What happiness! then to be driven
Where powers of saving may be given!
To hope for unmolested heaven
While here on earth—too soon is:
But this is certain, if you're wise,
Wroote is the seat of paradise,
As much as any place that lies
On earth beside the moon is.

'Tis true no fairy lands are there;
No spring to flourish all the year;
No bushes that perfumes will bear,
Flowers, fruits, together springing;
Where Phœbus, with perpetual beams,
Glitters from gently gliding streams,
And nymphs are lull'd to pleasing dreams
By Philomela singing.

There was scarcely a bush in the place; for Wroote was situated in the low levels of Lincolnshire, and often covered with water, and the produce of the ground swept away!

ANNESLEY AND JEDEDIAH WESLEY,

(PROBABLY TWINS.)

Of these, nothing beyond what is contained in the church register of South Ormsby is known. The entries relative to them are as follow: "Annesley and Jedediah, the sons of Samuel Wesley, and Susannah his wife, were baptized Dec. 3, 1694."

They were both short-lived, probably the former not more than a month and a few days; for immediately after his baptism is the following entry of his death: "Annesley Wesley was buried Jan." No date is given; but from the connection in which it stands, it must have been Jan., 1695. Jedediah's death is registered thus: "Jedediah, the son of Samuel Wesley, and Susannah his wife, was buried Jan. 31," probably in the same year; though from other entries in the same page of the register, it might appear to be the following year, 1696.

MISS SUSANNAH THE SECOND—MRS. ELLISON.

She was born in 1695, and was the third daughter of Mr. S. Wesley. Of her youth I find but little. She is reported to have been good natured, very facetious, and a little romantic, but behaved herself with the strictest moral correctness. She was married in or before the year 1721 to Richard Ellison, Esq., a gentleman of good family, who farmed his own estate, and had a very respectable establishment. Of this man, Mrs. Wesley, sen., gives a most unfavorable character, as we have already seen, in a letter to her brother in the East Indies: "My second daughter, Sukey, a pretty woman, and worthy a better fate, when by your last unkind letters she perceived that all her hopes in you were frustrated, rashly threw herself upon a man (if a man he may be called that is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness) that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family." She bore him several children; but the marriage, as might be expected

from such a man, like some others in the Wesley family, was an unhappy one. She had a mind naturally strong and vivacious, and well refined by a good education: his was common, coarse, and uncultivated; morose, and too much inclined to despotic sway; which prevented conjugal happiness. Unfitness of minds, more than circumstances, is what in general mars the marriage union. Where minds are suited, means of happiness and contentment are ever within reach; but where coarseness, brutality, and profligacy are united in the same person, all hope of happiness, in married life, is necessarily cut off.

Susan was much beloved by her sister Hetty, (Mrs. Wright,) and with her Mr. Ellison, for a time, was a high favorite.

What little domestic happiness could be derived from easy circumstances was not only interrupted, but finally destroyed, by a distressing accident. A fire took place in their dwelling house, by which it, and all their property, were destroyed: the family alone escaped with their lives, and in consequence were all scattered among different relations. What the cause of this fire was, I cannot learn; but from that time Mrs. Ellison would never more live with her husband. She went to London, and hid herself among some of her children, who were established there, and had considerable helps from her brother John, the common almoner of the family. Mr. Ellison used many means to get her to return; but she utterly refused either to see him, or to have any intercourse with him.

As he knew her affectionate disposition, in order to bring her down to Lincolnshire, he advertised an account of his death! When this account met her ear, she immediately set off to Lincolnshire to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains; but when she found him alive and well, she returned; and no persuasion could induce her to live with him.

It does not appear that she communicated to any person the cause of this aversion and dislike, then so suddenly brought into action; and at this distance of time it is useless to pursue it by conjecture. The general profligacy of his character, no doubt, rendered him insupportable; and probably something took place at that time which caused her to put a resolution, long before formed, into execution.

She had several children, four of whom are traced and well remembered—John, Ann, Deborah, and Richard Annesley Ellison.

1. John Ellison lived and died at Bristol. He was an officer in the excise, or customs; and left two daughters by his first wife:—Elizabeth Ellison, who turned out unfortunate, and to whom I have known Mr. J. Wesley show great kindness, often relieving her in distresses to which her imprudence had reduced her, treating her with great tenderness, and giving her advices which, had she followed, would have led her to true happiness; and Patience Ellison, who married in Bristol, was a member of a dissenting congregation in that city, and conducted herself as a useful member of society, and a genuine Christian. He also left a son, named John, by a second wife; a respectable man, in good circumstances; still, for aught I know, resident in Bristol.

2. Ann Ellison married Mr. Pierre le Lièvre, a French Protestant refugee. He left one son, Peter le Lièvre, who was educated at Kingswood School; took orders in the Church of England; and lately died at his living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He was accounted a worthy, religious man, and has left a family in comfortable circumstances. Two of his letters are inserted in the Arminian Magazine, vol. xi, p. 498; and vol. xii, p. 274. His son is a clergyman of good character. This Ann Ellison made a second marriage with a gentleman named Gaunt, who soon left her a widow. It was in the house of this Mrs. Gaunt, that her mother, formerly Susannah Wesley, died in London. The year of this second marriage I have not been able to ascertain.

3. Deborah Ellison married another French refugee, Mr. Pierre Collet, father of Mrs. Biam, and of the Collet yet alive. Both Lièvre and Collet were silk-weavers.

4. Richard Annesley Ellison died at twenty-seven, leaving two orphan daughters, of whom Mrs. Voysey is one, an excellent, warm-hearted Christian, and wife of a pious dissenting minister. This excellent couple have four children; one a surgeon in the East Indies, another an architect, and two amiable daughters, one of whom is lately married, and settled respectably.

At present, three of Susannah Wesley's grand-children

are alive; the above-mentioned Mrs. Voysey, Mrs. Biam, and Mr. Collet, brother of him who forged certain letters intended to traduce the character of Mr. John Wesley, a man to whom he was under the highest obligations. He is dead: but it is comfortable to be able to add, that all his forgeries were detected, and that he confessed and repented of those calumnies with which all the family were shocked, for they held them in abhorrence.

Mrs. Gaunt (Ann Ellison, afterward Lièvre) was a fine-looking, stout woman, under the middle size, with an abundance of wit. She died in London, chiefly supported in her latter years by Mr. John Wesley, and her son Lièvre.

Susannah Wesley lived awhile with her uncle, Matthew Wesley, after which she appears to have been some time in Lincoln as a teacher; and probably, on Emily's removal to Gainsborough, assisted her in her new settlement. It was to Susannah that her mother sent that beautiful exposition of the Apostles' Creed, which the reader will find entered under the life of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, sen. See further mention of this lady in the memoir of Miss Kezziah Wesley.

MISS MARY WESLEY—MRS. WHITELAMB.

Mary Wesley stands the fourth on the list of the grown up female children of the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Through afflictions, and probably some mismanagement in her nurse, she became considerably deformed in her body; and her growth in consequence was much stinted, and her health injured; but all written and oral testimony concurs in the statement that her face was exquisitively beautiful, and was a fair and very legible index to a mind and disposition almost angelic. Her humble, obliging, even, and amiable disposition, made her the favorite and delight of the whole family. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley frequently spoke of her, and ever with the most tender respect; and her sister Hetty, no mean judge of character, with whom she was an especial favorite, spoke and wrote of her as one of the most exalted of human characters.

She married, with the high approbation of all the family, Mr. John Whitelamb, of whom some mention has already

been made, and whose history it is necessary to pursue a little further. He was the son of parents at that time in very low circumstances, and was put to a charity school at Wroote, superintended by the Rev. John Romley; of whom it is worthy of remark, that in the course of a very few months, under the direction of the Rev. S. Wesley, sen., he learned to read, write, and speak the Greek language with facility and considerable elegance.

I have these particulars in a Greek epistle to Mr. Charles Wesley, now lying before me, written in the year 1732. Mr. Romley studied divinity under S. Wesley, sen.; graduated at Lincoln College, Oxford; and was for a time the curate of Mr. Wesley, (I believe at Wroote,) who had given him the first part of his education, and to whom he was for some time amanuensis. He was a member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding; and in 1730 presented to that society an "Account of the Manors, Villages, Seats, and Church of Althorp, in Lincolnshire." This society was founded at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1710, by Maurice Johnson, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Of this society Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., became a member, Jan. 9, 1723; and his son Samuel was elected a member September 18, 1729.—See the history of it in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vi.

It is likely that Mr. Romley recommended young Whitelamb to Mr. Wesley's notice, as a lad of promising abilities; for we find that Mr. Wesley took him to his house; that he became his amanuensis in the place of Mr. Romley; designed the plates for Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job, and engraved several of them with his own hand.

Under the care of the rector of Epworth, he obtained a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to enter the university; and at the expense, chiefly, of Mr. Wesley's family, then indeed in very low circumstances, he was maintained at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his education gratis, under Mr. John Wesley, then a fellow of that college. In the preceding memoirs we have met with this young man frequently; especially in the letters of the rector of Epworth, and of Mrs. Wesley.

He suffered great privations in order to acquire a sufficiency of learning to pass through the university and obtain

orders. It is in reference to this, that Mrs. Wesley calls him "poor starvling Johnny." So low were his circumstances that he could not procure himself clothes, and could not purchase a gown when ordained. In every respect the Wesley family divided with him according to their power; and by his humble and upright conduct, he did honor to himself, and repaid their kindness. When he got orders, Mr. Wesley made him his curate in Wroote; and having engaged Miss Mary Wesley's affections, they were married, and Mr. Wesley gave up to him the living of Wroote, which, as we have seen, he petitioned the lord chancelor to confirm; as that living, as well as Epworth, was in the gift of the crown; and he was promoted to it by the chancelor on February 9, 1734. See the petition to the chancelor, and the high character given of this young man, in the life of the rector of Epworth.

But it appears that he afterward swerved from the simplicity of the gospel, fell into doubts concerning the truth of divine revelation, and at last became a deist! I find no particulars of his reconversion: but that it did take place I infer from a note by Mr. John Wesley, on a letter of his printed in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine, containing the following passage: "To be frank, I cannot but look upon your doctrines as of ill consequence. Consequence I say; for, take them nakedly in themselves, nothing seems more innocent, nay, good and holy. Suppose we grant that in you and the rest of the leaders, who are men of sense and discernment, what is called the seal and testimony of the Spirit is something real; yet, I have great reason to think, that in the generality of your followers it is merely the effect of a heated imagination."—September 2, 1742. The note is, "No wonder he should think so; for at that time, and for some years after, he did not believe the Christian revelation." From which it appears, that some years after he was brought back to the Christian faith. Mr. Southey seems to doubt of his ever having been a deist: but surely Mr. Wesley's testimony is sufficient on this point, to whom, Mr. Whitelamb says, he had opened his whole mind.

Mr. Wesley knew him to have been a deist, though in other respects an amiable man; and he produced his deism as the reason, and at the same time excuse, for his believ-

ing that all pretensions to experimental religion were the effect of a heated imagination.

Mr. Romley was not so mindful of his obligations to the Wesley family. On Sept. 6, 1742, when Mr. Wesley visited Epworth, he offered to assist Mr. Romley, who was then curate, by either preaching or reading prayers; but the gentleman refused to let him do either, and went immediately and preached a sermon against enthusiasm! In the evening Mr. Wesley preached in the church-yard, standing on the tomb of his father. Mr. Whitelamb was in the congregation, and wrote to him the following letter in a few days after; which, because it is so creditable to his feelings, and to the sense he still retained of the many favors which he had received from him and from his family, I shall insert.

"*June* 11, 1742.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken to you, but that I am quite at a loss to know how to address or behave.

"Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant you and your followers may always have entire liberty of conscience. Will not you allow others the same?

"Indeed, I cannot think as you do, any more than I can help honoring and loving you. Dear sir, will you credit me? I retain the highest veneration and affection for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude: I feel in a higher degree all that tenderness and yearning of bowels with which I am affected toward every branch of Mr. Wesley's family. I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect,—This is the man who at Oxford was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's, with such applause; and—O that I should ever add—whom I have lately heard preach at Epworth on his father's tomb-stone!

"I am quite forgot. None of the family ever honor me with a line! Have I been ungrateful? I appeal to sister Patty, I appeal to Mr. Ellison, whether I have or no. I have been passionate, fickle, a fool: but I hope I shall never be ungrateful.

"Dear sir, is it in my power to serve or oblige you any way? Glad I should be that you would make use of me. God open all our eyes, and lead us into truth, wherever it be! JOHN WHITELAMB."

His wife Mary did not long survive her marriage. She died in child-bed of her first child. How all the family could quite have forgotten Mr. Whitelamb I cannot tell. There must have been something improper in his conduct: indeed, he seems to hint at this in the above letter; "I have been passionate, fickle, a fool;"—and in one of the 2d of September, in the same year, 1742, to Charles, he writes: "J. Whitelamb was never either ungrateful, or vicious; though, by the heat of youthful blood, and want of experience in the world, he has been betrayed into very great follies." The Mr. Ellison mentioned above was the husband of Susannah Wesley; and Patty was Mrs. Hall; one of whom has just preceded, and the other will be mentioned in her proper place.

That Mr. Wesley still felt a parental affection and anxiety for his old pupil, Mr. Whitelamb, and especially in reference to his eternal interests, will appear from the following extract of one of his letters to Mrs. Woodhouse, of Epworth, in answer to one which that lady had written, giving an account of Mr Whitelamb's death.

"*Oct.* 4, 1769.

"———— How long is it since Mr. Whitelamb died? What disease did he die of? Did he lie ill for any time? Do you know any circumstances preceding or attending his death? O, why did he not die forty years ago, while he knew in whom he had believed! Unsearchable are the counsels of God, and his ways past finding out.

"JOHN WESLEY."

The Whitelamb family have been long very respectable in Lincolnshire, and particularly at Wroote, where one of them succeeded to the pastoral charge in that parish; and was remarkable for his various learning, and especially for his great skill in mathematics.

As for the husband of Miss Mary Wesley, we may charitably hope, from his sound education, and his long-tried piety, that whatever doubts might for a time have obscured

his views of the sacred records, and paralyzed his religious feelings and experience, his former principles regained their influence and ascendency, and that he died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The verses to Mrs. Whitelamb's memory, with her epitaph, composed by her sister Wright, I think it proper to subjoin; from which we learn that she was a most steady and affectionate friend; was deeply devoted to God; full of humility and goodness; and diligent in all the duties of life.

But she was a Wesley; and in that singular family excellences of all kinds were to be found, and the female part were as conspicuous as the male.

In the following lines, which are full of mind and feeling, we shall find allusion to the source whence the miseries of Mrs. Wright's life proceeded. These will be considered at large in the account of herself.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

[BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.]

If blissful spirits condescend to know,
And hover round what once they loved below;
Maria! gentlest excellence! attend
To her who glories to have call'd thee friend!
Remote in merit, though allied in blood,
Unworthy I, and thou divinely good!
Accept, blest shade, from me these artless lays,
Who never could unjustly blame, or praise.
How thy economy and sense outweigh'd
The finest wit in utmost pomp display'd,
Let others sing, while I attempt to paint
The godlike virtues of the friend and saint.

With business and devotion never cloy'd,
No moment of thy life pass'd unemploy'd,
Well-natured mirth, matured discretion join'd,
Constant attendants of the virtuous mind.
From earliest dawn of youth, in thee well known,
The saint sublime and finish'd Christian shone.
Yet would not grace one grain of pride allow,
Or cry, "Stand off, I'm holier than thou."
A worth so singular since time began,
But one surpass'd, and He was more than man.
When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
And friend and kindred heighten'd my distress,
And with relentless efforts made me prove
Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;

My soft Maria could alone dissent,
O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment!
Condoled the ill, admitting no relief,
With such infinitude of pitying grief,
That all who could not their demerit see,
Mistook her wondrous love for worth in me;
No toil, reproach, or sickness could divide
The tender mourner from her Stella's side;
My fierce inquietude, and maddening care,
Skillful to soothe, or resolute to share!

Ah me! that heaven has from this bosom tore
My angel friend, to meet on earth no more;
That this indulgent spirit soars away,
Leaves but a still insentient mass of clay;
E'er Stella could discharge the smallest part
Of all she owed to such immense desert;
Or could repay with aught but feeble praise
The sole companion of her joyless days!
Nor was thy form unfair, though heaven confined
To scanty limits thy exalted mind.
Witness thy brow serene, benignant, clear,
That none could doubt transcendent truth dwelt there;
Witness the taintless whiteness of thy skin,
Pure emblem of the purer soul within:
That soul, which tender, unassuming, mild,
Through jetty eyes with tranquil sweetness smiled.
But ah! could fancy paint, or language speak,
The roseate beauties of thy lip or cheek,
Where nature's pencil, leaving art no room,
Touch'd to a miracle the vernal bloom.
(Lost though thou art) in Stella's deathless line
Thy face immortal as thy fame shall shine.

To soundest prudence, (life's unerring guide,)
To love sincere, religion without pride;
To friendship perfect in a female mind
Which I nor hope nor wish on earth to find;
To mirth (the balm of care) from lightness free,
Unblemish'd faith, unwearied industry;
To every charm and grace combined in you,
Sister and friend!—a long, a last adieu!

MR. JOHN WESLEY'S ALTERATIONS.

Line 1. *Happy spirits are allow'd.*—Blissful spirits condescend.
Line 6. *Though worthless I.*—Unworthy I.
Line 7. *Dear.*—Blest.
Line 8.—*Durst.*—Could.
Sixteen lines are entirely left out, beginning—*From earliest dawn.*
Lines 31, 32, 35, and 36, are entirely left out.
Line 37. *Torn.*—Tore.

Line 38. *The dearest friend whom I must ever mourn.*
Lines 39, 40. Left out.
Line 45. *Pleasing thy face and form.*—Nor was thy form unfair.
Line 46. *Extensive.*—Exalted.
Line 49. *Lustre.*—Whiteness.
Line 50. *Bright, brighter.*—Pure, purer.
Line 51. *Easy and affected.*—Tender, unassuming.
Line 52. *Cheerful.*—Tranquil.
The four next lines are left out, beginning—*But ah! could fancy paint.*
Line 60. *Void of.*—Without.
Line 62. *Which I can never hope again.*—Nor hope nor wish on earth.
Line 64. *To steadfast truth.*—Unblemish'd faith.
Line 66. Long *and* last adieu.

A copy of these verses was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1736, vol. vi, p. 740, with the following inscription: "To the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, rector of Epworth and Wroote." From it I have recovered a few stanzas omitted in the manuscript; otherwise it is very imperfect.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

[BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.]

If highest worth, in beauty's bloom,
Exempted mortals from the tomb;
We had not round this sacred bier
Mourn'd the sweet babe and mother here,
Where innocence from harm is blest,
And the meek sufferer is at rest!
Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
Till Heaven relieved the finish'd saint.

If savage bosoms felt her wo,
(Who lived and died without a foe,)
How should I mourn, or how commend,
My tenderest, dearest, firmest friend?
Most pious, meek, resign'd, and chaste,
With every social virtue graced!

If, reader, thou wouldst prove, and know,
The ease she found not here below;
Her bright example points the way
To perfect bliss, and endless day.

I have not been able to recover anything written either in prose or verse by Mrs. Whitelamb; and without this short and imperfect memoir, her name would have been soon consigned to oblivion.

MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY—MRS. WRIGHT.

Mehetabel Wesley, called also Hetty, and by her brother Samuel sometimes Kitty, is the fifth female child of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, as they stand on my list of his survivors; but she was probably their tenth or eleventh child; for several had died in infancy, whose names are now forgotten.

Hetty gave from her infancy such proofs of strong mental powers as led her parents to cultivate them with the utmost care and diligence, that they might be extended, properly directed, and bring forth corresponding fruits.

The pains taken with her education were crowned with success; for at the early age of eight years she had made such proficiency in the learned languages that she could read the Greek Testament.

She had naturally a fine poetic genius, which, though common to the whole family, shone forth in her with peculiar splendor, and was heightened by her knowledge of the fine models of antiquity.

From her childhood she was gay and sprightly; full of mirth, good humor, and keen wit. She indulged this disposition so much, that it was said to have given great uneasiness to her parents; because she was in consequence often betrayed into little inadvertencies, which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline; and that fancy, not reason, often dictated that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous gift; and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself and offending others. She appears to have had many suitors; but they were generally of the airy and thoughtless class, and ill-suited to make her either happy or useful in a matrimonial life.

To some of those proposed matches, in very early life, I believe the following lines allude, which I find in her father's hand-writing, and marked by Mr. J. Wesley—"*Hetty's Letter to her Mother.*"

"Dear Mother,—

"You were once in the ew'n
As by us cakes is plainly shewn,
Who else had ne'er come after.

Pray speak a word in time of need,
And with my sour-look'd father plead
For your distressed daughter!"

About the year 1724 a gentleman in the profession of the law paid his addresses to her: to him she became greatly attached; and a marriage was on the eve of taking place, when her father interfered, having heard something to the disadvantage of the gentleman, which led him to pronounce him "an unprincipled lawyer." This interference, however, did not move Hetty. She refused to give him up, though not inclined to marry without her parents' consent; and had he been equally faithful to her, the connection would in all probability have issued in marriage; but, whether offended with the opposition he met with from the family, or whether through fickleness, he in fact remitted his assiduities, and at last abandoned a woman who would have been an honor to the first man in the land.

The matter thus terminating, she appears to have done what many others in similar circumstances have done, made a rash vow, either never to marry another, or to take the first man that might offer, whose suit her parents might approve. Which of these formed the vow I have not been able to determine. Mr. Wright, a plumber and glazier, of probably respectable connections, offered, and was recommended by parental authority; and as her parents saw that her mind was strongly attached to the man who had jilted her, in order to prevent the possibility of a union in that quarter, her father urged her to marry Wright. He was only a journeyman when he married her, but set up in business by the money which she received as a marriage portion from her uncle Matthew. She found him to be a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education, manners, &c.; and, in consequence, expressed her strong disapprobation, and earnestly begged that parental authority might not be used to induce her to adopt a measure that promised no comfort to her, and might prove her ruin. Her father appears to have been inexorable; she was doubly bound by her filial duty, and her vow.

Mary, of all her sisters, had the courage to counsel her rather to break that vow than do what she saw would most infallibly produce her misery through life. To this she

alludes in her fine lines addressed to the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb :—

> "When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
> And friends and kindred heighten'd my distress;
> And by relentless efforts made me prove
> Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
> My soft Maria could alone dissent,
> O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment."

But this ill-fated marriage took place; and if unkindness of treatment had not been added to utter unsuitableness of disposition, her lot would have been less grievous. Mr. Wright did not know the value of the woman he had espoused! He associated with low, dissolute company; spent his evenings from home; became a drunkard; and, by a series of ill-management and ill-treatment, broke the heart of his wife.

When this marriage took place I cannot learn. Dr. Whitehead thinks it was in the end of the year 1725. I think it was not so early, as a letter which I shall subjoin, written in 1729, seems to have been sent a little after her marriage. That she was almost compelled to marry Mr. Wright, this letter, written to her father, I think plainly intimates. I cannot suppress it, as it throws the proper light on this hitherto unexplained unfortunate transaction.

"*July* 3, 1729.

"Honored Sir,—Though I was glad, on any terms, of the favor of a line from you; yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

"But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in everything; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I can't help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so; especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

"You ask me, 'what hurt matrimony has done me?' and 'whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now?' Home questions indeed! and I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to them, if I say anything.

"I had not always such notions of wedlock as now; but thought that where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and anything to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state; but where all, or most of these, were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves.

"I could say much more; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

"You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, 'you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me.' I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

"I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened; but though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all; yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own, that since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, it is best to say little of things quite past remedy; and endeavor, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do; yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me impatient to endure your displeasure is, your thinking I deserve it.

"Though I can't justify my late indiscrete letter which made me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life (of which perhaps I have my share) sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one, that though I bear

I must feel them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much; which (with begging your blessing) is all from

"Your most obt. daughter,

"MEHET. WRIGHT."

Here we see the impelling cause of this ill-fated match; and in the following address to her husband, the powerful operating cause of her continual chagrin and wretchedness:

1. The ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate;
And though despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.

2. Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest, softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love,
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride?

3. O thou, whom sacred rights design'd
My guide, and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends;
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.

4. Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height,
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing wo.
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place:
A youthful grace informs these lines,
Where still the purple current shines;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart;
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in wo.

5. Or is it that, oppress'd with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear;
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody:
For though thine absence I lament
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Conceal'd my cares, and curb'd my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.

6. Had I not practised every art
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise;
I had not ask'd, "Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours' long;
While thou, in raptures, with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause."

7. Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rival'd by such things as these;
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart, or die.
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee.

8. Then quit the shuffling, doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense;
Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love!

9. If so, by truth itself I swear,
The sad reverse I cannot bear:
No rest, no pleasure will I see;
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er;
(A gift I never lost before;)

Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe,
Who tries to mitigate my wo;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more.

It is not likely that these lines produced any good effect on the untutored and sin-hardened heart of Mr. Wright: there is no evidence that he amended, or that her lot in life was ameliorated, till in her distress she turned her eyes to Him who is a cover from the storm, and a refuge to the distressed.

That she was fully awakened to a sense of her need of the Friend of sinners, and sought and found that great salvation which her brothers so powerfully and successfully preached, may be seen by the following letters.

In 1743 she wrote as follows to her brother, Mr. John Wesley:—

"Some years ago I told my brother Charles I could not be of his way of thinking then, but that if ever I was I would as freely own it.

"After I was convinced of sin, and of your opinions, as far as I had examined your principles, I still forbore declaring my sentiments as openly as I had an inclination to do, fearing I should relapse into my former state. When I was delivered from this fear, and had a blessed hope that He who had begun would finish his work, I never confessed so powerfully as I ought how entirely I was of your mind; because I was taxed with insincerity and hypocrisy whenever I opened my mouth in favor of religion, or owned how great things God had done for me.

"This discouraged me utterly, and prevented me from making my change so public as my folly and vanity had formerly been. But now my health is gone, I cannot be easy without declaring that I have long desired to know one thing, Jesus Christ and him crucified; and this desire prevails above all others.

"And though I am cut off from all human help or ministry, I am not without assistance; though I have no spiritual friend, nor ever had one yet, except perhaps once in a year

or two when I have seen one of my brothers, or some other religious person by stealth; yet (no thanks to me) I am enabled to seek him still, and to be satisfied with nothing less than God, in whose presence I affirm this truth. I dare not desire health; only patience, resignation, and the spirit of a healthful mind. I have been so long weak, that I know not how long my trial may last; but I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope (though no full assurance) that in the country I am going to I shall not sing 'Hallelujah,' and 'Holy, holy, holy,' without company, as I have done in this. Dear brother, I am unable to speak or write on these things; I only speak my plain thoughts as they occur. Adieu! If you have time from better business to send a line to Stanmore, so great a comfort would be as welcome as it is wanted."

The Stanmore here mentioned was probably that near Edgeware, about ten miles from London. It is near a hill so very high that the trees on its top are a landmark from the German Ocean.

What an infinite mercy that such a mind, harassed out with distress and anguish, found at last a resting place! This was the means of preserving for several years a life that previously stood on the very verge of the grave. In the following year, 1744, she visited Bristol, where she had the opportunity of sitting under the ministry of her brothers, and of being connected with some very holy and sensible members of the Methodist Society in that place. She profited much by their pious conversation and their Christian experience. She was led to that light which manifests whatsoever is not wrought of God; she saw the depth of her natural corruption, and she mourned as in sackcloth and ashes, till she found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. She then went on rejoicing in God her salvation, sustained in all her troubles, strengthened in all her weakness, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, till her happy spirit returned to God. Her brother Charles visited her in her last illness. In the month in which she died he thus mentions her: "Prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break." She died March 21st, 1751; and Mr. Charles Wesley

preached her funeral sermon from these words: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." During this solemn service both he and his congregation were deeply affected.

Mr. Wright had an establishment in Frith-street, Soho, London, where he carried on his business of plumbing and glazing, and had lead works connected with the others; the former of which injured his own health, and very materially that of Mrs. Wright.

They had several children, but all died young; and it was their mother's opinion that the effluvia from the lead works were the cause of their death. This she told Mr. Duncombe, when he visited her not long before she died. This gentleman wrote a small tract, 4to., price one shilling, called the *Feminead*, containing the characters and praises of several eminent ladies, of whom Mrs. Wright was one; and, like many other superficial thinkers and reflecters, who publish their own prejudices instead of facts, he attributed her wo-worn state to false views she had taken of religion, which filled her with a gloomy, and to her destructive, superstition! His verses on the subject are not worth repeating; but as they have been produced by others of like opinion, I shall subjoin them, and the reader will see at once that they are flatly contradicted and nullified by the preceding account.

"But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When, sweetly mournful, hapless Wright complains?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,
Amidst the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on Heaven to close her weary eyes;
And long on earth, by heartfelt woes oppress'd,
Was borne by friendly Death to welcome rest."

Nothing can be more false than this statement; it was her unsuitable, wretched, ill-fated marriage; the neglect and unkindness, the unfeelingness and profligacy, of a worthless husband,—these were the causes of all her distresses; and these causes of misery continued to prey on

her spirits and on her body, till the religion of the God of heaven came to her aid, which it did many years, at least *eight*, before her death.

Had not the wound she had received in her constitution been too deep, the salvation of God which she obtained would have healed her body: it was nevertheless the means of lengthening out her life, and giving her to taste that happiness she had before sought in vain, in what Mr. Duncombe calls "nobler views and worthier guests." And the angels of heaven, not "friendly Death" or oblivion, bore her soul at last to rest in the bosom of her Father and her God.

Mr. Duncombe parries all this by representing Mr. Wright as an honest, laborious man, carrying on business in his own neighborhood. But that he was neither decent nor respectable, the preceding address from his wife sufficiently proves. He would of course take as much care as possible that the world should not know that his conduct toward her was the occasion of her broken heart; she was of too noble a spirit publicly to complain; and it is very probable that Mr. Wright might inform Mr. Duncombe that his wife's shattered constitution was owing to the gloomy views she had taken of religion. However Mr. D. came by his information, the preceding account proves that it was false. Dr. Whitehead has observed justly, that "it is grievous to see authors, whose works are likely to be read, take every opportunity to dress out religion in the most ugly forms they can invent to deter young people from embracing it; and attributing to it the calamities of life, which religion alone is able to alleviate and redress." Such persons have no just notion of religion themselves, and feel nothing of its power and nature; hence they suspect every person who pretends to any to be either an enthusiast or a hypocrite.

In one of this gentleman's letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, dated Nov. 20, 1752, he says, "Mr. Highman, who knew her when she was young, told me she was very handsome. When I saw her she was in a languishing way, and had no remains of beauty, except a lively, piercing eye. She was very unfortunate, as you will find by her poems, which are written with great delicacy, but so tender and affecting, they can scarce be read without tears.

She had an uncle, a physician and man-midwife, with whom she was a favorite. In her bloom, he used to take her with him to Bath, and Tunbridge, &c.; and she has done justice to his memory in an excellent poem. Mr. Wright, her husband, is my plumber, and lives in this street; an honest, laborious man, but by no means a fit husband for such a woman. He was but a journeyman when she married him; but set up with the fortune left her by her uncle.

"I am told she wrote some hymns for the Methodists, but I have not seen any of them. It affected me too much to view the ruins of so fine a frame; so I only made her three or four visits. Mr. Wright told me she had burned many poems, and given some to a beloved sister, which he could never recover."—*Censura Literaria*, vol. iii, p. 324; and Peck's *History of Axholme*, p. 201.

Mrs. Wright died long before I was born; but from a gentleman still living, who knew her in the decline of life, I have had this description: "She was an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners, and had the traces of beauty in her countenance, with the appearance of being broken hearted."

The account given of her mind and person by a writer who calls himself Sylvius, in the sixth volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, p. 155, is by no means exaggerated.

TO MRS. W——T.

ON READING HER MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

Fain would my grateful muse a trophy raise
Devoted to Granvilla's lasting praise.
But from what topic shall her task begin?
From outward charms? or richer stores within?
'Twere difficult with portrait just to trace
The blooming beauties of her lovely FACE;
The roseate bloom that blushes on her cheek;
Her eyes whence rays of pointed lightning break
Each brow the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
With certain archery strike unguarded hearts;
Her lips, that with a rubied tincture glow,
Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow.
But O! what words, what numbers shall I find
T' express the boundless treasures of her MIND,
Where wit and judgment spread their copious mines,
And every grace and every virtue shines?

O Nymph! when you assume the muse's lyre,
What thoughts you quicken, and what joys inspire!
Pale Melancholy wears a cheerful mien;
Grief smiles, and raging passions grow serene.
If themes sublime, of import grand, you try,
You lift the attentive spirit to the sky;
Or change the strain, and sportive subjects choose,
Our softening souls obey the powerful muse.
Yet 'tis, Granvilla, not thy smallest praise,
That no indecent thought profanes thy lays.
Like thy own breast, thy style from taint is free;
Censure may pry, but can no blemish see.
No longer let thy muse the press decline;
Publish her lays, and prove her race divine.
Long has thy tuneful sire been known to fame;
On him Maria smiled, a royal name.
Thy brother's works, received with rapture, tell
That on the son the father's spirit fell:
To these the daughter's equal flame subjoin,
Then boast, O muses, the unrivaled line!

SYLVIUS.

On these lines to Mrs. Wright, who is here called *Granvilla*, being sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, the same author composed the following prize epigram:—

Allow'd by bright Granvilla to peruse
The sprightly labors of her charming muse;
Enraptured by her wit's inspiring rays,
I chanted ready numbers to her praise.
She, pleased, my unpremeditated lines
To the recording Magazine consigns:
But would you be to best advantage known,
Print not MY VERSES, fairest, but YOUR OWN.

This epigram has very fine point in it; but Mrs. Wright could never be prevailed on to collect and give her poems to the public. It is said that she gave several to a beloved sister, probably Mary, (Mrs. Whitelamb.) Many have been published in different collections. Her niece, the late Miss Wesley, has kindly furnished me with several; and from the manuscripts I have been enabled to correct the printed copies. Some may be found in the Poetical Register, the Christian Magazine, the Arminian Magazine, and in different Lives of her brothers, John and Charles Wesley.

Most of the following were written under strong mental depression, and before she found the consolations of reli-

gion. They are excellent of their kind, and cannot be deemed out of their place at the end of these memoirs.

Mrs. Wright's Address to her Dying Infant, composed during her confinement, written down from her mouth by her husband, and sent by him to Mr. John Wesley, is a piece inimitable for its tenderness and highly-polished numbers; but tinged with that gloom which was her constant attendant throughout her unfortunate marriage.

The original letter sent with these lines lies before me. It is a curiosity of its kind; and one proof among many of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire, *in its own orthography*, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the rude hand which wrote it.

"*To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley Fellow in Christ Church College Oxon.*

"DEAR BRO:—This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles From Your Loveing Bro:

"to Comnd—WM. WRIGHT."

"PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you think Conveniant."

The verses follow: but I have taken the liberty to correct Mr. Wright's barbarous orthography.

The original letter and poem are, like the ancient Hebrew, all *without points*.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING INFANT.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;

Ere the long enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. WRIGHT WHEN IN DEEP ANGUISH OF SPIRIT.

1. Oppress'd with utmost weight of wo,
Debarr'd of freedom, health, and rest;
What human eloquence can show
The inward anguish of my breast?

2. The finest periods of discourse,
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress
Unmoving) lose their pointed force,
When griefs are swell'd beyond redress.

3. Attempt not then with speeches smooth
My raging conflicts to control;
Nor softest sounds again can soothe
The wild disorder of my soul!

4. Such efforts vain to end my fears,
And long-lost happiness restore,
May make me melt in fruitless tears,
But charm my tortured soul no more

5. Enable me to bear my lot,
O Thou who only canst redress!
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

6. Regard thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismay'd, abandon'd, destitute
Of all support, but only thine!

7. Nor health, nor life, I ask of thee ;
Nor languid nature to restore :
Say but, "A speedy period be
To these thy griefs,"—I ask no more !

These lines seem to have been written about the time of her address to her husband. Despair of all remedy had nearly drunk up her spirit ; but she began to seek help where it could be found. The last three verses are very fine.

THE LUCID INTERVAL.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

1. Wear pleasure, Stella ! on thy face,
Nor check the rising joy ;
Nor canst thou, since the heart display,
Its transport through the eye.

2. Those dearly welcome hours of rest,
This pleasing truce from care,
Removes the mountain from thy breast,
Thou hast not learnt to bear.

3. Though, distant far from what I love,
My blooming hopes are crost,
Yet free as air my thoughts can rove,
In silent rapture lost !

4. Then, Stella, prize thy present ease,
This interval of wo ;
Since other moments blest as these
Thy life may never know.

5. Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part :
To-morrow (shouldst thou say)
Though pain may rend this tortured heart,
I'll smile and live to-day.

AN EPITAPH ON HERSELF.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain ;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learn'd to bear
A living death, a long despair ;
Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight ;
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteem'd, so long desired.
The painful mortal conflict's o'er ;
A broken heart can bleed no more !

RESIGNATION:

A PENITENT HEART HOPING IN GOD.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

1. Great Power! at whose almighty hand
Vengeance and comfort ever wait;
Starting to earth, at thy command,
To execute thy love or hate:

2. Thy indignation knits thy brow
On those who dare to sin give way;
But who so perfect, Lord, below
As never from thy word to stray?

3. But when thy mighty laws we break,
And after do our guilt deplore;
Thou dost the word of comfort speak,
And treasure up our crimes no more.

4. O thou, thy mighty grace display,
And thy offending servant spare;
With pain my body wastes away,
My weaken'd limbs with constant care.

5. Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dash'd with gall.

6. Thou canst the heavy hand withdraw
That bends me downward to the grave;
One healing touch my pain can awe,
And thy declining servant save.

7. But if thy justice has decreed
I still must languish out my days;
Support me in the time of need,
Patient to bear these slow decays.

8. Lo! to thy dreadful will I bow,
Thy visitation still to prove;
Thy judgments do thy mercy show,
Since, Lord, thou chastenest in thy love.

The following address contains some fine sentiments and consolatory thoughts:—

TO A MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

1. Though sorer sorrows than their birth
Your children's death has given;
Mourn not that others bear for earth,
While you have peopled heaven!

2. If now so painful 'tis to part,
O think, that when you meet,
Well bought with shortly-fleeting smart
Is never-ending sweet!

3. What if those little angels, nigh
T' assist your latest pain,
Should hover round you when you die,
And leave you not again!

4. Say, shall you then regret your woes,
Or mourn your teeming years?
One moment will reward your throes,
And overpay your tears.

5. Redoubled thanks will fill your song;
Transported while you view
Th' inclining, happy, infant throng,
That owe their bliss to you!

6. So moves the common star, though bright,
With simple lustre crown'd;
The planet shines, with guards of light
Attending it around.

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,
Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey;
O'erjoy'd to reach the goal, with eager pace,
'Ere my slow life has measured half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease;
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures work within.
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil, and forget the good:
For both I humble adoration pay,
And bless the Power who gives and takes away.
Long shall my faithful memory retain
And oft recall each interval of pain.
Nay, to high Heaven for greater gifts I bend:
Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a friend!
Our labor sweet, if labor it might seem,
Allow'd the sportive and instructive scene.
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found;
We poised the wavering sail with ballast sound.
Learning here placed her richer stores in view,
Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gayly flew!
Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms proved,
Divine benevolence, by Heaven beloved.

Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.
The shivering wretch we clothed, the mourner cheer'd,
And sickness ceased to groan when we appear'd.
Unask'd, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects the immortal part.
Sometimes in shades unpierced by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimple stream,
We wander'd innocent through silvan scenes,
Or tripp'd like fairies o'er the level greens.
From fragrant herbage deck'd with pearly dews,
And flowerets of a thousand different hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odors fly,
And round our heads in whispering breezes sigh.
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good nature, candor, sense, combined
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;
In wisdom's love we every heart engage,
And triumph to restore the golden age!

Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose;
Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish, to balance every pain,—
To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,
Till borne by angel bands to everlasting rest!

"It is but justice to her memory," says Mr. Wesley, "to observe, that she was at 'rest' before she went hence; being for some years a witness of that rest which remains, even here, for the people of God." In the above verses she refers with exquisite feeling to her beloved sister Mary.

I know not whether, after her conversion to God, she wrote any verses; it is most likely that she did not, as for several years before her death she was in a very infirm state of health, and could not use her pen with ease. Of gay, sportive, innocent pieces she no doubt wrote many; but I have not met with any that bear her name, though among many now lying before me in the handwriting of herself, Emily, and Kezziah, there may be some of her composing.

I have already hazarded a thought that the Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator might probably have been written by her, or at least a part of it. I have given some reasons to support this opinion; but as the piece has passed invariably in the family for old Mr. Samuel Wesley's produc-

tion, I will not undertake to defend it. Both the father and daughter had great poetical powers; his, often rugged, but still strong; hers, highly polished and harmonious, yet full of fire; and I would conclude on the subject, as the shepherd in Virgil:—

> Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
> Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic.—Eclog. III, v. 108.
>
> "So nice a difference in your singing lies,
> That both have won, or both deserved the prize:
> Rest equal happy both."—Dryden.

From mature reflection, I believe either of them was capable of the poem: but perhaps it required both to make it that finished, may I not say inimitable, piece which it now appears.

The following verses I found partly in Mrs. Wright's and partly in her father's hand-writing. They seem to have been occasioned by some person, called here *Suky's idol*, ludicrously asserting the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration from body to body.

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

1. The period fast comes on when I
   Must to an oyster turn;
   (Unless my Suky's idol lie;)
   Nor will I grieve or mourn.

2. Welcome my transmigrated state!
   I'll for the worst prepare;
   Think while 'tis given to *think* by fate;
   Then like a *log* must *bear*.

3. These eyes I feel will soon depart,
   (Else Hetty should not write;)
   Their balls will to such pearls convert,
   As ladies wont delight.

4. The *pineal gland*, from whence some say
   Man thinks, reflects, and knows
   Whate'er is best,—perhaps it may
   The *oyster's head* compose.

5. Or coarse or curious be the mold
   Whate'er its form contains,
   That small peninsula may hold
   My few but *working* brains.

6. My *fingers* may the *striæ* make,
The *shell* my parched *skin*;
My *nerves* and *bones* with palsies shake
The *white* reverse within.

7. Perhaps at *tide-time* I may wake,
And sip a little moisture;
Then to my pillow me betake,
And sleep like brother *oyster*.

8. What shall I dream? or what compose?
Some harmless rhymes like these;
Below the *wits*, above the *beaus*,
Which Poll and Kez may please.

9. A dubious being, hardly life;
Yet sensible of wo;
For when Death comes with rusty knife,
But few will meet the blow.

10. Which sure my heart, though once 'twas strong,
Will then nor fly nor choose;
The pulpy substance will not long
The *coup de grace* refuse.

11. My loving oyster-kins, which sit
So fast to native shell,
Must then some other harbor get,
Or in wide ocean dwell.

12. And since this *sensible* must fail,
I feel it bend and sink,
Come age, come death, you'll soon prevail,
I'll wait you on the brink.

13. But is there not a *something* still
Sprung from a nobler race,
Above the passions and the will,
Which lifts to heaven its face?

14. There is—I feel it upward tend,
While these weak spirits decay,
Which sighs to meet its Saviour—Friend,
And springs for native day.

15. When all its organs marr'd and worn,
Let *Locke* say what he can,
'Twill act still round itself —— turn,—
The *mind* is still the man:

16. Which, if fair virtue be my choice,
Above the stars shall shine;
Above want, pain, and death rejoice,
Immortal and divine.

MISS ANNE WESLEY—MRS. LAMBERT.

Of this lady I find scarcely any mention in the family papers, and little can be gathered from any of the survivors in any of its branches; but that she was married to a gentleman of the name of John Lambert, who was a land-surveyor in Epworth. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert are the persons probably meant by Mr. Wesley in his Journal, under the date of Tuesday, June 8th, 1742, where he says, "I walked to Hibaldstone, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister:" but he mentions no name.

I think it likely that this marriage took place in 1724 or 1725, and I found this conjecture on a letter of Miss Martha Wesley to her brother John, dated Sept. 10, 1724.

"Sister Hetty is at Kelstein, and sends us word that she lives very well; and sister Nancy, I believe, will marry John Lambert: perhaps you may not have forgot him since you saw him at Wroote.

"I should be very glad if you would give yourself the trouble of writing a long letter to me, which will exceedingly oblige your sincere friend, and affectionate sister,

"Martha Wesley."

Mr. Lambert seems to have been well educated. He was particularly careful to collect the early pamphlet publications of his father-in-law, Mr. S. Wesley. From a collection of these, which had formerly been his property, in each of which he had written his name, and illustrated them with notes, I have derived some useful information. These notes prove him to have been a man of considerable reading; and his hand-writing does him great credit.

There are some of Mr. S. Wesley's minor publications which I had probably never seen, had it not been for the above-mentioned collection, which was kindly lent to me by my friend, the Rev. James Everett.

On her marriage, her brother Samuel presented to Mr. Lambert and her the following verses:—

TO MRS. LAMBERT, ON HER MARRIAGE.

No fiction fine shall guide my hand,
But artless truth the verse supply;
Which all with ease may understand,
But none be able to deny.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss
Which I, in giving rules, employ
To point the likeliest way to bliss,
To cause, as well as wish, you joy.

Let love your reason never blind,
To dream of paradise below;
For sorrows must attend mankind,
And pain, and weariness, and wo!

Though still, from mutual love, relief
In all conditions may be found;
It cures at once the common grief,
And softens the severest wound.

Through diligence and well-earn'd gain,
In growing plenty may you live;
And each in piety obtain
Repose that riches cannot give!

If children e'er should bless the bed,
O, rather let them infants die,
Than live to grieve the hoary head,
And make the aged father sigh!

Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire
To make their parents disagree;
No son be rival to his sire,
No daughter more beloved than thee!

Let them be humble, pious, wise,
Nor higher station wish to know;
Since only those deserve to rise,
Who live contented to be low.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,
With easy but unquestion'd sway;
May HE have kindness to command,
And THOU the bravery to obey!

Long may he give thee comfort, long
As the frail knot of life shall hold!
More than a father when thou'rt young,
More than a son when waxing old.

The greatest earthly pleasures try,
Allow'd by Providence divine;
Be still a husband, blest as I,
And thou a wife as good as mine!

There is much good sense, piety, and suitable advice in these verses; and they give an additional testimony to the domestic happiness of Mr. Samuel Wesley, their author.

We have to regret that of Mrs. Lambert, her husband, and their children, if they had any, we know nothing further; especially as every member of this family, of whom we have any memoirs, has afforded us lessons of instruction in some of the weightiest concerns of life. I wish the above verses in the hands of every new-married couple in the kingdom.

JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXON.

John Wesley, the ever-memorable founder of the people called Methodists, whose name only is introduced here in the connected order of the family, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, on the 17th June, 1703; entered Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1720; was ordained deacon, by Bishop Potter, Sept. 19, 1725; and priest, by the same, Sept. 22, 1728;—wrote his first sermon in 1725; went on his mission to Georgia, 1735; returned to England in 1738; and formed the first Methodist Society at Fetter Lane, London, May 1st, 1738.

His Life has been written by the Rev. John Hampson, 3 vols., 12mo.

By the Rev. Dr. Coke and the Rev. Henry Moore, 8vo.

By John Whitehead, M. D., 2 vols., 8vo.

By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet Laureate, 2 vols., 8vo.

Whatever excellences the above accounts may possess, a proper Life of Mr. John Wesley is still a desideratum in the religious world; and I question much whether there can be found any man in the nation capable of doing it justice. As a scholar, poet, logician, critic, philosopher, politician, legislator, divine, public teacher, and a deeply pious and extensively useful man, he had no superior; few, if any, equals; and can never have justice done him, unless accurately viewed in all these lights, for he sustained all these characters: so that the use he made of those his various talents may appear as it brought glory to God, and good to mankind.

After undergoing innumerable hardships—sustaining labors beyond all precedent—having been the instrument of turning many thousands from the power of Satan unto God—giving the most unequivocal example of the most perfect self-denial and disinterestedness, full of the life and hope of the gospel—he died in London, at his own house in the City Road, March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-sixth of his ministry.*

In the same year in which he died, standing at my study window in Manchester, without any previous thinking on the subject, or intending any such matter, I wrote the following epitaph on the glass, which, I believe, remains undisturbed and unbroken to the present day.

* Though Dr. Clarke was prevented from accomplishing the wish of the Wesleyan Conference, to write a full Life of Mr. Wesley, and though deeply impressed with the magnitude of the work, he still contemplated a character of him, and of publishing that character, if not separately, at least in the pages of the "Wesley Family." To a friend he observes, in his private correspondence, so late as 1829, "I think I will endeavor to give a Sketch of Mr. J. Wesley's Life, with some anecdotes, and a proper character, so that he shall have some justice done to him, and not abandon him to the scurrility of such persons as Lord John Russell, who glean their henbane from such Lives as the apostate Nightingale. By this, the new edition of the 'Wesley Family' will make two good 8vo. vols." In another letter, he remarks, Dec. 7, 1831, only about nine months before his death:—"No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's Life, who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom; and perhaps the world, or rather the church, may find, when Adam Clarke is no more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellences in his life, by one whom he affectionately loved; and who valued him more than he does any archangel of God." On another occasion, he observes, "The name Wesley is to me sacred. I rejoice in it more than in my own." Fortunately for the church at large, and the Wesleyan body in particular, many of the doctor's remarks on Mr. Wesley's character, his interviews with him and anecdotes of him, have been preserved, and will be imbodied in a forth-coming memoir of himself, as they dropped from the lips—vivid and bright, when in the midst of animated discourse, and under the influence of cheerful, hallowed feeling.

If an opinion may be hazarded, perhaps the best Life that can now be presented to the public of the celebrated founder of Methodism, is, to take his Journals, to incorporate into these all his MS. and published letters, agreeably to their respective and corresponding dates; thus showing his epistolary employment at each place—to interweave with both, all the facts, anecdotes, and conversations, illustrative of his personal history, to be found in the separate or combined memoirs of Hampson, Whitehead, Coke, Moore, and Southey, apart from the observations of the different biographers—and to accompany the whole with notes, from his works, and from the works and memoirs of his contemporaries. The text would be purely Wesleyan, and would not only furnish a fine full-length portrait of the man, but an excellent ecclesiastical history of the body, from its rise to nearly the close of the eighteenth century.—EDITOR.

Good men need not Marble:
I dare trust GLASS*
With the Memory
of
JOHN WESLEY, A. M.
Late Fellow of Lincoln College,
Oxford.
Who, with indefatigable Zeal and Perseverance,
Traveled through these kingdoms,
Preaching JESUS,
For more than half a century.
By his unparalleled LABORS and WRITINGS
He revived and spread
SCRIPTURAL CHRISTIANITY
Wherever he went,
For God was with him.
But having finished his work,
By keeping, preaching, and defending the FAITH,
He ceased to live among mortals,
March 2nd., M.DCC.XCI.
In the eighty-eighth year of his age.
As a small token of continued filial respect,
This Inscription
Is humbly dedicated to the memory of the above,
By his affectionate son in the gospel,
ADAM CLARKE.

MISS MARTHA WESLEY—MRS. HALL.

MARTHA, or, as she is usually termed, Patty, or Pat, was born in the year 1707. She was younger than her brother John, and older than her brother Charles. She was reputed by her sisters to be the mother's favorite. Mr. Charles thought the same; and expressed his "wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality, or did not better conceal it." Many years after, when this saying of her brother was mentioned to Mrs. Hall, she replied, "What my sisters call partiality, was what they might all have enjoyed if they had wished it; which was permission to sit in my mother's chamber when disengaged, to listen to her conversation with others,

* The house in which Dr. (then Mr.) Clarke resided, stands in Dale-street, and adjoins Oldham-street chapel; and the "window" belongs to one of the upper rooms, still used as a study. Persons of minute observation will find a small crack in one of the corners of the pane; and as though the writer had anticipated an objection against the durability of his "glass" monument, he intimates within the crack, by the point of the diamond, that the flaw was there before the epitaph was cut.—EDITOR.

and to hear her remarks on things and books out of school-hours." It appears from hence, that partiality to Patty was the indulgence of this propensity to store her mind, and enlarge her intellect, with the observations of a parent whose mode of thinking was not common, and whose conversation was both peculiarly impressive and instructing: and surely it would have been cruelty to have chased away a little one, who preferred her mother's society to recreation, and delighted to hang upon her words, when the others were intensely engaged in play. Thus, the partiality was on the part of the child. Patty loved her mother more than any of the rest; and this for the double reason, because she was her mother, which was common to all, and because, in listening to her discourses, she increased her little fund of knowledge, which was what her soul thirsted after, a propensity which her mother very properly permitted her to indulge. Her mother was her oracle; she almost idolized her, and would never willingly be from her side: and it is not to be wondered at, if Mrs. Wesley did feel a partiality for such a child. It is natural for love to beget love; and where this law of nature seems to be inefficient, enmity will take the place of love, or love will soon become extinct.

From her infancy, Patty was distinguished for deep thoughtfulness, for grave and serious deportment, and for an equanimity or evenness of temper which nothing could discompose.

Her brothers Samuel and Charles, with all her sisters, strove by all kinds of witty mischief to throw her off her guard, and ruffle her temper; but in vain. To their jests and playful tricks she opposed solid arguments, and this acquired her the name of Patient Grizzle among them. Her abhorrence of satire (in which it appears most of the rest abounded) provoked its attacks in many an epigram, while she calmly expostulated on the moral evil of satire, and, unprovoked, contended even with her brother Samuel that ridicule never cured any vice. She was so affectionate in her disposition that they could not quarrel with her, and so completely unassailable that she foiled her antagonists, by permitting them to spend their strength for naught.

By the misery of others she was vulnerable in the very

tenderest degree. Though slow and deliberate in all her general movements, she would fly, at the call of want or pain, to succor the distressed. No occupation, no indisposition of body, except it confined her to her bed, could prevent her from affording her assistance. In this alone she was enthusiastic, and the readiness with which she obeyed such calls attended her to old age.

To her brother John she was uncommonly attached. They had the same features so exactly as if cast in the same mold, added to an exact similarity of disposition. Had I seen them dressed in the clothing of males, I could not have told which was Mr. Wesley; and had I seen them in female attire, I could not have distinguished which was Mrs. Hall. Such a similarity of countenance, expression, and manner, I think I never perceived, as between these two. Even their hand-writing was so much alike that the one might be easily mistaken for the other. And the internal disposition was the same. Like her, John thought deeply on every subject, and felt himself answerable to his reason and conscience for everything he did: in neither of them did passion, or natural appetite, seem to have any peculiar sway. Mr. Wesley has told me, that when he was a child, and was asked at any time, out of the common way of meals, to have, for instance, a piece of bread and butter, fruit, &c., he has replied with cool unconcern, "I thank you, I will think of it." He would neither touch nor do anything till he had reflected on its fitness and propriety.* This subjection of his mind to deep reflection, which might have appeared, to those who were not acquainted with him, hesitation, sometimes puzzled the family. In one instance his father said in a pet to Mrs. Wesley, "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of nature, unless he could give a reason for it."†

His love to Patty was like hers to him; and he alone

* If the reader will take the trouble to advert to a letter, dated "Epworth, July 24th, 1732," on the education of her children, he will find that there is, perhaps, as much credit due to the manner of training as to reason, on this subject.—EDITOR.

† Mr. Wesley gives the following remark of his father to himself: "'Child,' said my father to me when I was young, 'you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by clear reason.' Very little indeed!" See *Works*, vol. vii, p. 69.—EDITOR.

never joined in the provoking tricks of the others, when they leagued together to overturn Patty's philosophic steadiness.

Her attachment to this brother, to whom she bore so strong an affinity both in mind and person, seemed to be innate, not acquired. From her earliest infancy, when a helpless child in the arms, afflicted and moaning with pain, the sight of this beloved brother immediately calmed and cheered her, causing her to forget her suffering.

The astonishing similarity in person and feeling between this brother and sister, accompanied by such a singular mutual attachment, which lasted through life, has induced me to anticipate a part of the early history of Mr. Wesley, of which his future biographers may make a profitable use.

Mrs. Wesley's opinion of the strong characteristic steadiness of Patty may appear from the following incident. One day, entering the nursery when all the children, Patty excepted, (who was ever sedate and reflecting,) were in high glee and frolic, the mother said, but not rebukingly, "You will all be more serious *one* day." Martha, lifting up her head, immediately said, "Shall I be more serious, Mam?" "NO," replied the mother.

But there is a part of Martha's character which has been so solemnly impeached, and the prejudice against her has become in consequence so inveterate, that unless I can clear up this point, I can scarcely expect credit from those of my readers who know no more than what is contained in the public outcry: I allude to her conduct in reference to her marriage.

It has been already remarked, that on the disastrous fire which took place in 1709, in the parsonage house at Epworth, by which it and all Mr. Wesley's property were destroyed, the children were scattered among relatives and friends, till the house could be rebuilt, and till the desolation in the family circumstances might be in some measure repaired.

Some time after this, Mr. Matthew Wesley, the surgeon, took to his house Hetty and Susan, and afterward, in 1720, Patty, who was then about thirteen years of age. It proves no mean subjection of her will to the obedience due to parental authority, that, notwithstanding her strong attachment to her mother, she consented without murmuring to go with this uncle, who was till then nearly a stranger to

her; and to sojourn at a great distance from parents whom she dearly loved, and the benefits of whose conversation she could not hope to replace.

While she stayed with her uncle, she was treated by him with the greatest tenderness; but as he was very unlike all other persons of the family, not having a decisively religious turn, she often found herself in great bondage. Though he did not oppose any obstacles to the gratification of her religious feelings, yet she was there without help in sacred things. She had none to encourage her to press forward in the good way, which, in a letter to her brother John, she greatly deplores. While in London with her uncle, she sometimes paid a visit to her brother Samuel at Westminster; but her plain manner did not suit the views of his "lordly dame," and therefore her visits were not very frequent.

I shall give an extract of the letter to which I have referred in this place, as it may be considered as a prelude to her marriage; at least, it will show that she was not quite satisfied with her situation, and might be the more easily persuaded to change it when a proper opportunity should present itself.

"I intended to have wrote sooner to my dear brother, but I have had such an indisposition as, though it has not made me what one may call sick, it has made me almost incapable of anything.

"My uncle is pretty well recovered. I heartily join with you in wishing you may have a conference with him. Who knows but he might be better for it? at least, it is not impossible. He had several years ago a violent fit of illness; seemed wondrous serious; and sent for a clergyman, who stayed with him several hours, and when he came from him, told my grandmother, if it pleased God to spare his life, he believed he would be a good man. But when he did recover again, and got among his companions, all his good resolutions vanished immediately.

"Was almost anybody else in my place, they would think themselves very happy. I want neither money nor clothes; nay, I have both given me in the most obliging manner; and yet I am not so. I not only want the most rational part of friendship, but I see a person whom I can't

help loving very well (to say nothing of my sister) going on in the way which I think the wrong way, without being able to persuade him to turn into the right. I cannot do the good I fain would, and I am continually in danger of doing the evil I would not.

"O might I, like the seraph Abdiel, faithful stand among the faithless! I am persuaded I shall not want my dear brother's prayers to enable me to do it.

"I go sometimes to Westminster: but I am afraid it will be impossible for me ever to make a friend of my sister. She fell upon me the last time I was there, for 'giving myself such an *air* as to drink water,' though she told me 'she did not expect that I should leave it.' I told her, if she could convince me that there was any ill in it, I would, and thank her for telling me of it; but I desired her, in the first place, to tell me what she meant by the word 'air,' which she did not choose to do, I believe for a very good reason; so our dispute ended. My brother said he would go to Oxford this Easter. I asked him if he would take me with him? He seemed pretty willing to do it; but I fancy his wife will hardly let him. Indeed, if he should give me twenty shillings, it would be such a thing as he never did yet; nor indeed did I ever desire it before. I should be pleased if he would, because it would give me the pleasure of seeing my dear brother at his own habitation, and of telling him by word of mouth how much I am

"His faithful friend, and affectionate sister,

"MARTHA WESLEY.

"*March* 10, 1730."

The poor surgeon, her uncle, was supposed to be careless about religion, because he did not take a heated part in the *pro* and *con* polemic divinity of the day.

While Martha was at her uncle's house, she received the addresses of a gentleman of the name of Hall, who was one of Mr. Wesley's pupils at Lincoln College. He was then, according to every evidence, not hypocritically, but deeply pious; though not of a strong judgment, and, consequently, of a fickle mind. His pretensions were all fair, his deportment correct, his education truly pious, his person agreeable, his manners pleasing, and his property good.

In his addresses to Martha there is no doubt he was sincere; and in order to secure her, he took the expedient, common enough in those days, to betroth her to himself. All this was without the knowledge of her parents, or her brothers, and was done at her uncle's house in London. He then accompanied her brothers John and Charles to Epworth, and there he saw her sister Kezziah, grew enamored of her, courted, obtained her consent, and that of the family in general, who knew nothing of his pre-engagement with Martha; and he was on the point of leading poor unconscious Kezziah to the altar, when a sudden qualm of conscience reproached and reminded him of his prior engagement, and he came back to Martha. The family were justly alarmed at his conduct; in vain they questioned him on the reason of this change. He had not honor enough, however sore his conscience was, candidly to confess his prior engagements with Patty; but talked of a "revelation he had from heaven" that he should not marry Kezziah, but Martha. As Martha had made the contract with him without consulting her parents, she was afraid to alledge it in her own vindication; and most probably Mr. Hall had bound her not to discover the previous engagement. And she was obliged in consequence to suffer the heaviest censures of her brothers, who regarded her as the usurper of her sister's rights; whereas, had she frankly declared that she had been affianced to the man before he had even seen her sister Kezziah, they could not have blamed her for redeeming her solemn pledge; though they might have judged her imprudent in putting herself in the hands of a man who had shown such a flexibility of affection, and such a versatility of character. But there is no doubt that he used all his artifice to persuade Patty that his heart stood right, though for a time he had yielded to violent temptation. As the family knew nothing of Patty's prior engagements, it is no wonder that in their strong method of expressing themselves, especially in poetry, they should consider Patty's marriage as a kind of incest, as they supposed she had, in fact, the husband of her sister.

On this occasion her brother Charles sent her the following lines, which most certainly never were designed to be made public; for he was afterward convinced that he

had received a very imperfect account of the transaction, and even justified the conduct of his sister.

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

When want, and pain, and death besiege our gate,
And every solemn moment teems with fate;
While cloud and darkness fill the space between,
Perplex th' event, and shade the folded scene;
In humble silence wait th' unutter'd voice,
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice:
Yet, wisely fearful, for the event prepare;
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.
How fierce thy conflict, how severe thy flight,
When hell assails the foremost sons of light;
When he, who long in virtue's paths had trod,
Deaf to the voice of conscience and of God,
Drops the fair mask,—proves traitor to his vow;
And thou, the temptress, and the tempted thou!
Prepare thee then to meet th' infernal war,
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare:
Guard each avenue to thy fluttering heart,
And act the sister's and the Christian's part.
Heaven is the guard of virtue; scorn to yield,
When screen'd by Heaven's impenetrable shield.
Secure in this, defy th' impending storm,
Though Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.
And, O, I see the fiery trial near;
I see the saint in all his forms appear.
By nature, by religion, taught to please,
With conquest flush'd, and obstinate to press,
He lists his virtues in the cause of hell,
Heaven, with celestial arms, presumes t' assail;
To veil with semblance fair the fiend within,
And make his God subservient to his sin!
Trembling I hear his horrid vows renew'd,
I see him come, by Delia's groans pursued.
Poor injured Delia! all her groans are vain;
Or he denies, or listening mocks her pain.
What though her eyes with ceaseless tears o'erflow,
Her bosom heave with agonizing wo;
What though the horror of his falsehood near
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in despair;
Yet can he think, (so blind to Heaven's decree,
And the sure fate of cursed apostasy,)
Soon as he tells the secret of his breast,
And puts the angel off—and stands confess'd;
When love, and grief, and shame, and anguish meet
To make his crimes and Delia's wrongs complete,
That then the injured maid will cease to grieve;
Behold him in a sister's arms, and live!

Mistaken wretch—by thy unkindness hurl'd
From ease, from love, from thee, and from the world;
Soon must she land on that immortal shore
Where falsehood never can torment her more:
There all her sufferings and her sorrows cease,
Nor saints turn devils there to vex her peace!
Yet hope not then, all-specious as thou art,
To taint with impious vows her sister's heart;
With proffer'd worlds her honest soul to move,
Or tempt her virtue to incestuous love.
No—wert thou as thou wast, did Heaven's first rays
Beam on thy soul, and all the Godhead blaze,
Sooner shall sweet oblivion set us free
From friendship, love, thy perfidy, and thee;
Sooner shall light in league with darkness join,
Virtue and vice, and heaven and hell, combine,
Than her pure soul consent to mix with thine;
To share thy sin, adopt thy perjury,
And damn herself to be revenged on thee;
To load her conscience with a sister's blood,
The guilt of incest, and the curse of God!

Perhaps this would have been severe enough, had the case been even so bad as Mr. Charles conjectured.

He had not examined the business. Poor Patty was in London, completely unconscious of what was going on at Epworth; and bore the blame of receiving, for the first time, the addresses of a man who had just jilted her sister. I wish the reader to keep these two facts in view:—1. Patty was addressed by Hall, consented to be his wife, and was betrothed to him before he ever saw Kezziah. 2. She was in London when Hall went down into Lincolnshire, and knew nothing of the transaction with Kezziah at Epworth till a considerable time after it took place; and had Hall then married Kezziah, the world would never have heard Martha's complaint, and Kezziah would have been bound to that miserable and profligate wretch who afterward fell to the lot of her sister. When Martha found how matters stood, she wrote to her mother, and laid open the whole business, who on this explanation wrote her full consent, assuring her "that if she had obtained the consent of her uncle, there was no obstacle."

Kezziah, on hearing the true relation, cordially renounced all claim to Hall; and from everything I have been able to learn, sat as indifferent to him, as if no such transaction had ever existed. Her uncle Matthew, with

whom Patty lived for twelve years, was so satisfied with her conduct, and with the match, that he gave her £500 on her marriage, and the fullest testimony of "her dutiful and grateful conduct during the whole time she had resided in his house." Kezziah also gave the fullest testimony of her approbation, by choosing to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, though she had a strong invitation to go and live with her brother Samuel, and her brother John was to have given £50 per annum to cover her expenses.

The true state of the case was for some years unknown to the brothers; and Mr. Wesley himself, in his letter to Hall, dated Dec. 2, 1747, charges him with having "stolen Kezziah from the God of her youth; that, in consequence, she refused to be comforted, and fell into a lingering illness which terminated in her death; that her blood still cried unto God from the earth against him, and that surely it was upon his head." That this was Mr. Wesley's impression I well know; but it is not strictly correct. I have the almost dying assertions of Mrs. Hall, delivered to her beloved niece, Miss Wesley, and by her handed in writing to me, that the facts of the case were as stated above; that "so little did Kezziah regret her faithless lover, and so fully sensible was she of her sister's prior claim, that she chose to live with them, and lived in perfect harmony and comfort with her sister. And so far from this disappointment shortening her days, she resided between five and six years under the same roof; and had so completely subdued all affection toward Mr. Hall, that she had formed an attachment to another gentleman, but his death prevented the union."*

* I question much whether Miss Kezziah Wesley ever had any strong affection for Mr. Hall; or indeed for any other. A letter of hers to her brother John, given by Mr. Moore, dated June 16, 1734, not long before Patty's marriage to Mr. Hall, sets this general indifference in a sufficiently strong light, and shows, at least, that she felt very little attachment to Hall, greatly preferring a single life:—

"Dear Brother,—I intended not to write till I could give you an account of Mr. Hall's affair; but it is needless, because I believe he won't do anything without your approbation. I am entirely of your opinion that we ought to 'endeavor after perfect resignation;' and I have learned to practice this duty in one particular, which I think is of the greatest importance in life, namely, marriage. I am as indifferent as it is lawful for any person to be, whether I ever change my state or not; because I think a single life is the more excellent way; and there are also several reasons why I rather desire to continue as I am. One is, because I desire to be entirely disengaged from

This business being afterward laid before Mr. Charles Wesley, who had written the preceding severe lines to his sister, and her prior engagement to Mr. Hall being pleaded, and the cruel injustice and censures she had suffered, he did not at all dispute the premises; saw that Martha had fully justified herself on the ground of her prior engagement; but said "she should not have mismatched herself with so worthless a man." He never liked Hall afterward, though for a considerable time he conducted himself with propriety. During her lifetime it was proposed that Mrs. Hall should publish the real state of the case, that her character might not continue to lie under such a load of unmerited censure and calumny. To which she answered, "Once I did intend to do so; but I am now so soon removing to another world, where all is known, and will be made known, that it is unimportant what mortals may think or say of me." This statement Mrs. Hall took on her conscience into the eternal world: and perhaps a more upright and conscientious woman never drew the breath of life. But the thing speaks for itself. 1. Can it be supposed that such a woman as Mrs. Wesley, senior, would have unhesitatingly given her consent to her marriage with Hall, had she not been perfectly satisfied with the propriety of her conduct? 2. Can it be imagined that her uncle Matthew, who stood high on his honor, would have given his consent, with the most positive testimony to the excellence of her conduct while in his house, and sealed the whole, on her marriage, with a present of five hundred pounds, if he had not been persuaded that she had acted honorably? 3. Is it at all likely that a woman of Mrs. Hall's tender, exquisitely tender, and compassionate feelings, would have married to break a beloved sister's heart? 4. Or that this sister would have chosen to live with her, had she had reason to believe her at all culpable? She found out that Hall had betrothed her sister, but had concealed it, caitiff as he was; and finding that Patty's affections had been engaged, and her claim prior,

the world: but the chief is, I am so well apprised of the great duty a wife owes to her husband, that I think it is almost impossible she should ever discharge it as she ought. But I can scarce say I have the liberty of choosing; for my relations are continually soliciting me to marry. I shall endeavor to be as resigned and cheerful as possible to whatever God is pleased to ordain for me."

she resolved to show the world, by thus being with her, that she had no cause for resentment against the sister.

That the brothers should think that there was no prospect of happiness with such a weathercock, is quite natural and reasonable; and it is most certain that Mr. Charles Wesley's severe lines were written before he was made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Mrs. Hall always justified her own conduct; and ever maintained that her marrying Hall gave no umbrage to Kezziah.

Her composure under suppositions and aspersions so injurious to her fame was astonishing. The selfish principle seemed annihilated in her; and she bore blame and obloquy, rather than, by vindicating herself, involve others. She has been loaded with invective; and the biographers of her brothers have added to the number of her detractors.

Mr. Southey has also been misled; and his treatment of the character of this excellent woman is far from candid. He not only details all that others have said, who should have informed themselves better; but by his nervous and elegant language he has given a more vivid coloring to mistakes and slanders, of which I readily grant he was not the inventor. But the maxim, De mortuis et absentibus nil nisi bonum, did not sufficiently govern his pen. It has still been objected, "she should not have taken Hall." I have already shown that she was solemnly betrothed to him. He became unfaithful; but he appeared to stop in time, came back to her a penitent, and alledged that God had convinced him of the vice of his conduct, when on the point of sacrificing her peace and his own conscience. Could she, or should she, as matters then stood, refuse him? Would it have been right to turn him back again to her deceived sister? Surely not. Nor could Kezziah have wedded him without being guilty of that species of incest of which Mr. Charles charged his innocent sister, at the time he was unacquainted with the true state of the case.

Mr. Southey says, that "Mrs. Hall bore her fate with resignation, and with an inward consciousness that her punishment was not heavier than her fault." This I totally deny; she had no such consciousness. Her feelings and the dictates of her heart on this subject ever were,—

Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
HOR. EP., lib. i, E. 1, ver. 60.

This is my brazen bulwark of defense,
A consciousness of spotless innocence;
The vile accuser still I dare to meet,
Nor e'er turn pale at what he dares repeat.

Mrs. Hall ever vindicated her conduct. To her dying hour she testified the purity and approbation of her conscience in the whole business; and it was the consciousness of having acted right in the sight of God in this matter that enabled her to bear all his profligacy and unkind treatment with an even mind and unbroken spirit. And suppose that, on the principles which the detractors of this excellent and injured woman hold, he had been permitted to marry Kezziah, would he have been a better husband, or a better man? No. The seeds of all his profligacy were deeply radicated in him; and they would have produced their correspondent fruits had he been married to an angel. He was a man of no mind; when even sincere, he acted not by Scripture or reason, but by impulse. He did not consult his judgment, for he had but little to consult; and had he been anywhere out of Paradise, he would have been a versatile, shatter-brained, and, by turns, a pious and profligate man. Let his natural fickleness of character, and his imbecility of mind, tell as far as it may in vindication of his conduct. He has gone to another world, and his judgment is with God!

I rejoice that it has been in my power to withdraw the thick veil that has been spread over this woman's innocence. I can assure my readers, that I have not advanced a single fact that is not founded on unexceptionable documents; and that I can produce both written and oral testimony to confirm the whole. The further anecdotes and facts which I shall shortly produce will serve still more particularly to illustrate the unimpeachable character of this woman, and to confirm the reader in his conviction of her innocence.

As the circumstances above related were little known to the public, if at all, the marriage of Mr. Wesley Hall and Miss Patty Wesley became the subject of public congratulation.

I shall subjoin a copy of verses, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1735, p. 551, in which year Miss M. Wesley was married to Mr. W. Hall.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. WESLEY HALL TO MISS PATTY WESLEY.

1. Hymen, light thy purest flame,
Every sacred rite prepare,
Never to thy altar came
A more pious, faithful pair.

2. Thee, dispensing mighty pleasure,
Rashly sensual minds invoke;
Only those partake thy treasure,
Pair'd in virtues easy yoke.

3. Such are Hall and Wesley joining,
Kindred souls with plighting hands,
Each to each entire resigning,
One become by nuptial bands.

4. Happy union, which destroys
Half the ills of life below;
But the current of our joys
Makes with double vigor flow.

5. Sympathizing friends abate
The severer strokes of fate;
Happy hours still happier prove
When they smile on those we love.

6. Joys to vulgar eyes unknown
Shall their daily converse crown;
Easy slumbers, pure delights,
Bless their ever-peaceful nights.

7. O Lucina, sacred power,
Here employ thy grateful care;
Smiling on the genial hour,
Give an offspring wise and fair!

8. That, when the zealous sire shall charm no more
Th' attentive audience with his sacred lore,
Those lips in silence closed, whose heavenly skill
Could raptures with persuasive words instill;
A *son* may in the important work engage,
And with his precepts mend the future age!
That when the accomplish'd mother, snatch'd by fate,
No more shall grace the matrimonial state;
No more exhibit in her virtuous life
The bright exemplar of a perfect wife;
A *daughter*, blest with each maternal grace,
May shine the pattern of the female race!

J. Duick.

As to the father and his offspring, these prayers were not answered: but the whole conduct of Mrs. Hall, during this unfortunate marriage, did prove her to be

"The bright exemplar of a perfect wife."

Mr. Hall did not act improperly toward his wife, and toward the Wesley family, at first, as appears from a letter of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, dated Wootton, Aug. 5, 1737, and which has before been given at length. Mrs. W. says, "Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me. He behaves like a gentleman and a Christian; and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expected; so that on this account I am very easy."

After having for a long time the highest respect and veneration for his brother-in-law, Mr. John Wesley, through his own natural fickleness, and the evil advice of certain persons, who were then denominated *the still brethren*, he became estranged from the guide of his youth. Of this Mr. W. complained in a letter written to his sister, dated

"*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov.* 17, 1742.

"Dear Sister,—I believe the death of your children is a great instance of the goodness of God toward you. You have often mentioned to me how much of your time they took up. Now that time is restored to you, and you have nothing to do but to serve our Lord without carefulness and without distraction, till you are sanctified in body, soul, and spirit.

"As soon as I saw Mr. Hall, I invited him to stay at the Foundry; but he desired I would have him excused. There is a strange inconsistency in his tempers and sentiments with regard to me. The *still brethren* have gradually infused into him as much as they could of their own contempt of me and my brother, and dislike of our whole method of proceeding, which is as different from theirs as light from darkness. Nay, they have blunderingly taught him to find fault even with my economy and outward management both of my family and society. Whereas, I know this is the peculiar talent which God has given me, wherein (by his grace) I am not behind the very chiefest of them. Notwithstanding this, there remains in him something of his old regard for me, which he had at Oxford;

and by and by it will prevail. He will find out these wretched men, and the clouds will flee away.

"My belief is, that the present design of God is, to visit the poor desolate Church of England; and that therefore neither poor deluded Mr. Gambold, nor any who leave it, will prosper. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem! 'They shall prosper that love thee.' Mr. Hall has paid me for the books. I don't want any money of you; your love is sufficient. But write as often and as largely as you can to

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. Wesley."

Mr. Hall passed from change to change, still in the deteriorating ratio; and from excess to excess in the ratio of geometrical progression, till he became a proverb of reproach and shame;—

The vilest husband, and the worst of men.

And on January 6, 1776, he died at Bristol, probably a penitent, exclaiming in his last hours, as Mrs. Hutchins testified, "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me!"

It was by the instrumentality of Mr. J. Wesley he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, which, for a time, he illustrated by his conduct, and defended and enforced by his preaching. But when he forsook God, he turned also his back on his best earthly friend. How he treated Mr. W., when he paid him a friendly visit at Salisbury, will appear from the following extract of a letter from Mr. W., dated Feb. 2, 1747:—

"Poor Mr. Hall, when I was at Salisbury, furnished me with a sufficient answer to those who speak of the connection between him and us. He could not have set the matter in a clearer light than by turning both me and my sister out of doors."

Those who wish to see a full account of his delinquencies may consult the faithful letter sent to him by Mr. John Wesley, Dec. 22, 1747, in his Works, vol. iii, pp. 411–413.

Of his death Mr. Wesley speaks thus:—

"I came (to Bristol) just time enough, not to see, but to bury, poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, January 6, 1776, I trust in peace; for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monu-

ment of divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what heights of holiness, I have not seen, no, not in seventy years. I had designed to have visited him in the morning; but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough if, after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom."—*Works*, vol. v, p. 447.

I need scarcely say that Mr. Hall, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and had a curacy at Salisbury, became a Moravian and Quietist, an Antinomian, a deist, if not an atheist, and a polygamist, which last he defended in his teaching, and illustrated by his practice. He married Miss Patty Wesley in 1735, and died in 1776, being her husband for about forty years.

Two or three extracts from letters written by Mrs. Hall to her husband during his delinquencies will show both her feelings and good sense, under circumstances the most trying to a female mind:—

"Being at last convinced that I cannot possibly oblige you any longer, by anything I can say or do, I have for some time determined to rid you of so useless a burden, as soon as it should please God to give me an opportunity. If you have so much humanity left for a wife who has lived so many years with you, as to allow anything toward a maintenance, I will thank you."

"Though I should have been very glad to have heard from you, yet I cannot wonder at your not answering my letter, seeing I not only left you a second time, but desired conditions, which I fear you do not find yourself at all disposed to grant. Indeed, I am obliged to plead guilty to the charge; and as I look upon you as the sole judge, I shall make no appeal from that sentence; only, I desire leave to speak a few words before you pass it. You may remember, whenever I was angry enough to talk of leaving you, you could never work me up to such a height as to make me say, I would never return. Indeed, I could never bear the thought of laying myself under any such engagement. I had some hopes that when I was at a distance from you, I might possibly prevail upon you to tell me the meaning of an expression that once dropped from you, which, though to an unconcerned person might seem a trivial word, yet to me appears to be a thing of the utmost concern, since so much both of my happiness and yours has depended,

and must still depend, upon it, at least so long as I am in the body. It was, 'That if I had behaved myself as I ought, you should have had no occasion for another wife.' I cannot persuade myself you would say such a thing without a meaning, especially as you did not appear to be in any passion when you said it. Therefore, I beg you will tell me your meaning. If I have forfeited all other ties, I conjure you, by that of common humanity, to tell me, that I may know what fatal delusion could make me offend a person, whom, of all creatures upon earth, I desired most to please. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, if you will be so good as to satisfy me in this particular. But be that as it may, whether you think fit to grant or deny my request, one thing I must inform you of, which is, that I never can, so long as I am in my senses, willfully bring any evil upon you! No, death does not appear so shocking to me, as endeavoring to lay you under any other obligations than those of conscience and honor. For which reason, I design to put myself again absolutely in your power. If you make a kind use of that power, I shall thank God and you. If not, the time is very short that I can stay on this side the grave; and in the same sentiments that I have lived, I trust it will be given me to die. Price tells me you talked of coming up to town; I should be very glad to see you; your child, and wife too, will be entirely at your service. But if Bar does not oblige you to come, I cannot desire you to be at so much expense and trouble on my account; though you might be at my lodging for the time I suppose you would stay. However, I desire you would be so kind as to answer this, and let me know your mind as soon as possible, if you have the least concern for your ever faithful and affectionate wife."

Having cleared Mrs. Hall's character and conduct in reference to her marriage, it may be necessary to consider her behavior as a wife to one of the worst and most unkind of husbands. I will adduce one instance recorded by witnesses on the spot, and corroborated by herself, on being questioned as to its truth.

When they lived at Fisherton, near Salisbury, where they had a large house and garden, near the church where he ministered, she had taken a young woman into the house as a seamstress, whom Mr. Hall seduced: such was

the beginning of his ways. Mrs. Hall, being quite unsuspicious, was utterly ignorant of any improper attachment between her husband and the girl.

Finding the time of the young woman's travail drawing near, he feigned a call to London on some important business, and departed. Soon after his departure, the woman fell in labor. Mrs. Hall, one of the most feeling and considerate of women on such occasions, ordered her servants to go instantly for a doctor. They all refused; and when she had remonstrated with them on their inhumanity, they completed her surprise by informing her that the girl, to whom they had given anything but her own name, was in labor through her criminal connection with Mr. Hall, and that they all knew her guilt long before. She heard, without betraying any emotion, what she had not before even suspected, and repeated her commands for assistance. They, full of indignation at the unfortunate creature, and strangely inhuman, absolutely refused to obey; on which Mrs. Hall immediately went out herself, and brought in a midwife; called on a neighbor; divided the only six pounds she had in the house, and deposited five with her, who was astonished at her conduct; enjoined kind treatment, and no reproaches, and then set off for London, found her husband, related in her own mild manner the circumstances, told him what she had done, and prevailed upon him to return to Salisbury as soon as the young woman could be removed from the house. He thought the conduct of his wife not only Christian but heroic; and was for a time suitably affected by it; but having embraced the doctrine of polygamy, his reformation was of but short continuance. Mr. Hall was guilty of many similar infidelities; and after being the father of ten children by his wife, nine of whom lie buried at Salisbury, he abandoned his family, went off to the West Indies with one of his mistresses, lived there with her till she died, and afterward returning to England, professing penitential sorrow, he was cordially received by his injured and incomparable wife, who showed him every Christian attention till his death, which took place, as related above, Jan. 6, 1776, at Bristol.* Notwithstand-

* I have heard from the family, that after Mr. Hall's departure from his wife, not to the West Indies, but to Ireland, his wife never saw him more. In what is related above, I have followed Mr. Moore's statement.

ing all her bad treatment, Mrs. Hall was never heard to speak of her husband but with kindness. She often expressed wonder that women should profess to love their husbands, and yet dwell upon their faults, or indeed upon those of their friends. She was never known to speak evil of any person.

"Give me to feel another's wo,
To hide the faults I see,"

was her maxim; exposure of vice she believed never did any good. "Tell your neighbor his fault," said she, "between him and you alone; when you censure, spare not the vice—but the name."

Her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, was a very promising youth; he lived till he was fourteen, and then died of the small-pox. He was educated at the expense of his uncles John and Charles. When his life was despaired of, his mother was sent for; but she came too late, the amiable youth had breathed his last before her arrival. Her tenderness as a mother was known to be so great, that they dreaded the effect this melancholy event might have on her mind when she came to the knowledge of it, especially as there had been a very reprehensible want of care in the family where he was boarded, which was supposed to have accelerated, if not caused, his death. But she bowed to this dispensation of Providence, which had deprived her of her last earthly hope and support; she bore the dreadful stroke with humility, meekness, and fortitude. No reflections on second causes; no violence of grief; no complaints of her bitter fate: all her conduct evinced the Christian, and the Christian parent.

In the Funeral Hymns, published by Mr. Wesley, and printed by Mr. Pine, Bristol, 1769, there are two, the tenth and eleventh, on the death of this most promising lad. In the latter the state of the father is most awfully depicted.

ON THE DEATH OF W. H—L, AGED FOURTEEN.

1. Where is the fair Elysian flower,
The blooming youth that charm'd our eyes?
Cut down and wither'd in an hour,
But now transplanted to the skies.
He triumphs o'er the moldering tomb;
He blossoms in eternal bloom!

2. Nor did he perish immature,
Who, starting, won the shorten'd race,
Unspotted from the world, and pure,
And saved and sanctified by grace.
The child fulfills his hundred years,
And ripe before his God appears.

3. Witness his ardent one desire
To live, if spared, for God alone;
But rather, with the tuneful choir,
To join the souls around the throne.
He grasps on earth the prize above,
And all his soul is prayer and love.

4. When reason fled the rack of pain,
Love still defied the torturer's power;
Love, deathless love, does still remain,
And consecrates his final hour;
And wafts him to his native place,
And crowns his brow with golden rays.

5. Ascending to that world of light,
He quits our dreary vale of death,
But drops his mantle in his flight,
His blessing on his friends beneath.
Thrice happy, if his virtue's heirs!
If given to his dying prayers!

6. Happy, whoe'er his wants supplied,
Or served an heir of glory here!
Happy the souls to thine allied,
That saw their shining pattern near!
Happy the mates thou leav'st below,
If wise, with thee, their God, to know!

7. But chiefly blest the womb that bare,
The paps that nursed a child like thee,—
A child of providence and prayer,
Ordain'd his Father's face to see;
T' enjoy his love, to chant his praise
In rapturous everlasting lays.

8. 'Tis done! The soul is wafted there,
Where kindred saints and angels join!
We cast away our mournful care;
We bow and bless the will divine.
Let God resume whom God has given,
And take us after him to heaven.

---

1. Rest, happy saint! with God secure,
Lodged in the bosom of the Lamb;
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,
Through all eternity the same;

The heavenly doors have shut thee in,
The mighty gulf is fix'd between.

2. Thy God forbad the son to bear
The father's wickedness below:
And, O! thou canst not suffer there
His foul reproach, his guilty wo;
His fearful doom thou canst not feel,
Or fall, like him, from heaven to hell.

3. That tender sense of infant grace
(Extinct in him) which dwelt in thee,
Nor sin nor Satan can efface;
From pain and grief for ever free;
Thou canst not now his fall deplore,
Or pray for one that prays no more.

4. Yet may thy last expiring prayer
For a lost parent's soul prevail,
And move the God of love to spare—
T' arrest him at the mouth of hell!
O God of love! thine ear incline,
And save a soul that once was thine!

5. Thou didst his heaven-born spirit draw,
Thou didst his childlike heart inspire,
And fill with love's profoundest awe;
Though now, inflamed with hellish fire,
He dares thy favorite Son blaspheme,
And hates the God that died for him!

6. Commission'd by the dying God,
Bless'd with a powerful ministry,
The world he pointed to thy blood,
And turn'd whole multitudes to thee;
Others he saved, himself a prey
To hell—a hopeless castaway.

7. Murderer of souls, Thou know'st he lives,
(Poor souls, for whom thyself hast died,)
His dreadful punishment receives,
And bears the mark of sullen pride;
And furious lusts his bosom tear,
And the dire worm of sad despair.

8. Condemn'd like haggard Cain to rove,
By Satan and himself pursued,
Apostate from redeeming love,
Abandon'd to the curse of God;
Thou hear'st the vagabond complain,
Loud howling while he bites his chain.

9. But, O thou righteous God! how long
Shall thy vindictive anger last!

Canst thou not yet forgive the wrong,
Bid all his penal woes be past?
All power, all mercy, as thou art,
O break his adamantine heart!

10. Before the yawning cavern close
Its mouth on its devoted prey,
Thou who hast died to save thy foes,
Thy death's omnipotence display;
And snatch from that eternal fire,
And let him in thine arms expire!

We see from the preceding pages that Mr. J. Wesley believed this prayer was answered; and that Mr. Hall died a deep penitent. It might be so; nothing is impossible to God. He was once in grace; made a complete shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; long served the devil with an undivided heart, not only forgetting that he had been purged from his old sins, but blaspheming the God that bought him. If old W. Hall found mercy, none out of hell need despair. We must leave him in the hands of his Judge. But O, reader, it is a grievous and bitter thing to sin against the Lord! No wonder that in dying he should exclaim, "I have injured an angel that never reproached me!" Of her excellence and forbearance we shall have further proofs.

I have seen a folio printed sheet, containing the first part of this elegy, evidently the publication of Mr. Hall; for it is connected with the following poem: "The Art of Happiness, or the Right Use of Reason; an Epistle to Wesley Hall, Junior." It opens with—

"My son, my son, if e'er a parent's voice
Has power to warn, let this direct thy choice:
Take reason's path, and mad opinions leave,—
Reason is truth that never can deceive."

The whole is a miserable deistical address, strongly advising his son to follow the dictates of his own nature, as the best way of fulfilling the purposes of his Creator!

"Indulge thy genius, follow nature's call;
Nature is God's vicegerent, ruling all."

I think he had his brothers-in-law, John and Charles Wesley, in view, in the following lines, where, declaiming against superstition and bigotry, he adds,—

* * * * * *

"The voice of nature, make of God a fiend,
And bid revengeful fire from heaven descend!
Inspired with frantic, false, fanatic zeal,
See with what rage they threat damnation, hell,
To all who fair expose the wretched lies,
The frauds, the follies, falsehood, forgeries,
Of Romish fathers, councils, canons, schools,
Impostors' orders, monks' and madmen's rules."

Love, the universal passion, is most highly eulogized; it is nature's and reason's law!

"By thee inspired, we learn each tuneful art,
To raise the passions, and improve the heart;
The mystic union of the sounding strings,
The wondrous commerce of the secret springs,
Whence social joy and sympathetic pain,
And friendship's force, and love's eternal reign.
* * * * *
With all the mighty charms by Heaven design'd
To raise the bliss of every godlike mind,
In love concentring, form that image bright,
The fairest mirror of th' Eternal Light."

And without any reference to God's Spirit, his book, or his religion, he concludes his ungodly advices to his godly son in these words,—

"Instructed thus, mayst thou a temple raise
More glorious far than that of ancient days;
The work of wisdom, and of virtue fair,
With strength and beauty built beyond compare,
By reason's perfect rule, and nature's scale,
Which God's whole order may to man reveal;
Where all things tend, and whence they all began,
Of his machinery the wondrous plan."

Some have supposed that there must have been an apathy in Mrs. Hall's nature, to bear the most grievous wrongs, and the heaviest losses; but such persons have not considered to what heights of excellence the human mind may be exalted by reason and religion.

When Mr. Charles Wesley asked her "how she could give money," as previously related, "to her husband's concubine?" she answered, "I knew *I* could obtain what I wanted from many; but she, poor hapless creature, could not; many thinking it meritorious to abandon her to the distress which she had brought upon herself. *Pity* is due

to the wicked; the good claim *esteem;* besides, I did not act as a *woman*, but as a *Christian*."

There are several still alive who can attest her sensibility; the poor, the sick, the afflicted of all descriptions, excited in her the deepest feelings of sympathy. Like her brother John, she was ready to bear the burden of every sufferer; to deny herself the necessaries of life in order to relieve the needy; and to be stoical in no sufferings but her own.

This was the character of the founder of Methodism; this was that of his excellent sister. Her charity was unbounded; and the charity of a person reduced to an income so limited was "the munificence of the widow's mite, founded on self-denial." Her brother, Mr. Charles Wesley, has said, "It is in vain to give Pat anything to add to her comforts, for she always gives it away to some person poorer than herself."

Another instance will further illustrate this part of her character. In proportion as Mr. Hall advanced in profligacy, he lost all sense of decorum, and that shame which, in all bad characters not wholly abandoned to vice, usually accompanies the exposure of guilt. He had the frontless inhumanity, one day, to bring in one of his illegitimate infants; and he ordered his wife to take charge of it till he could provide it with a suitable situation. She ordered a cradle to be brought, placed the babe in it, and continued to perform for it all requisite acts of humanity.

While nursing this illegitimate, her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, of whom I have already spoken, had by some means displeased his father, who had now as little government of his temper as he had of his passions; for under a course of such transgressions a man usually becomes a sot or a fury. He rose up in a violent rage, thrust the child into a dark closet, and locked him up. The child was terrified to distraction. Mrs. Hall, with her usual calmness, desired him to release the child. He refused. She entreated;—he was resolute. She asserted that the punishment was far beyond the fault;—he still hesitated. She then summoned up the more than female dignity and courage which formed that part of her character that led her to decide on the line of conduct which she ought to pursue, from the evidence brought to her reason

and conscience, and thus addressed him: "Sir, thank the grace of God, that while *my* child is thus cruelly treated, suffering to distraction a punishment he has not merited, I had not turned *your* babe out of the cradle; but you must go and unlock the closet and release the child, or *I* will immediately do it." This tone was too decisive to be treated with either neglect or contempt. Mr. Hall arose, unlocked the closet, and released the child. Even in this trifling case her cool philosophy was as much in action as her piety: she wished the authority of the father to be preserved, that it might appear to the child that the same mouth which had pronounced the sentence might pronounce its repeal; and that the hand that had committed to prison might effect its discharge.

It is a hapless case when the parents are not agreed either in the management or correction of their children; from the minds of children thus treated, it removes all sense of moral good and evil; they see their parents are not agreed in their correction, and they are led in consequence to consider the punishment to be arbitrary and cruel. They hate the corrector, and love the intercessor, or that one who takes their part; and it is a million to one, humanly speaking, that what is called the moral sense will be, in consequence, utterly obliterated from their minds.

Mrs. Hall could not endure the sight of misery which she could not relieve; it quite overwhelmed her. One day she came to the house of her brother Charles, apparently sinking under distress, and looking like a corpse. On inquiry, it was found that a hapless woman had come to her, and related such a tale of real wo, that she took the creature into her own lodging, and had kept her for three days; and the continual sight of her wretchedness —wretchedness that she could not fully relieve—so affected her, that her own life was sinking into the grave. The case was immediately made known to that "son of consolation," her brother John, whose eye and ear never failed to affect his heart at the sight or at the tale of misery. He took immediate charge of his sister's unfortunate guest, and had her provided for according to her wants and distresses.

All Mrs. Hall's movements were deliberate, slow, and steady. In her eye, her step, her speech, there appeared

an innate dignity and superiority, which were so mingled with gentleness and good nature, as ever to excite respect and reverence, but never fear; for all children loved her, and sought her company.

Her safety excited much anxiety in the minds of her friends, when, at an advanced age, she would take long walks through crowded streets; for she never quickened her pace in crossings, even when carriages were in full drive. Her niece, Miss Wesley, being one day with her in Bloomsbury-square, when a coach was closely following, urged her, but in vain, to quicken her pace. Striving to pull her out of the way of danger, she unluckily pulled her off her feet, just before the horses. When she got up, she calmly observed, that "the probability of being injured by a fall was greater than of being run over by the coachman, who could gain no advantage by it; on the contrary, much disadvantage and expense." These remarks she made to her niece standing in the crossing, with horses trampling before and behind. Fortunately the coachman had pulled up his horses, or they had both been under the wheels long before the speech was finished.

She spent much time, at his own particular request, with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was strongly attached to her, and ever treated her with high reverence and respect. The injuries she had sustained, and the manner in which she had borne them, could not but excite the esteem of such a mind as his.

They often disputed together on matters of theology and moral philosophy; and in their differences of opinion, for they often differed, he never treated her with that asperity with which he often treated those opponents who appeared to plume themselves on their acquirements. He wished her very much to become an inmate in his house; and she would have done so, had she not feared to provoke the jealousy of the two females already there, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Du Moulin, who had long resided under his roof, and whose queer tempers much imbittered his social hours and comforts. She ventured to tell him the reason; and he felt its cogency, as no doubt the comparison between the tempers would have created much ill-will. As a frequent visitor, even they, cross-tempered as they were, highly valued Mrs. Hall.

It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson valued her conversation. In many cases it supplied the absence of books; her memory was a repository of the most striking events of past centuries; and she had the best parts of all our poets by heart. She delighted in literary discussions, and moral argumentations, not for the display, but for the exercise of her mental faculties, and to increase her fund of useful knowledge; and she bore opposition with the same composure as regulated all the other parts of her conduct.

The young and inexperienced, who had promising abilities, she exhorted to avoid that blind admiration of talents, which is apt to regard temper and the moral virtues as secondary, and infused an abhorrence of that satire and ridicule which too often accompany wit. Of wit she used to say, she was the only one of the family who did not possess it; and Mr. Charles Wesley used to remark, that "sister Patty was always too wise to be witty." Yet she was very capable of acute remark; and once at Dr. Johnson's house, when she was on a grave discussion, she made one which turned the laugh against him, in which he cordially joined, as he felt its propriety and force.

In his house at Bolt-court, one day, when Mrs. Hall was present, the doctor began to expatiate on the unhappiness of human life. Mrs. Hall said, "Doctor, you have always lived among the wits, not the saints; and they are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true happiness, or find the pearl without price." I have already remarked, that she delighted in theological discussions. It was her frequent custom to dwell on the goodness of God, in giving his creatures laws; observing "that what would have been the inclination of a kind nature, was made a command, that our beloved Creator might reward it; he thus condescending to prescribe that as a duty, which, to a regenerate mind, must have been a wish and delight, had it not been prescribed." She loved the name of duties; and ever blessed her gracious Redeemer, who enabled her to discharge them. In a conversation, there was a remark made, that the public voice was the voice of truth, universally recognized; whence the proverb, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* This Mrs. Hall strenuously contested; and said the "public voice in Pilate's hall was, 'Crucify him! crucify him!'"

On Easter Sunday, April 15, 1781, Mr. Boswell (in his "Life of Johnson") mentions dining at the doctor's in company with several persons, among whom were Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Du Moulin, and Mrs. Hall, sister of the Rev. John Wesley, and resembling him both in figure and manner. "I mentioned," says Boswell, "a kind of religious Robinhood society, which met every Sunday morning at Coachmakers'-hall, for free debate; and that the subject for this night was, the text which relates, with other miracles which happened at our Saviour's death,—'And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.' Mrs. Hall said it was a very curious subject, and she should like to hear it discussed. Johnson replied, somewhat warmly, 'One would not go to such a place to hear it—one would not be seen in such a place—to give countenance to such a meeting.' I, however, resolved that I would go. 'But, sir,' said she to Johnson, 'I should like to hear *you* discuss it.' He seemed reluctant to engage in it. She talked of the resurrection of the human race in general, and maintained that we shall be raised with the same bodies. Johnson: 'Nay, madam, we see that it is not to be the same body; for the Scripture uses the illustration of grain sown. You cannot suppose that we shall rise with a diseased body; it is enough if there be such a sameness as to distinguish identity of person.' She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he left the question in obscurity."

Mrs. Hall had an innate horror of melancholy subjects. "Those persons," she maintained, "could not have real feeling who could delight to see or hear details of misery they could not relieve, or descriptions of cruelty which they could not punish." Nor did she like to speak of death: it was heaven, the society of the blessed, and the deliverance of the happy spirit from this tabernacle of clay, not the pang of separation, (of which she always expressed a fear,) on which she delighted to dwell. She could not behold a corpse, "because," said she, "it is beholding sin sitting upon his throne." She objected strongly to those lines in Mr. Charles Wesley's Funeral Hymns:—

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair!" &c.

Her favorite hymn among these was,

"Rejoice for a brother deceased," &c.

Few persons could be mentioned of whom she had not something good to say; and if their faults were glaring, she would plead the influence of circumstances, education, and sudden temptation, to which all imprisoned in a tenement of clay were liable, and by which their actions were often influenced. Yet she was no apologist for bad systems; for she thought, with an old Puritan, that a fault in an individual was like a fever; but a bad principle resembled a plague, spreading desolation and death over the community. Few persons feel as they should for the transgression which is the effect of sudden temptation to a well-circumstanced sin.

She did not believe that the soul had its origin *ex traduce*, but that it was pre-existent; which she said accounted best for the astonishing difference in human beings from infancy. Soame Jennings has written on this subject, and many of his reasonings on this point are the same with those she was accustomed to use.*

It excited her surprise that women should dispute the authority which God gave the husband over the wife. "It is," said she, "so clearly expressed in Scripture, that one would suppose such wives had never read their Bible." But she allowed that this authority was only given after the fall, not before; but "the woman," said she, "who contests this authority should not marry." Vixen and unruly wives did not relish her opinions on this subject; and her example they could never forgive.

In all her relations, and in all her concerns, she loved order. "Order is Heaven's first law," was a frequent quotation of hers; "it produces," she would say, "universal harmony."

Conversing on the times of Oliver Cromwell, and the conduct of the Republicans, she got a little excited, and said, "The devil was the first Independent."

* See, on this controversy, Wesley's Journals, in his Works, vol. iv, p. 163, date, Oct., 1763, and Fletcher's Works, "Appeal to Matter of Fact," vol. iii, pp. 322–324.

The works of Dean Swift were held in high esteem by all the Wesley family but herself. She could not endure the description of the Yahoos, in Gulliver's Travels; and considered it as a reflection on the Creator, thus to ridicule the works of his hands. His "Tale of a Tub" she considered as too irreverent to be atoned for by the wit.

Of her sufferings she spoke so little that they could not be learned from herself; I could only get acquainted with those I knew from other branches of the family. Her blessings, and the advantages she enjoyed, she was continually recounting. "Evil," she used to say, "was not kept from me: but evil has been kept from harming me."

Her manner of reproving sin was so gentle, so evidently the effect of love, that no one was ever known to be offended at it. Young people were so certain of her kindness, if they erred, that she was often chosen as a confessor among them.

Though she abhorred everything relative to death, considering it as the triumph of sin; yet she spoke of her own removal with serenity. When her niece, Miss Wesley, asked her if she would wish that she should attend her in her last moments, she answered, "Yes, if you are able to bear it: but I charge you not to grieve more than half an hour."

Though she had a small property of her own, yet she was principally dependent on the bounty of her brothers after her husband had deserted her: and here was a striking illustration of the remark, that "in noble natures benefits do not diminish love on either side." She left to her niece, whom she dearly loved, and who well knew how to prize so valuable a woman, the little remains of her fortune, who in vain urged her to sink it on her own life, in order to procure her a few more comforts.

Mr. Wesley, at his death, bequeathed her £40, to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his books. This was little: but he had nothing* to leave. This I well know, being one of his seven executors in trust. He had engaged to pay certain sums, which would have been paid

* "*Jan.* 9, 1789. I left no money to any one in my will, because I had none; but now, considering that whenever I am removed, money will soon arise by sale of books, I added a few legacies by a codicil, to be paid as soon as may be. But I would fain do a little good while I live; for who can tell what will come after him?"—*Works*, vol. iv, p. 711.

out of the produce of his writings had he lived; to discharge which, the trustees above-mentioned were obliged to borrow the money! So much did he acquire by being the head of a large party, and after preaching the gospel for sixty years! Mrs. Hall did not live to enjoy this legacy, as she died the same year with her brother.

Her niece, Miss Wesley, was with her in her last moments; but this she permitted on the sole condition that she should not sleep at her (Mrs. Hall's) lodgings, "lest," as she said to her, "you should not sleep, and your anxiety might create mine."

She had no disease, but a mere decay of nature. She spoke of her dissolution with the same tranquillity with which she spoke of everything else. A little before her departure she called Miss Wesley to her bedside, and said, "I have now a sensation that convinces me my departure is near; the heart-strings seem gently, but entirely loosened."

Miss Wesley asked her if she was in pain? "No," said she, "but a new feeling." Just before she closed her eyes she bade her niece come near; she pressed her hand, and said, "I have the assurance which I have long prayed for. Shout!" said she, and expired. Thus her noble and happy spirit passed into the presence of her Redeemer on the 12th of July, 1791,* about four months and nine days after the death of her brother John, and in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Her remains were interred in the City Road burial-ground, in the same vault with her brothers; and on the tomb was inscribed, after her name and the date of her exit, the following words of Solomon, as descriptive of her character:—

"She opened her Mouth in Wisdom, and in her Tongue was the Law of Kindness." Prov. xxxi, 20.

One of Miss Wesley's letters now before me contains the following sentiments:—

"Mrs. Susannah Wesley was a noble creature; but her trials were not such as Mrs. Hall's. Wounded in her affections in the tenderest part; deserted by the husband

* The tomb-stone states her death to have taken place on the 19th; but that is *incorrect*.—Editor.

she so much loved; bereaved of her ten children; falsely accused of taking her sister's lover, whereas, though ignorantly, that sister had taken him from her; reduced from ample competency to a narrow income; yet no complaint was heard from her lips! Her serenity was undisturbed, and her peace beyond the reach of calamity. Active virtues command applause; they are apparent to every eye; but the passive are only known to Him by whom they are registered on high, where the silent sufferer shall meet the full reward."

In order that the life of this excellent woman may receive the fullest illustration, and to render it more extensively beneficial to the Christian church, I shall subjoin some extracts from her private diary, obligingly furnished by her niece, Miss Sarah Wesley. Though the reader will be required to retrace his steps in accompanying the same character, along the same road, yet it will be with this difference—to look more immediately into the interior than upon the exterior; to attend to her deep, and constant, and holy communions with her God, rather than to behold her conduct and listen to her converse among her friends, her relations, and her foes. The extracts will show the real source from whence she drew in her supplies, and the principle which enabled her to conduct herself in the way she has been faithfully exhibited in these pages.

"*Mem. Sunday, Sept.* 21, 1730. Prayed for deliverance. Opened my Bible; the chapter I first found was Isaiah xxxvii, wherein is recorded a wonderful instance of God's goodness in answer to the prayer of Hezekiah—deliverance in a manner altogether miraculous. Is he not as able to deliver me? He is. Did he not in his mercy direct me to this place to encourage me to trust in him? I will trust in thee, O Saviour. I trust thou wilt not only deliver me in this calamity, but also from wrath and everlasting damnation. I know thou art not slow to hear, nor impotent to save."

"*Sunday, Oct.* 11, 1730. Heard Gardiner on exemplariness. Resolved to be more careful to improve daily in virtue. Help me, O my Saviour!"

[Then follows a long "Extract from Patrick's Heart's Ease."]

No date. "'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee:—in a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.' Isaiah liv, 7, &c.

"O thou, who knowest I desire to be thy servant, fulfill these gracious promises to me!

"Bless me, even me, O my Father!

"This is the inheritance (or heritage) of the servants of the Lord: and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

"*Sunday night*, 1732. Read with great comfort the second chapter of St. Peter, first epistle: 'Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.' I return with all my soul to thee, O my Saviour! O accept me, and keep me thine for ever, O my God!"

[Then follows a discourse on meditation, a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, and miscellaneous observations.]

"*May* 25, 1734. I have renewed my covenant with my God, through his great mercy. O help me, Saviour, to keep it, for thy mercy's sake!"

"*Aug.* 3, 1734. God has once more brought me to this place, where there are many opportunities of serving him, which there were not at ——. O may I never return without a double portion of his blessed grace!

"I have dedicated myself anew to thee, O my God! I have given thee my soul and body. O claim me for thine own! O let none take me again out of thine hand! I have resolved to make my conversion more useful; at least to endeavor it; to avoid all fierceness, and uncharitable truths. I have resolved, likewise, to spend some time in meditating on what I read."

"*Feb.* 26, 1737–8. Renewed again my covenant solemnly at the holy table. Resolved to consider every day how I may best serve my Master; what he requires of me. O Saviour, help me to keep it so long as thou pleasest to command my service in this world!"

"*Sept.* 29. *Combe.* I have renewed my covenant several times here. Resolved to seek more carefully after God. O Saviour, be thou found of me! Perhaps I was therefore sent to this place. Particularly renewed that resolution, to consider every day what my Master requires of me."

"*London, Sept.* 30, 1740. How many resolutions have I made, and how poorly kept them; which was indeed no wonder, for I knew not that thou, O my Saviour, wouldst justify the ungodly! O, blessed love! that nothing but misery and vileness should recommend us to thy mercy! With all my soul I believe and embrace this blessed truth. I come vile and ungodly, pleading nothing but the promise; but thou hast died that I might live for ever! Amen! 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.'"

"*London, Jan.* 25, 1741. O, how wise! Good are all the ways of providence. Surely it plainly says to you: 'See here the good you have chosen; the joy of your heart, the desire of your eyes; has it made you amends for forgetting me or no?' O, why should man take such fatal pains to hew out to himself such broken cisterns, cisterns that can hold no water! But O Lord, behold I return unto thee! O receive me! Yes, I know thou wilt—thou dost, even though it may, perhaps, be the eleventh hour. Though I have been far from faithful to the grace lately received, yet leave not the blessed work unfinished. 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' The small spark I have is thy gift. Thy hand is not shortened. 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' O let me not forget thee! O let me not hold the truth in unrighteousness! Amen, Lord Jesus."

"*Salisbury, Good Friday, April* 12, 1744. Of what infinite importance it is for every Christian to be continually watching—praying against a Laodicean state! What infinite mercy has the blessed Saviour shown to me! How gently has he called me, when I slumbered and slept! It is now about four years since I had such a sense of the remission of sins as delivered me from all fear. I believed in a little measure on the Lord Jesus. He gave me to believe that because he lived I should live also. He came that his sheep might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Since I received this blessed sense

first, I never had any painful fear of my state, nor yet any doubt that I had deceived myself, except for a few moments, even though ——— never believed my testimony; never, that I knew of, in any degree strengthened my hands in God. Yet, notwithstanding this great goodness of my blessed Redeemer, I insensibly grew lukewarm. I did not earnestly cry for the second gift, as I had for the first. But He that had begun his work would not leave it unfinished. All love, all glory be unto thee, O my blessed Redeemer, for ever, Amen! Hallelujah! Near a year ago, I was one evening retired into my chamber, with a design to spend some time in private prayer; but before I kneeled down, all at once (without a thought of mine) I had a full, clear sense that the Lamb of God had made an atonement for me; that he had made full satisfaction for my sins; so that, were he at that moment to appear to judgment, I could stand before him: I saw, I felt (for I know not any better words to use) that the justice of the almighty Father was satisfied, and that I could even appeal to it; for I could say, 'There is my surety! He hath paid my whole debt!' Hallelujah!"

"*Monmouth, Feb.* 16, 1751–2. By what a series of strange providences am I at last come hither! Wonderful are thy counsels, O God! Infinite still is thy mercy toward thy unworthy servant; else I should sink all at once; no longer could I possibly bear up under such a weight of sorrow.—Never, in all my afflictions, have my spirits sunk so before, insomuch that I had well nigh given up all my hope. The enemy had very near torn away my shield. But, blessed for ever be the infinite mercy of God; he hath once more lifted up my head. Indeed he has given me to see, that as I have not been faithful to the grace he gave me before my trial, so neither have I sought to him as I ought in the time of my distress. Yet notwithstanding all, I humbly trust he has multiplied to pardon. Glory be to thee, O God!

"I have this day renewed my covenant with my blessed Redeemer at his holy table. I hope he will accept my soul and body, to be from this day a holy sacrifice to him. O that thou wouldst bless me with thy love! O give me the power of watching unto prayer! O praise the Lord, my soul, who hath once more raised thee up to taste of his

goodness! Trust in him who hath pardoned thy iniquity. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"*Salisbury, Aug.*, 1754. O how unfaithful have I been —what unsuitable returns have I made to my Saviour's love! Shall I complain of ingratitude from a fellow-worm? No, let me rather admire the goodness of God in suffering any of his creatures to show any kindness to me. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be troubled. I am utterly ignorant how it will please God to dispose of me; but O that I may be more faithful to thee, my Saviour, the remainder of my life! O let me not waste my precious time any more in trifles! Lord, save me from my want of love!"

"*Salisbury, Aug.* 1, 1756. I am utterly astonished at my own amazing ingratitude; at my unparalleled negligence. Once in about three or four years I commence with my own heart. O may I never entertain one thought of any neglect I have met with from a fellow-worm, without deeply considering how far more guilty I am myself! Surely the Lord hath spared when I deserved punishment, and instead of wrath hath shown me great mercy! Indeed, he hath at present called me to give up every friend; for though they are, in the common sense of the word, what we call friends, yet in respect to the cordial tenderness of friendship, they are far from it. My breath is become strange to them. My company they desire not, the less of it the better. Yet this is only the kind desire and gracious voice of my Father, that calls me this way to him. O Lord, I come—I come with all my strength; O receive me, vile as I am! O Saviour, let me lay down the burden of my sin at thy blessed feet! O speak but the word, and thy servant shall be whole! O save me from ingratitude —save me from forgetting thee! Thou hast graciously sealed again thy pardoning goodness this day to my soul. Glory be to thee! Thou hast permitted me, unworthy as I am, to offer up my soul and body to thee. O God, my Saviour, with all the powers of my soul I renew the oblation of myself to thee! O let me be, I most humbly beseech thee, a living sacrifice to thee! O Lord, let nothing, for thy mercies' sake, separate me from thy love to all eternity! Even so, Amen! Come, Lord Jesus, and take

eternal possession of thy servant! O, from this moment let me find the blessed power to follow thee more faithfully than heretofore, and not walk in darkness!"

"*Sept.* 12. O what infinite mercy is it, that the blessed Redeemer still multiplies to pardon! That by teaching us to pray daily for forgiveness, he has surely taught us, that he is graciously ready to forgive us our daily numberless infirmities, so we do but sincerely bewail and strive against them; and if we follow on, in his time, he will not fail to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Amen, Lord Jesus! O that thou wouldst draw me; draw me, and I will run after thee, but I cannot else! Thou, blessed Lord, who hast taken upon thee to deliver man; thou alone canst subdue the rebel in my soul. Thou alone canst take away the heart of stone. O wilt thou not now, gracious Lord and Master? Can thy power be greater than thy love, when thou hadst love enough to die for poor sinners? It cannot—it were the highest ingratitude to suppose it. Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief—help me against my own heart, for that is all I fear. Our temptations are of two kinds: from things that grieve—from things that please. The former fright, the latter allure us from our virtue. From poverty, pain, disgrace, and persecution, we fly to falsehood or fraud for escape. But those ills are not the immediate cause of it, but want of faith in God's promises, that he will succor us in these exigences, and deliver us in good time—make all things work together for our good. On the other hand, when pleasure entices, carries its point, we do not think those pleasures, be they what they will, preferable to heaven; but heaven is at a distance—the soul is eager for present good. But why is heaven at a distance? For want of faith; for faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. It antedates the existence of that which is future; makes our conversation in heaven, though still in the body; associates us with angels, though in our solitude; and gives us greater joy in contemplation than the world can give in hand. This is true, or the conduct of the heroes in Scripture had been impracticable: and they, like ourselves, were but men."

"*July* 29, 1759, *Sunday.* Solemnly renewed my vows at going to the holy table. Humbly implored my blessed

Redeemer to take eternal possession of my soul and body; and I trust he has. Amen, Lord Jesus! I renounce, O blessed Lord, from this moment, everything that is contrary to thy holy, gracious will. O Christ, my Saviour, show forth the value of thy name, and Jesus prove to me! I give up my soul and body entirely into thy blessed hands, to be saved by thee alone in time and eternity. O be thou my portion; preserve me, for thy name's sake, from offending, from forgetting thee! O lift but up the blessed light of thy countenance upon me,—it will abundantly supply the place of all friends!"

"*Sept.* 9, 1759. O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep thy statutes! O Lord, fulfill thy blessed will in me! Again renewed my solemn vow at the holy table. O blessed Jesus, keep me thine in time and in eternity!

"To thee, O my God, do I direct my prayer. What I want of others' help, supply with the more immediate assistance of thy Holy Spirit. Give me that measure of patience and constancy which my condition requires. My strength is scattered, my expectation from man defeated. But O be not thou far from me! Of whom may I seek for succor but of thee, O God? And if thou wilt be pleased, O Lord, to show some token now to thy unworthy servant, for good, the work shall appear to all men to be only thine. If it be according to thy blessed will, arise, O Lord, to deliver me—make no long tarrying, O my God. Yet though thou killest, let me trust in thee—my blessed Saviour's merits!"

So magnanimous a soul, so devoid of self, so unmoved by injury, so steadily religious, so compassionate to her fellow-creatures, so thoroughly devoted to God, to say nothing of the other, is rarely found among the female sex.

Mrs. Hall, who, we have seen, resembled her brother so remarkably in person, and in the qualities of her mind, and between whom and him there was so much intense affection throughout life, was not separated from him in death. She was the last survivor of the original Wesley family; her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, having all died before her.

When I first saw this excellent and interesting woman,

in 1783, I little thought that forty years after I should be led, in the course of providence, to rescue her character from detraction, and erect a monument to her memory. Among those who knew her, she had as many admirers as acquaintances. Her detractors have been few; and those must be sought among the biographers of her brothers; some of whom have dealt, in more than one case, in matters too hard for them, and written of those things which they did not understand.

As far as they did this ignorantly, none can be more ready than myself to plead their excuse.

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Charles Wesley, A. M., student of Christ Church, Oxford, youngest son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and Susannah his wife, was born at Epworth, Dec. 18, 1708, old style. In 1716 he was sent to Westminster School; in 1721 he was admitted king's scholar of St. Peter's College, Westminster; in 1726 he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford; was ordained deacon, in 1735, by Bishop Potter; and priest, the next sabbath after, by Dr. Gibson, bishop of London; and died in London, March 29, 1788, aged seventy-nine years and three months.

He was a good man, a powerful preacher,* and the best Christian poet,† in reference to hymnology, that has flourished in either ancient or modern times. The hymns used in the religious service of Methodism were composed principally by him; and such a collection exists not among any other people. Most collections among other sects

* The Rev. Henry Moore being asked one day, by T. Marriott, Esq., for the distinctive characteristics of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, as preachers, replied: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's was all aphorisms."—Editor.

† It is rather singular that Dr. Southey should have omitted Charles Wesley in his list of the "Later English Poets." That he was beneath notice cannot for a moment be supposed; for specimens are given of the compositions of men much his inferior in poetical talent: that he was out of date, is a no less improbable reason, for there are no less than fifty-six persons, whose works are noticed, who were born after him—and one of them born so late as 1771; and that his works should have been unknown to the Laureate is the least probable reason of all. The question is, then, why this sin of omission?—Editor.

of Christians are indebted to his compositions for some of their principal excellences.

Mr. Charles Wesley left two sons, who are still living,* and a daughter, lately deceased, whose name I have several times mentioned in these memoirs. The present Mr. Charles Wesley is a celebrated musician, who was born in Bristol, in 1757. His musical genius was observed when he was not quite three years old, at which period he surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord, readily, and in just time. Soon afterward he played several others. Whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets, he could, without difficulty, make out upon this instrument. Almost from his birth, his mother used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord. When he played by himself, she used to tie him by his back-string to the chair, in order to prevent his falling. When he was four years old, his father took him to London, and Beard, who was the first musical man that heard him there, was so much pleased with his abilities, that he kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce, to get him admitted among the king's boys. This honor his father declined, as he then had no thoughts of bringing him up to the profession of music. Mr. Wesley soon afterward returned with him to Bristol, and, when he was about six years old, put him under the tuition of Rooke. Mr. Rogers, at that time the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He would often set him on his knee, and make him play to him, declaring that he was more delighted in hearing him than himself. For some years his study and practice were almost entirely confined to the works of Corelli, Scarlatti, and Handel; and so rapid was his progress, that at the age of twelve or thirteen years, it was thought that no person was able to excel him in performing the compositions of these masters.

About the year 1779, a domestic subscription concert, for twelve nights in each season, was opened at Mr. Wesley's house, in Chesterfield-street, Mary-le-bonne, which continued for some years, and in which many of his own compositions were heard with pleasure. Mr. John Wesley notices being at one of these concerts. See his Journal, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1781: "I spent an agreeable hour

* Since dead.—EDITOR.

at a concert," says he, "at my nephew's; but I was a little out of my element among lords and ladies. I love plain music and plain company best." I understand from a lady, who was present, that Mr. John Wesley went in full canonicals, and she in rich silk and ruffles. The performance of Mr. Charles Wesley on the organ, and particularly his extempore playing, was the admiration and delight of all his auditors.

Samuel Wesley, brother of the preceding, was born 1766, and also afforded a very early indication of musical genius. When only three years old, he could play on the organ; and when eight years old attempted to compose an oratorio. Some of the airs which he wrote for the organ were shown to Dr. Boyce, who remarked that they were among the most pleasing that he had heard. "This boy," he said, "writes by nature as true a base as I can do by rule and study."

Mr. S. Wesley composed a high mass for the chapel of Pope Pius VI. The pope thanked the composer for it in a Latin letter, written to his apostolic vicar, in London, in which, among other things, he says, "Gratum animum, quem ob acceptum munus in ipsum gerimus, paternis verbis nomine nostro explicabis," &c. His compositions are said to be in the highest degree masterly and grand, and his performances on the organ astonishing. To show that he possessed a poetic genius at a very early period, I shall present the reader with a copy of verses, which have never appeared in print, occasioned by his brother, Charles Wesley, being chosen to play a solo on a violin before the corporation of Bristol; and some business calling him from Bristol about that time, Samuel Wesley was chosen in his room; but, in the mean time, Charles Wesley returned, and Samuel was set aside.

TO DR. LUDLOW.

1. To you, dear doctor, I appeal—
   To all the tuneful city;
   Am I not used extremely ill
   By musical committee?

2. Why, 'tis enough to make one wild,
   They court, and then refuse me;
   They advertise, and call me "child,"
   And like a child they use me.

3. Excusing their contempt, they say,
Which more inflames my passion,
I am not grave enough to play
Before the corporation.

4. To the sweet city-waits although
I may not hold a candle,
I question if their worships know
The odds 'twixt me and Handel.

5. A child of eight years old,* I grant,
Must be both light and giddy—
The solidness of Burgan want,
The steadiness of Liddie.†

6. Yet quick, perhaps, as other folks,
I can assign a reason,
And keep my time as well as Holks,‡
And come as much in season.

7. With Bristol organist, not yet
I come in competition;
Yet let them know, I would be great—
I do not want ambition.

8. Spirit I do not want, or will,
Upon a just occasion,
To make the rash despisers feel
My weight of indignation.

9. The trodden worm will turn again,
And shall not I resent it?
Who gave the sore affront in vain—
They would with tears repent it.

10. Still will I fret, and fume, and rage,
And keener wax, and keener,
Unless they prudently assuage
My anger with a Steyner.

SAM. WESLEY.—1775.

A full-length portrait of him was engraved in London. He is standing at a table, with a pen in his hand, and music before him, as if composing; and by the foot of the table lies a book of music, with the title, "Ruth, an Oratorio, by Samuel Wesley, aged eight years."—See *Dict. of Musicians, &c.; Westm. Magazine.*

Mr. Charles Wesley's Life, in connection with that of his brother John, has been written by Dr. Coke and Mr.

* S. Wesley was only eight years old when he wrote these verses.
† Liddard. ‡ Remarkable for bad time.

Moore; by Dr. Whitehead; and lately, by Dr. Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. Of all these, Dr. Whitehead's account claims the preference, as formed from Mr. C. Wesley's own private diary.*

MISS KEZZIAH WESLEY.

KEZZIAH, called in the family papers Kezzy and Kez, appears to have been the youngest child of the Wesley family.† The fact in her history, of most importance, is that which has been so largely considered in the history of her sister Martha Hall, to which I must refer the reader.

About 1729 Miss Kezzy became a teacher in a boarding school in Lincoln, where she did not enjoy good health. Indeed she was much afflicted all through life, in consequence of which she was prevented from improving a mind that seems to have been capable of high cultivation. She wrote a peculiarly neat and beautiful hand, even more so than that of her sister Emily.

Two letters, written by this lady to her brother John, in 1729, give several curious particulars relative to herself and family, with which none of my readers can possibly be displeased:—

"*Jan.* 26, 1729.

"DEAR BROTHER,—There is no occasion for your asking pardon for so small an omission as not writing sooner, of one who has been faulty in an instance of much greater moment. Indeed, I was a little inclining to be of my sister's opinion, that it is not in the nature of man to value a woman after he perceived she had any respect for him: if one could have been false, which was of so good a temper, and had so much religion as you, I should not have won-

* Since the text was written, *Dr. Thomas Jackson* has presented to the public a "Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley," in two volumes, 8vo., which has been republished in one volume by the Agents of the Methodist Book Concern, and is on sale at 200 Mulberry-street.—AM. EDIT.

† Dr. Clarke does not notice the time of Miss Kezziah Wesley's birth; but her brother, Mr. John, in writing to Charles, observes: "My sister Kezzy was born about March, 1710, therefore you, Charles, could not be born later than December, 1708; consequently, if you live till December, 1772, you will enter your sixty-fifth year." A note follows:—"Or, according to sister Martha's account, my sixty-second.—C. W." See Wesley's Works, vol. vi, p. 674.—EDITOR.

dered at finding any so hereafter. Certainly, it is a very good way for any that enter into friendship to make this article in their agreement, that they will mutually reprove each other; by which means it will become such an avowed part of their friendship, that it can never be mistaken by the reproved for censoriousness or unkindness. Not that there will be any occasion for me to practice this doctrine, but there will be enough for you. Therefore, I desire you will tell me of anything that you think amiss in my conduct, and I will endeavor to reform. I am very glad to hear my brother Charles is so rich. Any good fortune that happens to my relations affords me great satisfaction. You need not be apprehensive of the news going further. Anything you desire me not to speak of, you may be sure is safe. If I was inclined to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, I can't say but the man you are acquainted with might be worthy of love.

> But to a soul whose marble form
> None of the melting passions warm,

all his good qualities would appear lighter than vanity itself. It is my humble opinion I shall live the life of a nun, for which reason I would not give one single farthing to see him this minute. But if the young man was ever to have an inclination for any of our family, there is a certain lady at Epworth who would make a very good wife, and seems not averse to marriage, that would be worth his acceptance; besides, it would make her amends for a sort of balk, which I fancy she has had lately. There is but one objection against it, which is, that it is twenty to one he will never see her. There is no danger of any one's being fit for death too soon, it being a sufficient work for a whole life. Certainly, I shall not think any pains too great to use that will be any help to me in so great a work; and it would be less excusable for *me* to be unprepared than others, because it always was, and is, my persuasion that I shall die young. I am at present fearful of death; but I hope it will please God to make me willing and ready to die, before he calls me out of the world.

> None know what death is but the dead;
> Therefore we all by nature dying dread,
> As a strange, doubtful path, we know not how to tread.

"There is no need of any apology for the serious part of your letter; it was very agreeable; but there was one passage in it which I disliked. If you meant it as a banter, it was not kind; because nobody is worthy such a one, for not having a beautiful face or a fine shape; it being only the gift of nature, and not to be acquired. If you intended it for a compliment, it was still unkind. Perhaps you might think it would please the vanity of our sex to be flattered. Know, then, that I am not yet vain enough to be pleased with flattery. I hope your goodness will pardon my freedom. I should not have told you what I disliked, only by way of prevention, that you might not write after the same manner for the future. You may certainly be a great help to me, in improving me in virtue, by giving me good advice, and telling me of my faults, when we meet again, or when you have reason to believe I am guilty of any. There cannot be a greater instance of friendship than praying for our friends; nor can I be more agreeably employed than in performing a duty which I think is incumbent on all friends. There has nothing happened since you left Lincoln that has had much effect on my mind, except Dick's quarrel with his wife. There is no need of giving you a particular account of it. I do not doubt but you have had one before now. As to my own affairs, there is nothing remarkable; for want of money and clothes was what I was always used to. Indeed, it is rather worse to want here than at home. But there were other inconveniences that weighed more with me than want of clothes. Those are but the trappings and the suits of wo. If I had my choice, I should like to stay here, suppose it were only for education. It would be no great matter if my father was to find me in clothes for three or four years, since he pays nothing for my board. There is one comfort, which is, that I can't be blamed if I go home, because it is not possible for me to stay without necessaries. Suppose my sister would find me in clothes, which I have no reason to expect, nor do I believe it is in her power, if it was in her will, I could not be tolerably easy to be kept by any relation but my father or mother, while they live. I believe it is chiefly owing to pride, and a little to the shyness of my natural temper. It was always pain to me to ask for my own, and it would be much

worse if I knew I was a burden to any of my relations. I shall endeavor to be as easy as possible,—

> Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
> For, know, what man calls fortune is from God.

"I shall trouble you with the length of my letter, and therefore conclude, as I really am,

"Your sincere friend till death,

"KEZZIAH WESLEY.

"P. S. Mr. Orry is dead, and Mr. John Pindar is married to Mrs. Medley. Poor soul! I don't envy her choice.

"*To Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Linc. Col., Oxon.*"

"*Lincoln, July* 12, 1729.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I should not have writ so soon, but that you threatened to deprive me of the satisfaction of hearing from you any more except I did. Not that I should have been hindered by multiplicity of business, or by the amusements of this place, but that I could not have imagined that it would be any pleasure to a person of sense to hear from such an illiterate person, had I not had it under your own hand and seal. I have heard from my mother lately; she was as well as usual; and father and sisters are very well, except poor Sukey. She is very ill: people think she is going into a consumption. It would be well for her if she was 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"Miss Whitely likes Lincoln as well as might be expected from one who has had her own will in everything at home: she stays no longer than summer. She and I have parted beds; it was her desire, occasioned by her cousin's coming.

'Civility is worth the world.'

Betty Dixon went home eight weeks ago. I was really surprised at her going, because she said her eyes were so tender she could not work! And neither I, nor any one at the school, had ever perceived it before she told us!

"I am glad to hear you are so easy; and I wish you could continue to be so, when you get on our side again: but that is a vain wish.

'To our new court sad thoughts do still repair,
And round our whiten'd roof hangs hov'ring care.'

"I beg you will tell brother Charles I cannot always excuse him from writing, though I do it now. I am very sorry he meets with so many misfortunes, and wish it was in my power to alleviate any of them. I should be very glad if we could all follow his example of faith and patience; but you know our sex have naturally weaker minds than yours: not that I bring this as any excuse for my particular case; for I own I have been very defective in both faith and patience. I cannot say that those evils are imaginary that I meet with at home, if they may be called so.

"My mother's ill health, which was often occasioned by her want of clothes, or convenient meat, and my own constant ill health these three years last past, weighed much more with me than anything else.

———'For who can undergo the force
Of present ills, with fear of future wo?'

"I am sorry you have such an ill opinion of me, as to think I should have pressed upon you to write, if I had not desired to hear from you. Pray believe me next time. Nothing should have now made me write, but the fear of disobliging a person from whom I have received so many obligations.

"I am much easier here than I was at home. If there be any who have such large souls, and are blessed with that composure and evenness of temper, that their multiplicity of affairs destroy not their concern for eternity, nor is their hinderance in the just discharge of their duty;—if there be any such, then they are fit to be reckoned Christians.

"When I have it in my choice to get my living by teaching school, or by any other way of business, then it will be seen what I shall choose.

"I have told you my mind as freely as I have told sister Pat; and have only time to return you thanks for the many favors you have conferred on

"Your loving sister,
"KEZZIAH WESLEY."

This letter corroborates the statement given by Mrs. Wesley to her brother, S. Annesley, at Surat, and shows that straitened circumstances constantly prevailed in that family; and that this was most evidently the way in which God himself led them, as knowing that to them it was the safest, and, perhaps, the only one in which they might find and retain the truth.

Her brother, Mr. John Wesley, wrote frequently to her; and gave her directions both for the improvement of her mind, and her increase in true religion.

To a letter of this description, in which he recommends a regular course of reading, mentions the proper books, &c., and the best manner of using them, she thus replies; and painfully shows how much she was prevented by the *res angusti domi* from cultivating her mind as she wished.

"*Lincoln, July* 3, 1731.

"Dear Brother,—I should have writ sooner had not business and indisposition of body prevented me. Indeed, sister Pat's going to London shocked me a little, because it was unexpected; and, perhaps, may have been the cause of my ill health for the last fortnight. It would not have had so great an effect upon my mind if I had known it before; but it is over now—

'The past as nothing we esteem;
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.'

"I should be glad to see Norris's Reflections on the Conduct of Human Understanding, and the book wrote by the female author; but I don't expect so great a satisfaction as the seeing either of them, except you should have the good fortune (for me) as to be at Epworth when I am there, which will be in the latter end of August. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks, if no unforeseen accident prevent.

"I must not expect anything that will give me so much pleasure as the having your company so long; because a disappointment would make me very uneasy. Had your supposition been true, and one of your fine ladies had heard your conference, they would have despised you as a mere ill-bred scholar, who could make no better use of such an opportunity than preaching to young women for the improvement of their minds.

"I am entirely of your opinion, that the pursuit of knowledge and virtue will most improve the mind: but how to pursue these is the question. Cut off, indeed, I am from all means which most men, and many women, have of attaining them.

"I have Nelson's Method of Devotion, and The Whole Duty of Man, which is all my stock. As to history and poetry, I have not so much as one book.

"I could like to read all the books you mention, if it were in my power to buy them; but as it is not at present, nor have any of my acquaintance I can borrow them of, I must make myself easy without them if I can; but I had rather you had not told me of them, because it always occasions me some uneasiness that I have not books and opportunity to improve my mind. Now here I have time —in a morning three or four hours—but want of books: at home I had books, but no time, because constant illness made me incapable of study. I like Nelson's Method of Devotion; the aiming every day at some particular virtue. I wish you would send me the questions you speak of relative to each virtue, and I would read them every day. Perhaps they may be of use to me in learning contentment, for I have been long endeavoring to practice it; yet every temptation is apt to cause me to fall into the same error.

"I should be glad if you would say a little to sister Emily on the same subject; for she is very likely to have a fit of sickness with grieving for the loss of Miss Emery, who went to Wickham last Saturday to live. I can't persuade her to the contrary, because I am so much addicted to the same failing myself. Pray desire brother Charles to bring Prior, the second part, when he comes; or send it, according to promise, for leaving off snuff till next May; or else I shall think myself at liberty to take as soon as I please. Pray let me know in your next letter when you design to come down, and whether brother Wesley and sister will come with you;—if you intend to walk, and brother Charles with you.

"I think it no great matter whether I say anything relating to the people of Epworth or no; for you may be sure he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. I expect you will come by London; pray, desire sister Pat to

write by you: I have not heard from her since she went. You must not measure the length of your next letter by mine: I am ill, and can't write any more.

"Your affectionate sister,

"Kezziah Wesley.

"Miss Kitty went to six o'clock prayers till she got the fever; and I never miss except sickness prevent me."

Here we find a mind thirsting after knowledge, both divine and human; and struggling against many disadvantages, among which comparative poverty and bad health were none of the least. Money was scarce a hundred years ago, and books not easy to be procured. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ for a present salvation was little known; and growth in moral goodness, by a daily reference to and practice of some virtue, was a poor substitute for the application of that blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness, and a daily growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I thank God, the trumpet does not now give an uncertain sound.

We have already seen that Mr. Wesley Hall, after having engaged himself to Miss Martha Wesley, paid his addresses to Miss Kezzy; and, when on the point of leading her to the altar, was struck with remorse of conscience, and returned to Martha; and that Miss Kezzy went to them on their marriage, and lived with them till her death, which took place March 9, 1741.

She appears to have had a general state of ill health, and a long life could not be well expected.

She was to have been married to a gentleman who paid his addresses to her when she resided with her sister Hall, at the curacy, near Salisbury; but death prevented the match.

It appears that her brother Charles was present when she died; of her closing scene he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. John Wesley:—

"Yesterday morning (March 9, 1741) sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work, and cut it short in mercy. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love—without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus, and fell asleep."

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

How powerful is a religious education; and how true the saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it!"

All this family were brought up in the fear of God; and that fear continued with them through life.

We have in the preceding history records of the last hours of most of them, and all those died happy in God. Hetty appears to have been the only one who was not decidedly religious. Brought up from comparative infancy at a distance from her parents, and indulged by a fond uncle, she was for a time gay and giddy, but never wicked.

However, the seed of life which was sown in her heart vegetated surely, though slowly. Unparalleled afflictions became the means of urging her to seek her happiness in God. She sought, found, and lived several years in the possession of the divine favor, and died in the assurance of faith.

Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor, since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.

APPENDIX.

I.—MARLBOROUGH; OR THE FATE OF EUROPE.*

In the following poem the passages in *italics* are in the "printed copy" referred to by Dr. Clarke. Those which are inclosed between brackets [ ] are wanting in that copy, but are found in the MS.

[Far from the sun and regions bless'd and mild,
Almost to utmost Thulé here exiled,
Forgetting and forgotten long I lay,
Nor once waked up, nor had one thought of day:
As Greenland plants, which neither breathe nor grow
When press'd beneath eternal hills of snow;
As frozen insects to some crevice fly
From winter's rage, and die, or seem to die;
Yet when the sun returns, they all revive,
And taste his genial rays, and wonder how they live:
Such was the change, when Fame and Conquest join'd,
And garlands for the hero's temples twined.
On Rhetian Alps the vocal goddess stood,
And ruin saw beneath, and seas of blood.
She saw the English lion fast advance,
And tear the lyses from the arms of France.
Thrice did she "Marlborough and conquest" sound,
And spread the news through all her endless round;
To Asian fields by sanguine Ister borne,
And regions bordering on the rising morn.
For Gallic fields more slowly moved the Rhône,
And fill'd them with a universal groan.
The joyful Rhine, a captive now no more,
Urged on its waves to greet the Belgic shore.
Fair Thames and Medway hear, nor would they stay,
But to Augusta's walls with shouts the news convey.
Nor my loved Trent unmoved; though calm before,
She with a double *eagre* sweeps the shore;
They only echo to the voice of Fame,
"Conquest and Marlborough" they all proclaim.]

[Goddess, resume thy long-neglected lyre,
Once more the vocal strings with soul inspire;
The hero sing, and of his fame partake,
While his immortal deeds thy song immortal make!]
The Eternal, who the fates of empires weighs,
And with impartial eye the world surveys,

* See page 183.

Beheld the Gallic power so haughty grown,
It dared rebel and struggle with his own,
[Snatch at his thunder, and affect his throne.
They e'en transcend great nature's steadfast mound,
Reverse her laws, and good and ill confound.
Force is their right; their oaths, their sacred word,
Short-lived convenience; and their god, their sword.
Nor this the eternal Sun who shines above,
Whose essence truth, whose beauteous rays are love;
Who will not force the mind, but gently draws,
And whose wise goodness to his power gives laws;]
He saw the monster swell to vast excess,
Great nature's landmarks, and her own, transgress:
One wing beyond the cloudy Alps was stretch'd,
O'er Pyrennéan rocks her other reach'd:
The volumes of her vast enormous train,
To worlds unknown beyond the Atlantic main.
The German eagle next she wings t' invade,
While nations shake beneath her deadly shade;
In vain the royal bird his thunder bears,
And oft, though struck to earth, himself he rears;
[Cuff'd and disabled oft, attempts to rise,
And reassume his empire in the skies;]
Wounded and faint, maintains a feeble fight
With equal valor, but inferior might.
The dragon's teeth fierce new-born armies yield,
An iron harvest round the moisten'd field;
Intestine foes the sacred empire tear,
And in her bowels urge unnatural war.
[A prosperous traitor, with invaders join'd,
To ruin what barbarians spared design'd:
Germany is no more; the Gauls advance
O'er captive Ister's streams, and all is France.
Hardly their famed metropolis appear'd,
And something now beyond the Turks they fear'd.
Like some strong town whose walls the foe had gain'd,
The narrow citadel alone remain'd,
Ill guarded, half deserted and distress'd,
A panic terror seizing every breast.]

[Liguria pass'd, again the furious Gaul
Might Rome have sack'd, and press'd the capital.
But Rome submits, nor boasts her mighty deeds,
Infallible—while Gallic power succeeds.
Yet still more base, perfidious aid she lends,
And with mean arts betrays her ancient friends:
Retreating slow with rage the floods they cross'd;
What they by valor gain'd, by treason lost.]

[The while, a joy to madness near allied
Lutetia's temples rends, and swells her pride;

The pagan's sanguine rites reproach no more,
Or Scythian altars stain'd with human gore,
When misnamed Christians dare affront the skies,
And myriads after myriads sacrifice;
Rank in their squadrons every guiltless star,
And make them parties in the impious war,
Yet think no grateful incense can aspire,
Like smoke from towns that shine with hostile fire.
Couriers on breathless couriers daily sent,
Fresh laurels bring, and fame itself prevent.]
Te Deums now are vulgar anthems grown,
From matins and from vespers hardly known.
Those decent thanks they oft to Heaven renew,
But to their monarch think far more is due;
[New blasphemies, new adoration paid,
They kiss his feet, and still implore his aid.]
Let Louis shine, they laugh at those above;
As father Nile alone is Egypt's Jove.
[Elated even beyond their nation's pride,
Themselves as well as him they deified.]
See where he like the Samian tyrant reigns,
And Fortune by his chariot leads in chains.
The bounds of human happiness surpass'd,
To the third heir he sees his ill-got conquests last.

Such was the face of things—such Europe's state,
When thus the sovereign Arbiter of fate:—
"Thus far have we the oppressor's fall delay'd;
But here shall his insulting waves be stay'd.
Worthy our weightiest thunder now he grows;
And now 'tis worthy Heaven to interpose:
This moment 's, by th' unchangeable decree,
The utmost verge of prosp'rous tyranny."
Then of the powers which near his throne attend,
And on the wond'rous golden chain depend,
He singles these: first Prudence, heavenly fair,
Her looks unclouded, yet with thoughtful air.
The next was Fortitude; what sprightly grace
And promises of conquest in her face!
Celerity was in commission join'd,
Whose wings outfly the lightning and the wind.
Then Secrecy, with modest glory crown'd,
And robed with awful clouds, which Heaven's bright throne
surround.

"Go to the man, by us and our loved queen design'd
To humble Gallic power, and Europe's chains unbind;
Go, and with speed our final orders bear,
His constant guardians you, and partners of the war."
[By intuition they his name discern'd;
Yet unpronounced, lest by some traitor learn'd,

Crowding disguised among the sons of day,
He should the important truths to hell's allies convey.]

They bow'd; and swerving down the deep descent,
Borne on a beauteous lunar rainbow went,
And, Marlborough! alighted at thy tent;
As on Mosella's streams thy squadrons lay,
Waiting for thee and the returning day.
For now the silent noon of night was o'er,
And Phœbus hasten'd to his eastern shore.
Thoughtful they found the chief, his head reclined,
The fate of Europe laboring in his mind.
His friendly guards, unseen, assistance brought,
Mold the great scheme, and polish every thought;
Till ripen'd with new vigor in his eyes,
And, waked from deep concern, "It must be thus," he cries;
"This saves our friends, and breaks th' united powers
Of France and hell combined, if Heaven be ours."
Then calls to horse; his willing troops obey;
Speed march'd before, and level'd all the way;
While Secrecy a cloud around them drew,
Too thick for subtil spies' or traitors' view;
Such that which round God's favorite armies spread,
And safe through sandy worlds and trackless deserts led.
Dazzled at first, the foes before him run,
Like birds obscene, that cannot bear the sun:
O'er Ister's streams their leader takes his flight,
And shuns, immersed in earth, the conscious light;
There, meditating mischief, doom'd to wait
Till France awhile prolongs, and shares his fate.
Once more from earth th' imperial eagle springs,
And prunes his bolts, and shakes his molted wings;
Though slow with wounds, his fate is pleased to try,
And bravely bid for death or victory.
Nor need the heavenly couriers, sent to guide
The British chief, unguarded leave his side;
The German heroes need not press to join
And share the glory of the brave design.
[As when a matron by fierce ruffians found
Unguarded and alone is seized and bound;
If Heaven to her unhoped assistance send
Some generous warrior, or some powerful friend;
They need not long her valiant sons persuade
('Tis nature's kindly task) to join their aid;
They on the wings of love and duty fly,
Resolved to save her, or resolved to die.]
Who first, who next, shall of these worthies claim
A deathless memory in the rolls of fame?
Eugene the first such faith, such valor shown,
Adopted Germany's and all her own:
Whose arms too well the Gallic ensigns know
Oft met by Mincius, and the royal Po,

And roll'd in blood: nor Baden's sword in vain
On misbelievers drawn, he has his thousands slain.
Next him undaunted Hesse; how young, how brave!
A German all, he hates the name of slave;
Triumphant France his arms have taught to yield,
And trail'd their conquering standards from the field.
What future trophies shall our joys renew,
What towering citadels shall he subdue!

More might I sing in Time's fair leaves enroll'd,
How prodigal of life, how largely soul'd!
Who, when the rallied foe with cautious fear
On Danube's banks strove to secure their rear;
When art and nature in their camp unite,
Forced the strong pass, and put 'em both to flight:
Earnest of greater sums which fate will pay,
A glorious morning to a brighter day.

See where the French new Hydra armies send
At once to ruin and assist their friend:
Till when, too weak, he not disdains to try
Base falsehood and unprincely treachery,—
Virtues he copied from his great ally:
Pretending treaty, would our faith abuse,
And where he can't resist our arms, amuse.
But Prudence, calling wise Distrust to aid,
To the confederate chief the fraud display'd:
So may they join in happy hour, said he,
One fight will yield a double victory.
Devotion, which too oft a stranger 's been
In camps, nor e'en in temples always seen,
Drawn by his great example and desire,
Returns, and does his vigorous troops inspire
With a new warmth, and more than martial fire.
[When Heaven they conquer, how can man withstand,
Or mortal strength resist the Almighty's hand?]
Secure of fate, they on success rely,
Equal with them 'tis now to sleep or die.
They with their strong cherubic guards unite,
And, like the thundering legion, pray and fight:
For now the long-expected morn arose,
Which show'd the rugged front of their embattled foes.
Not eager lovers with more transport see
Long absent friends, than these their enemy.
Though all they wish'd, the numbers and the ground,
Was theirs, and hills, and woods, and shades profound;
Without such odds we had not fought 'em fair,
Deep trenches here, and towering ramparts there:
A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke
Their master's *last and only reason* spoke.
Their flank the Danube fatally secures,
Whose stream a foreign lord ill pleased endures;

But like the towns whose captive walls he laves,
Which blush to see their towers reflected from his waves,
The approaching happy moment waits with pain,
When fate and Marlborough shall break his chain.]
Nor this sufficed:—In front a deep morass,
Denying all that wanted wings to pass;
But soon our general's conduct and his care
Strong flying bridges threw, and march'd in air.

When from the bog's abyss a phantom rose,
And did his vast tremendous form disclose,
His armor burnish'd brass; a shield he wore
Of polish'd steel, with lyses powder'd o'er,
Whose drooping heads surcharged with human gore.
Disdainful was his air, as when he fell;
He was no vulgar potentate in hell.

"Shall we look on and no assistance lend
Our darling nation, and our bravest friend?
Must then a woman crush our rising state?
O envy! O malignity of fate!
Can Bourbon fall like feeble Austria? Can
A God confess'd submit to less than man?—
Ye powers! do two Elizas breathe in Anne?
Shall partial Heaven her arms and counsels guide,
And for her general such a guard provide?
(He saw the shining warriors by his side.)
Must Nature's self within his ranks take pay,
While pressing on the great decisive day,
Big with such vast events? Bold mortal, stay!
Though water, earth, and air I must resign,
I'll try if all the elements be thine.
Turenne and Schomberg! for a third prepare
Your silent shades; this moment sees him there!"
He said, then to a murdering cannon press'd,
Traversed the piece, and points it at his breast;
One of his train gives fire, the bullet takes its flight,
And drew behind a trail of deadly light:
But glorious Michael, who attends unseen,
Steps in and claps his seven-fold targe between:
'Twas he, for the red cross adorn'd his breast,
And the old dragon's spoils, his dreadful crest.
Dropp'd short the fiery messenger of death,
As with his journey tired and out of breath.
The fiend blasphemed, his hopeful project cross'd,
And thrice renounced what long before he'd lost;
He thence amid the thickest ranks retires,
And all with his own desperate rage inspires.
'Twas well his caitiff body was but air,
Or Marlborough had found and seized him there,
Who, all things now prepared to strike the blow,
Thus to his English:—Soldiers! here's the foe!

Like air, like fire, like English swift they ran,
With well-known shouts the bloody toil began.
Against a stream of flame their breasts oppose,
And turn the impetuous tide against their foes.
Now fight, Philistines, or your Dagon 's gone,—
The sacred ark prevails, and you're undone.
They did as Louis were himself in sight;
As who for life, and more for empire fight,
Forget themselves; and charge and charge again,
Nor only in their onset more than men;
Rallied and rallied still, though bored and broke,
And death with death repaid, and stroke with stroke.

And did we shrink? Did English troops give way?
Say ye who met them, bold, though conquer'd, say?
Press'd by your numbers, did we seem to fly,
Or halt? Did any leave their ranks to die?
How decently they fell, unknowing how to yield,
And with what manly bodies spread the field!

What warrior 's there, with death encompass'd round?
It should be Cutts, but he's without a wound:
So many a scar from former fields he wore,
He now escapes, nor was there room for more!
Thus stars which in the galaxy combine
With numerous beams, yet undistinguish'd shine.
Thee, Ingoldsby! new trophies still adorn,
And colors from the Gallic centre torn.
What strength could Mordant's lively force withstand?
What lightning in his eye! What thunder in his hand!
Conscious of his high birth, great Orkney stood,
Wall'd with the slain, and moated round with blood.
O noble North! how dearly didst thou sell
That mighty hand, which not inglorious fell!
Falling, it grasps thy sword; it threatens still,
Trembling in death, and scarce forbears to kill.
Thus were our English nobles wont to charge,
Thus did our empire and their fame enlarge;
Such high achievements graced their ponderous shields,
Such laurels did they reap in sanguined fields.
Look down, ye bless'd! O Courcy, Talbot, Vere,
Look down, and know your genuine offspring here.
Glory 's too mean a prize, 'tis false, though bright:
But these for liberty and Europe fight.
'Tis fairly thrown, the gains will quit the cost;
This evening sees a world preserved or lost.

At distance laboring round great Eugene see,
And with him the remains of Germany.
[What life, what spirit, what superior air!
How can such troops be beat when Eugene's there?]

Nor were they unemploy'd ; nor would the foe,
Led by Bavaria, yield without a blow.
So a fell wolf that long uncheck'd has prowl'd,
And scour'd the plains, and storm'd the trembling fold :
If him the shepherds to his covert track,
And aided by their faithful dogs attack ;
So grins oblique, fierce, though encompass'd round ;
Still fights, and none escapes without a wound.
Thrice charged the prince, undaunted, thrice repell'd,
And victory the tottering balance held.

Of troops, brigades, and wings, the rest take care,
But Marlborough alone is everywhere ;
As Prudence bids, the various battle views ;
Like nature, what is lost by time and death renews ;
Till Courage calls, her well-known voice he hears,
Erect and greater than himself appears.
With him the English cavalry advance,
And charge and mingle with the flower of France.
(*Not clouds with thunder arm'd more rudely clash,*
Or beamy lightnings brighter horror flash.)
They feel the odds, their ancient lords they try,
Beneath superior valor bend and fly,
And now had little else to do but die.
Churchill, who like his brother look'd and fought,
One army slew, another captive brought :
[While by Lord Hesse, the Belgic squadrons led,
Like English charged ; the French admired and fled.]
And now 'tis done ; the mighty struggle 's past ;
The braver, juster side prevails at last.
France *may* be beat ; her iron reign is o'er,
The scourge and terror of the world 's no more.
There, Louis ! all thy blasted laurels lie ;
And there, thy universal monarchy !
The hoary warriors boast their spoils in vain :
Th' Invincibles are broke ; th' immortal squadron 's slain.
Unfortunately brave ! no longer blame
Or rob each other of your dear-bought fame !
Compose your strife. What Gallic arms could do,
By English press'd, was dared and done by you.
Did you not breast to breast their troops oppose ?
Did you not long sustain th' unequal foes ?
Rush on their swords, your certain fate despise,
Devoted, your great Moloch's sacrifice ?
Will, then, his orders ne'er admit debate,
And must you conquer, even in spite of fate ?
Your nation's genius never soar'd so high :
You can't like English fight, or Romans die.

Let chronicles to future worlds recite
The carnage and the relics of the fight ;

What thousands plunge in death their lives to save,
And sought glad refuge underneath the wave;
Sinking, a ghastly look behind them threw,
Lest to the bottom we should them pursue;
Though their more valiant leader dared survive,
And to adorn our triumphs deign to live.
What armies we of generals led away!
What lumber-captains, and how large a prey!
[Troops of noblesse, battoons, and mangled peers!
How many a house in France that mourning wears!]
Though kind gazettes repair the loss with ease,
And raise new paper-squadrons as they please.

But why so slow? Why does not Louis stamp,
Or with a nod recruit Bavaria's camp?
Must he for nature's tardy methods wait?
Th' immortals in an instant can create:
[Why, then, delay his succors 'till the spring,
Since greater honor to his power 'twould bring,
To make an army than to make a king.
Or did he leave his friend to fall so low,
The greater power in his relief to show?]
Nor did his friend the shadow court in vain.
See him affected regal honors gain,
E'en in his flight, for thus did France ordain.
'Till the next vacancy preferment brings,
And ranks him in the college of his kings.

Let others file the triumphs that remain,
We glean some dukes, and a few towns we gain,
The annual work of but one large campaign.
We came, we conquer'd, e'en before we saw
Augsburg and Ulm, but fought for thee, Landau!

And now for peace should Europe humbly sue,
And generous France the treaty deign renew;
Should she the glory of her arms deny,
And condescend to part with Germany,
Her righteous cause to Rome's blest umpire leave,
Who cannot be deceived nor can deceive;
[The infallible at Rome, the sacred chair,
Where faith can hardly with her own compare:—]
What happy halcyon days must needs ensue;
How just, how firm th' alliance, and how true!
[Next to have ne'er begun the war, how bless'd
Our land of peace, on such fair terms possess'd!]
Thus soon may Louis move, and thus may those
Who scarce disguised, declare for Europe's foes;
And had their counsels been pursued before,
Our hero ne'er had left our English shore,
The mighty work had still been incomplete,
And Heaven in vain had form'd him wise and great.

We merit chains if France again we trust,
Who will not, cannot, to his oaths be just.
His frowns are manly, but his smiles are base:
These fairly kill; those stab with an embrace.
Bavaria, Cologne, greater names can say
How dearly for her friendship fond to pay,
May those be bless'd with such a strong ally,
Who start at swords, and would by ling'ring poisons die!
Let war, entail'd on future lustres, come,
And, worse than war protracted, feuds at home;
So our loud crimes may not so high ascend,
As to pull down the curse of having France our friend!
The die is cast, and fortune courts the brave;
No medium's left—he must be lord or slave.

Too long, illustrious chief! have we delay'd
The praise, the triumphs, which can ne'er be paid.
We lent thee to th' allies, but never gave:
Hast thou another Germany to save?

At length he comes, and leaves the Belgian shore;
What myriads stretch to meet him half seas o'er;
While his loved name their hearts and lips employs,
Prevents their eyes, and antedates their joys.
Some praise his equal conduct in the state,
In council calm, unmoved by warm debate,
Great in the court, yet him the country bless;
Great in the camp—how rare a happiness!
Him his glad native soil, him foreign kings caress.
Above a narrow faction's mean design,
True as the sun to his meridian line.
Victorious both in counsel and in war,
Nothing 's denied where he 's ambassador;
Some his dexterity for business made,
His application these, and timely aid;
Some his humanity; how easy of access,
How prone to save, and pity, and redress!
How form'd to help, how made to please and bless!
While others choose his laurels fetch'd from far,
Fight o'er his battles, and renew the war.
Like the Great Spirit, that moves this varied whole,
Is Marlborough his numerous armies' soul.
'Tis he informs each part, his looks inspire
With vigorous wisdom and with temper'd fire.
Nothing he leaves to chance's blind pretence,
But all is prudence, all is providence.
Firm and intrepid to the last degree,
Alike from slowness and from rashness free:
The French and German virtues he unites,
Like one consults, and like the other fights.
Above mean arts of spinning long campaigns,
Where both may lose, but neither party gains;

'Twas not for this his English march'd so far,—
He came to end, and not to make a war.
The torrent of his conquests flows so fast,
Like waves, the first is buried in the last;
When Liege the deluge of his arms subdued,
Bavaria might his gath'ring fate have view'd.

One summer's isthmus only did repress
The two vast rival seas of his success.
While Fate took time to breathe that instant o'er,
The waters rend away the narrow shore;
Both oceans meet, new hills on hills are toss'd,
And mingling waves in friendly waves are lost.
The Macedonian youth, whose arms subdued
Soft Persia, and the wild Hydaspes view'd,
Beyond a mortal lineage strove to rise,
And claim'd ambitious kindred with the skies:
But had his phalanx won such fame as ours,
And routed Bourbon's and Bavaria's powers,
For Hammon's son too great, he'd soar'd above,
And fill'd the car of Mars, or throne of Jove.
Our conqueror saves more than the Greek o'erran;
Yet bows to Heaven, and owns himself a man;
Forbids those altars we attempt to raise,
At once surmounts both vanity and praise!

But emperors alike and poets err,
Who strive to reach his finish'd character:
The name of Marlborough such worth proclaims,
Hero and prince to that are vulgar names:
His sovereign's smiles, and Heaven's, alone can pay
What Europe owes him for so great a day.

And now her awful head Britannia rears
On her own cliffs, an azure robe she wears,
The sword and long-contested trident bears;
While her white rocks, the turrets of her court,
Can scarce th' impatient gazer's weight support;
While thither all her subjects turn their eyes,
As Persians when their god prepares to rise;
And thousands after thousands crowding ran.
Pleased with the concourse, thus the nymph began:—
"If ever joy admitted of excess,
It must be now, for mine is hardly less;
Already the loved man you wait 's in sight,
The distant skies are fringed with radiant light;
The waves can scarce support the weight he brings,
As proud as when they brought your captured kings:
Yet ere once more his native sands are press'd,
And earth with his triumphant footsteps bless'd,
With care a mother's kind advice attend:
'Tis Britain speaks, a mother and a friend.

So may you brighter trophies yet obtain,
Nor Heaven on favor'd Albion smile in vain.
Enough, my sons! enough of noise and strife,
And stern debate, the deadliest plagues of life.
Now learn to love; your arrows close unite,
Unbroke and firm as your own ranks in fight.
My senates will, I know they will, combine
To frustrate tott'ring France's last design:
If those agree, she doubly must despair;
If not, we lose at home our gains in war.
Contend they may, and warmly will debate,
Which most shall guard, and most adorn the state.
[Or first my wishes and their own prevent,
In thanks for those high blessings Heaven has sent.]
Their only strife, their only grand contest,
Which loves their sovereign and their country best.
How weighty falls the curse on those whose pride
Or interest would those sacred names divide!
Why should they clash who equal good intend,
Or differ in their method more than end?
Preserve, my sons, those barriers Heaven has made,
Let none my ancient landmarks dare invade!
Unenvious to yourselves your bliss possess,
And be for once content with happiness!
Look round the spacious globe, and find a spot
Like that which bounteous Heaven has made your lot.
War, fire, and rapine scour all Europe's plains;
Here, throned in blood, a moody tyrant reigns;
Who, when his wasted treasure wants supplies,
Preaches against the sin of avarice.
Weak councils and contending interests there,
With much of pain, expense, intrigue, and care,
Treasure eternal seeds of strife and war:
[Here a young Phaëton drives furious on,
With his high seat and fortune gidier grown:
His hands would Jove's own ponderous bolts retain,
That grasp th' unwieldy forces of the main:
Rashless pursues what valor well began,
He'd kings unmake, and make, ere he's himself a man.]
While sacred Anna in my Albion reigns,
Whose equal hand my sword and Heaven's sustains;
[Impartial she, how fondly fabled blind,
Sent to redress the wrongs of all mankind.]
See her the bright capacious balance hold,
Like that which shines above, and flames with heavenly gold.
In vain the Gaul his ancient arts has shown,
And in the scale his ponderous sword has thrown;
Her temper'd blade to th' adverse scale applied,
His mounts in air, and feels the juster side:
Nor will she sheathe it, to the hilt imbrued,
And drunk with hostile blood, till France and vice subdued;

Yet calm, as those above, if aught they know,
Aught that concerns their militant friends below,
When tyrants here subdued, or monsters slain,
A sober joy shoots round th' ethereal plain.
Never elate with good, with ills depress'd,
Nor storms nor sun disturb her halcyon breast.
How firmly wise! how great her easy state!
What goodness does majestic power rebate!
Strong as Hyperion shoots his golden light;
Yet mild her rays as Cynthia's, and as bright.
Her soul, like the superior orbs serene,
Which know not what a cloud or tempest mean;
Though pointed flames are by their influence hurl'd,
And their unerring thunders awe the subject world.
[If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How bless'd who her maternal goodness share.]
Her arms beyond Herculean columns known,
And ancient Calpé's walls her empire own:
Resound the Lybean and the Celtic shore
Her conquering sailors' shout, her cannons' dreadful roar!
If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How blest who her maternal goodness share!
While peace and justice she at home maintains,
And in her subjects' hearts unrival'd reigns.
Whom has she not obliged? How wretched those
Who are their own, and hers, and virtue's foes!
Eliza might have learn'd from her to please;
Herself she taxes for her people's ease:
What altars by her generous hand supplied,
Whose flames have dimly roll'd, whose fires had died,
Shall shine with incense which her bounty threw,
And constant intercourse with Heaven renew!
From thence a large return of blessings gain:
Nor have her grateful off'rings blazed in vain.
The vested priests the cheerful flame surround,
Deserted domes are fill'd and altars crown'd.
For her their vows, for her their victims bleed;
Long, long may she herself, herself succeed!
Long, ere from us her loved prince she part!
'Tis less to share a crown than share her heart."
She said; and now the smiling surges bore
Her best-loved son safe to her oozy shore,
Who from the expecting crowd with speed withdrew,
And spurn'd the triumphs which his steps pursue.
[But sooner may we count th' unnumber'd sands
Than half the crowd of lifted eyes and hands.
The mingled smiles with floods of joyous tears;
The prayers, the shouts, when Marlborough appears.]
Britannia gazed intemperate on the hero's face;
He saw and bow'd, and ran to her embrace:

But what they said, a mortal strives in vain,
'Tis past the powers of numbers to explain.
Such was the moving scene, if not the same,
When love and his illustrious consort came,
Th' unrival'd sharer of his heart and fame!
Blow soft, ye gentle winds! let storms retire!
Ye gentle winds, ambrosial sweets respire,
Soft as chaste lovers' sighs! let nature bring
Th' inverted year, and raise a second spring!
On foreign shores let war and winter rest,
Our happy isle of Marlborough possess'd,
With peace and with eternal verdure bless'd!

II.—EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR.*

THE (SUPPOSED)† OCCASION.—*Part of a (new)*† DIALOGUE *between* PLATO *and* EUPOLIS; *the rest not extant.*

EUPOLIS.—But, sir, is it not a little hard that you should banish all our fraternity from your new commonwealth?‡ As for my own part, everybody knows that I am but one of the *minorum gentium*. But what hurt has father Homer done, that you should dismiss him among the rest, though he has received the veneration of all ages: and Salamis was adjudged to us by the Spartans, on the authority of two of his verses.§ And you know it was in our own times that

* See page 186.

† These words are written *above* the lines in the original, and at a different time, but in Mr. S. Wesley's hand.

‡ *Your new commonwealth.*—This refers to a treatise written by Plato, divided into ten books, and called Πολιτεια, a republic or commonwealth; in the third and tenth books of which he shows that poets pervert truth, cannot teach what may render the people happy, and tell intolerable tales of the gods.

§ *Two of his verses.*—The two verses referred to here are the following:—

Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αγεν δυοκαιδεκα νηας,
Στησε δ' αγων, ἱν' Αθηναιων ἱσταντο φαλαγγες.
ILIAD, lib. ii, ver. 557.

With these appear the Salaminian bands
(Whom the gigantic Telamon commands:)
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.

Strabo, lib. ix, p. 394, relates that, the Megarians having claimed Salamis as anciently a part of their possessions, the Athenians quoted the above lines to show that in the time of Homer the island belonged to Athens, and, in consequence, Salamis was adjudged to the Athenians.

many of our citizens saved their lives, and met with civil treatment in Sicily, after our unfortunate expedition and defeat under Nicias, by repeating some verses of Euripides.*

Plato.—Much may be done to save one's life. I doubt not that I should have done the same, though only to have regained my liberty when Dionysius sold me for a slave.† But those are only occasional accidents, and exempt cases, which are nothing to the first settling of a state, when it is in one's own power to mold it as one pleases. As for Homer, to be plain, the better poet, the more danger; and I agree in this with Aristotle, that the blind old gentleman certainly lies with the best grace in the world.‡ But a lie, handsomely told, debauches the taste and morals of a people, and fires them into imitation. Besides, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate to the highest degree from the dignity of the divine nature.

Eupolis.—Not to enter at present into the merits of that case, do you really think, sir, that these faults are inseparable from poetry; and that the praises of the One Supreme may not be sung without any intermixture of them; allowing us only the common benefit of metaphor, and other figures, which you do not blame even in the orators?

Plato.—An ill habit is hard to break: and I must own I hardly ever saw anything of that nature; and should be glad to see you or any other attempt, and succeed in it: on which condition I would willingly exempt you from the fate of your brother poets.

Eupolus.—I am far from pretending to be a standard: how I shall succeed in it I do not know, but am sure I shall attempt it, and wait upon you with it.

Plato.—You know the Academy will be always pleased to see you, and doubly so on this occasion.

* *Defeat under Nicias.*—This was at Syracuse, where, after doing prodigies of valor, the Athenian army and navy were totally destroyed; most were slain in battle, and the generals and prisoners put to cruel deaths. Diodorus Siculus says, some were saved who understood literature and arts; and, perhaps, many of them were those who, from repeating some of the verses of Euripides, were permitted to live.

† *Dionysius sold me for a slave.*—Plato visited Sicily in the fortieth year of his age, and having got an interview with Dionysius the Tyrant, discoursed with him on the security and happiness of virtue, and the miseries attending injustice and oppression. The tyrant, perceiving that the philosopher's discourse was leveled against the vices and cruelties of his reign, dismissed him from his presence with great displeasure, and formed a design against his life. By the assistance of Dion, the king's brother-in-law, one of Plato's pupils, he was got on board of the vessel that brought over Pollis, a delegate from Sparta, who was then returning into Greece. Dionysius being informed of this, got a promise from Pollis, that he would either take away the philosopher's life, or on the passage sell him for a slave. Pollis accordingly sold him in the island of Egina for twenty mina, equal to £64 11*s.* 8*d.*: but he was soon redeemed by Anicerres, an Athenian philosopher, who paid for his ransom thirty mina, or £84 10*s.* sterling.

‡ The words of Aristotle are, ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δει, to *lie becomingly*, to make falsity palatable—to lie so as to bear the resemblance of truth—to lie so as to deceive and please at the same time.

EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

AUTHOR of BEING! SOURCE of LIGHT!
With unfading beauties bright.
Fullness, goodness rolling round
Thy own fair orb, without a bound.
Whether thee thy suppliants call
TRUTH, or GOOD, or ONE, or ALL,
EI, or JAO, thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.
Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet-declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love!

Line 1. *Source of light.*—This was the *body* which the Platonists gave to the Supreme Being.

Line 6. *Or One.*—Plutarch says, that the ancients termed God—Thou who art ONE; and that it was from this that the term Apollo came: for Απολλων, *Apollo*, signifies "he who is not *many*," from *a*, privative, and πολυς, *many*; because God is only ONE, without mixture, and without composition.

Or All.—Alluding to the word Παν, *Pan*.—See on line 75.

Line 7. *EI.*—EI, *Thou art*, the famous word that was engraved on the frontispiece of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, on which Plutarch has written an express treatise. There is a consistency here, which is not often met with in heathenism; for there was the strictest propriety that EI, *Thou art*, should be engraved on the temple dedicated to the Απολλων, *A-pollon*—he whose being is simple, indivisible. Plutarch, who traveled into Egypt to get information on important subjects, doubtless learned the true meaning of this word there. Moses had long before proclaimed the Supreme Being among that people, by the very expressive word אהיה *eheyeh, I am*, or, *I shall be*, Exod. iii, 14; from which the Greek appellative probably came.

Iao.—The same as יהוה *Yevé* or Jehovah. Among the Greeks, Ιη, Ιη, *Ié, Ié*, was frequent in their invocations to the gods; which epithet comes manifestly from the Hebrew יה *Jah* or *Yeh*, a name often accompanying יהוה *Jevé, Yeveh*, or Yehovah, in the sacred writings. Hence the Jove and Jupiter of the Romans, Jupiter (q. d., *Juvans Pater*, "The helping Father.") This Jao or Yevé, יהוה *Yehovah* is here termed, line 9, *Barbaric name*, because the Hebrews were styled Barbarians by the Greeks. The word ΙΑΩ, *Iao*, is frequently found on those Egyptian amulets called abraxas, or abrasaxas. One with these letters now lies before me; it is a black stone, apparently *basalt*, oval, about an inch in length. Above the word is a figure of an altar, and the Egyptian Ibis, with a few *cuneated* characters. The letters in ΙΑΩ are inverted ΩΑΙ, that they might read fair when the stone should be impressed on any soft substance.

Line 12. *With rosy cheeks.*—This and the following lines are highly poetic.

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky:
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.

Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod;
Sea, earth, and air confess thee God:
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To thy pavilion in the skies:
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
* This we know; or if we dream,
* 'Tis at least a pleasing theme;
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train;
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung.)
Ever beauteous, ever young:
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through heaven's arch resound thy praise!

The feather'd souls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there;
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,

Line 18. *Yonder blue, low, liquid sky.*—There is a most happy combination of liquids here, which express the subject of it in a most delicate manner.

Line 19. *Earth on its firm basis placed.*—It was a general opinion among the ancients that the earth was a vast extended plain, encircled by the ocean.

Line 33. *Barren above thou dost not reign, &c.*—Plato held that there were three hypostases in the Divine Nature. The *first* he termed Το Ον, *The Being* or *Self-existent*, and Το Ἑν, *The One—The Alone*. The *second* he termed Νους, *Mind*, or *Intellect*. And the *third*, Ψυχη, *Soul*, or Ψυχη του κοσμου, *the Soul of the world*. The *first* he often terms Το Αγαθον, *the Good*, or *Essential Goodness*; to which the apostle seems to refer, 1 Peter iii, 13: "And who shall harm you, εαν του Αγαθου μιμηται γινεσθε, if ye become imitators of the Good Being." The *second* he terms Λογος, *The* Word or *Reason*, to which St. John certainly refers, John i, 1: "In the beginning was the Word—Λογος," &c. But the Logos of the evangelist is evidently different from that of the philosopher; for Plato does not say, as John does, και Θεος ην ὁ Λογος, *and God was the Logos*. From this Νους or *Intellect* Plato says the Το Ον, *Supreme Being*, struck out innumerable spirits of inferior order; which is nearly tantamount to God's creating all things by Christ Jesus.

Listen and learn the angelic notes,
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below.
On the green turf their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast;
Thus, like thy golden chain on high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Sole from sole thou mak'st the sun
On his burning axles run:
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky:
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,

Line 51. *Thus, like thy golden chain.*—The ancients fabled that Jupiter had a chain of gold, which he could at any time let down from heaven, and by it draw the earth and all its inhabitants to himself. See a fine passage to this effect in Homer, Iliad viii, 18, 27:—

Ειδ' αγε, πειρησασθε Θεοι, ινα ειδετε παντες.
Σειρην χρυσειην εξ ουρανοθεν κρεμασαντες, κ. τ. λ.

Now prove me; let ye down the *golden chain*
From heaven, and pull at its inferior links,
Both goddesses and gods: but me your king,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth, from heaven, strive with me as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together.—
——————— so much am I
Alone superior both to gods and men.

COWPER.

By this chain the poets pointed out the union between heaven and earth; or, in other words, the government of the universe, by the extensive chain of causes and effects. It was termed golden, to point out, not only the beneficence of the divine providence, but also that infinite philanthropy of God by which he influences, and by which he attracts all mankind to himself. See my note on John xii, 32.

Line 53. *Source of light*, instead of *Sole from sole.* (Mr. J. Wesley's alteration.)—The sun being sole or alone in the system, as God is in the universe: but still this beautiful representation of the Deity derives his being and continuance from God; though he be sole below, he is from Him who is sole above.

Line 55. *The stars like dust around him fly.*—Some of the ancients and some of the moderns have held the opinion that stars, planets, and comets have been fragments broken off from the solar orb.

Line 59. *So smooth his course, oblique or straight.*—This is an allusion to the sun's apparent course in the Zodiac, which appears to be oblique be-

Imparted lustre: thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by thee!
* Phœbus borrows from thy beams
* His radiant locks and golden streams,
* Whence thy warmth and light disperse,
* To cheer the grateful universe.
Eiresióne! we'll no more
For its fancied aid implore;
Since bright *oil*, and *wool*, and *wine*,
And life-sustaining *bread* are thine;
* Wine that sprightly mirth supplies,
* Noble wine for sacrifice!

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains.
The olive with fresh verdure crown'd
Rises pregnant from the ground,—
* Our native plant, our wealth, our pride,
* To more than half the world denied.
At Jove's command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.

Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.

tween the tropics. But all astronomers know that this is occasioned by the earth's motion in its orbit.

Line 69. *Eiresióne! we'll no more.*—The Greek word Ειρεσιωνη, *Eiresióne*, means a kind of telesm, used by the Athenians by the command of the oracle of Apollo to drive away famine. It was an olive-branch rolled round with wool, on which were hung ripe fruits, a pot of honey, a bottle of oil, &c.; in a word, the different species of fruits and necessaries of life peculiar to the four seasons of the year: and one of these was hung up at the door of each house. Suidas gives the derivation of the name thus: Ειρεσιωνη δε λεγεται σια τα ερια, "It was called *Eiresióne*, because of the *wool*," which the Greeks call ειριον. See also Plutarch, and a quotation from Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. i. p. 395.

Line 75. *Thy herbage, O great Pan.*—The *Mendes* of the Egyptians was the *Pan* of the Greeks and Romans; and signified him whose nature is infinite, and whose government is universal, from παν, *all*, because he is the author and governor of all things. In process of time the pure ideas which the Greeks had entertained of the divine nature became obliterated, and the Ὁ μεγας Παν, *The great Pan*, degenerated among the Romans, &c., into a monster, half man, half goat!

Line 77. *The olive with fresh verdure crown'd.*—Neptune and Minerva, called also Athena, are said to have contended who should give a name to the new city which Cecrops had built. It was at last agreed that whoever should produce the most beneficial gift should give the city its name. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and a horse sprung up. Minerva caused an olive to spring from the ground: she conquered, and called the city after her own name, Athenæ or Athens.

Line 83. *Minerva only is thy mind.*—Minerva is fabled to have sprung out of the brain of Jupiter full grown and completely armed. A fine mythologic representation of the nature of wisdom.

The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,
Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempé's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, the smell, or sight,
For food, for medicine, or delight;
Planted by thy *guardian* care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
* Alcinoan gardens in their pride,
* With blushing fruit from thee supplied.

O ye nurses of soft dreams!
Reedy brooks and winding streams,
* By our tuneful race admired,
* Whence we think ourselves inspired;
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green;
Or where through matted sedge ye creep,
Traveling to your parent deep,
Sound his praise by whom ye rose,—
That Sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
§ Which the enraptured student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
§ For learned thought and converse made,
*§Or in the famed Lycean walks,
*§Or where my heavenly master talks,
§ Where Hecadem, old hero, lies,
§ Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,

Line 93. *Alcinoan gardens.*—Alcinous was the son of Nausithöus, and king of the Pheacians, in the island of Corcyra. He was so famous a horticulturist, that his gardens and fruit became proverbial. He is celebrated by Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and others.

Line 97. *By our tuneful race admired.*—That is, the poets.

Line 102. *Traveling to your parent deep.*—The rivers are called by the poets "the thousand daughters of Oceanus."

Line 109. *Or in the famed Lycean walks.*—The Lyceum was a celebrated school at Athens, where Aristotle taught and explained his philosophy. It was composed of porticoes and trees planted in the quincunx form, among which the philosophers disputed walking, hence called Περιπατητικοι, *Peripatetics*, from περι, *about*, and πατεω, *I walk*. The followers of Aristotle were called the Peripatetics from this circumstance; and the followers of Plato were called Academics, from the place called the Academy, where Plato gave his lectures. See the note on ver. 111.

Line 111. *Where Hecadem, old hero, lies.*—Hecademus or Academus, was a famous hero among the Athenians in the time of Theseus. He had a plot of ground about a thousand paces from the city, which he bequeathed to the public at his death. It was in this place that Plato taught his philosophy; and as the place got the name of Academy, from its ancient owner, so Plato's scholars had the name of Academics from the place. This is the origin of our word *academy*. The grounds of the Academy formed the burying place of the principal heroes and philosophers of Athens.

And though the gloom of silent night,
Project from far your trembling light;—
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow,
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend!
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy!
Or nothing are, or Jove, from thee!
Whether various nature's play,
Or she reversed thy will obey;
And to rebel man declare,
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Atheists laugh, and dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies:
While the pious on his guard,
Undismay'd, is still prepared:
Life or death, his mind 's at rest,
Since what you send must needs be best.

* What cannot thy almighty wit
* Effect, or influence, or permit?
* Which leaves free causes to their will,
* Yet guides, and overrules them still!
* The various minds of men can twine,
* And work them to thy own design:
* For who can sway what boasts 'tis free,
* Or rule a commonwealth, but thee!
* Our stubborn will thy word obeys,
* Our folly shows thy wisdom's praise:
* As skillful steersmen make the wind,
* Though rough, subservient to mankind.
* A tempest drives them safe to land;
* With joy they hail and kiss the sand.

* So, when our angry tribes engage,
* And dash themselves to foam and rage,

Line 115. *You, whose roots, &c.*—Virgil speaks thus of the oak:—

. . . Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
GEORG. ii, ver. 291.

High as his topmost boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominions tend. DRYDEN.

Line 147. *So, when our angry tribes engage.*—The ideas in this and the following seven lines are the same with those in the following passage of VIRGIL, ÆNEID. i, ver. 148:—

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;

* The demagogues, the winds that blow,
* Heave and toss them to and fro;
* Silence! is by thee proclaim'd,
* The tempest falls, the winds are tamed;
* At thy word the tumults cease,
* And all is calm, and all is peace!

* Monsters that obscurely sleep
* In the bottom of the deep,
* Or, when for air or food they rise,
* Spout the Ægean to the skies;
* Know thy voice, and own thy hand,
* Obsequious to their lord's command;
* As the waves forget to roar,
* And gently kiss the murmuring shore.

No evil can from thee proceed;
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed:
As darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone;

Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent: arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood;
Of stones and brands a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms which rage supplies.
If some grave sire appears amidst the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive; while the sage controls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.

PITT.

Line 158. *Spout the Ægean to the skies.*—The Ægean Sea is properly a part of the Mediterranean, near Greece, parting Europe from Asia. It is commonly called the Archipelago.

Line 163. *No evil can from thee prŏceed.*—Dryden, who wrote a short time before Mr. Wesley, has a sentiment like this in his *Cymon* and *Iphigenia:*

> "But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
> Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed,
> *For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.*"

The thought is great in Wesley—mean in Dryden; a base excuse for crime in the latter—a grand display of infinite purity and perfection, as introduced by the former.

Line 165. *As darkness is not from the sun.*—Here is a simple argument taken from an incontestable matter of fact, that most forcibly explodes the horrible doctrine, that God has willed and decreed evil. God is the fountain of good, and is essentially good; therefore evil cannot come from him. This is absolutely impossible, as nothing can give what it does not possess. But evil does exist: then it is suffered, not decreed. There is such a thing as darkness: but this cannot be from the sun; for he is a body of light, and there is no darkness in him. Darkness is not from the sun; sin and evil are not from God.

Then night obscene does straight arise
From Erebus, and fills the skies;
Fantastic forms the air invade,—
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

* When wars and pains afflict mankind,
* 'Tis for a common good design'd;
* As tempests sweep and clean the air,
* And all is healthy, all is fair.
* Good and true, and fair and right,
* Are thy choice, and thy delight.
* Government thou didst ordain
* Equal justice to maintain:
* Thus thou reign'st enthroned in state,
* Thy will is just, thy will is fate.
* The good can never be unblest,
* While impious minds can never rest;
* A plague within themselves they find,
* Each other plague, and all mankind.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare?
* Or heroes by thy bounty raised,
* To eternal ages praised?
* Codrus, who Athens loved so well,
* He for her devoted fell;
* Theseus, who made us madly free,
* And dearly bought our liberty;
* Whom our grateful tribes repaid
* With murdering him who brought them aid;

Line 168. *From Erebus, and fills the skies.*—Erebus, in fable, is one of the infernal gods; supposed to be the father of Nox, or Night, whom he begot of Chaos, or nothing. The word is evidently corrupted from the Hebrew עֵרֶב *Ereb*, (Gen. i, 8,) which there signifies the evening or twilight, from the word *arab*, to mingle, because twilight is a mixture of light and darkness.

Line 180. *Thy will is fate.*—The word fate has been grossly misapplied and abused: it comes from the supine *fatum*, spoken; of the verb *fari*, to speak, and signifies, in reference to God, what he has spoken; and, when rightly understood, in reference to his government of the world and treatment of man, what he has promised or threatened to do in his revealed word.

Line 189. *Codrus, who Athens loved so well.*—Codrus was the last king of Athens. The Peloponnesians, being at war with the Athenians, were told by the oracle that they should gain the victory, provided they did not slay the Athenian king. Codrus hearing this, disguised himself, and went into the Peloponnesian camp, where, offering some insult to the soldiers, he was slain, and in the battle the Athenians got the victory.—*Paterculus.*

Line 191. *Theseus, who made us madly free.*—Theseus was a famous hero of antiquity, the son of Ægeus, king of Athens. He is said to have united the twelve cities of Attica, and to have founded a republic there, about 1236 years before the Christian era. Being driven from his throne of Athens by the usurper Mnestheus, he fled to Lycomedes, king of Scyros (an island in the Ægean Sea) for protection; but the perfidious king caused him to be thrown from a precipice, and dashed to pieces.—*Plutarch.*

* To tyrants made an easy prey, 195
* Who would not godlike kings obey.
* Tyrants and kings from God proceed;
* Those permitted,—these decreed.

Thou break'st the haughty Persians' pride,
Which did both sea and land divide. 200
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubœan wave;
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye bless'd Greeks, who there expired!
With noble emulation fired!
* Your trophies will not let me rest, 205
* Which swell'd, Themistocles, thy breast.
What shrines, what altars shall we raise,
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply
To rescue what can never die? 210
* Godlike men! how firm they stood!
* Moating their country with their blood.

Line 200. *Which did both sea and land divide.*—Xerxes may be said to have divided the *sea* when he threw a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, now the Dardanelles. He may be said to have divided the *land*, when, according to some historians, he cut a passage for his fleet through Mount Athos.

Line 202. *At Marathon they found a grave.*—The famous battle of Marathon, (a place about ten miles from Athens,) between the Persians and Athenians, was fought in the 490th year before Christ. The Athenians had only 10,000 men, and the Persians 110,000; yet the Greeks defeated them, and slew 6,400 men, while themselves lost only 190. The Persians fled to their ships; but the conquerors took, burned, or destroyed the major part of them, the rest having effected their escape by dint of rowing. Miltiades that day commanded the Athenian troops. As soon as the memorable battle was ended, Philippidas the courier formed the project of carrying the news to the magistrates of Athens: without quitting his armor, he ran, arrived, announced the glad tidings, and, spent with fatigue, he fell dead at their feet! See Herodotus, in Erato; and Lucian, Περι του Πταισματος.

Line 205. *Your trophies will not let me rest.*—After the battle of Marathon, mentioned above, the Athenians raised monuments on the field to those noble Athenians who had so bravely defended their country; and, in the spaces between them, trophies were erected, composed of the Persian arms. Themistocles, when very young, was observed to be very pensive, and often to deny himself both sleep and necessary food. Being asked the reason, he gave for answer, ὡς καθευδειν αυτον ουκ εαη το του Μιλτιαδου τροπαιον—"That the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep;" thereby intimating, that he had an insatiable desire to imitate the military exploits of that famous Athenian general. See *Plutarch*.

Lines 211, 212. *Godlike men! how firm they stood!*—How these two verses, especially, came to be left out of the printed copies of this poem, I cannot conceive; but anything more grand or noble, on such a subject, never saw the sun. "Moat" signifies a deep ditch, round a castle, &c., and filled with water, in order to render the approach of an enemy more difficult. In his poem on Marlbro', Mr. Wesley employs the same figure; which may be taken as an intimation that both have proceeded from the same pen.

And yet a greater hero far,
Unless great Socrates could err,
* § (Though whether human or divine, 215
* § Not e'en his genius could define,)
§ Shall rise to bless some future day,
§ And teach to live, and teach to pray.
§ Come, unknown instructor, come,
§ Our leaping hearts shall make thee room; 220
§ Thou with Jove our vows shalt share;—
§ Of Jove and thee we are the care.

O Father, King! whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race;
We thy magnificence adore, 225
And thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for thou art ALL!
* May thy care preserve our state,
* Ever virtuous, ever great! 230

Line 216. *Not e'en his genius.*—This alludes to the demon of Socrates, or attendant spirit, which he said attended him always, and advertised him every morning of the evils to which he should be exposed in the course of the day. The late Professor Porson showed me a very ancient MS. copy of Plato's works, in which there were marginal scholia: and one on this very subject stated that "what Socrates called his demon was a tingling in the ears."

Line 218. *And teach to live, and teach to pray.*—Here is a reference to the conclusion of the dialogue between Socrates and Alcibiades concerning prayer, namely,—

SOCR.—You see, therefore, that it is not safe for you to go and pray to God, lest your addresses should happen to be impious, and God should wholly reject your sacrifice. It is necessary, therefore, that you should delay till you have learned what disposition you ought to be in both toward God and man.

ALCIB.—But how long will it be, O Socrates! and who is this instructor?

SOCR.—It is he who careth for you. But as Minerva removed the mists from the eyes of Diomed, that he might distinguish gods from men; so must he first remove from your soul the mist that surrounds it, and then furnish those helps by which you shall be able to distinguish good from evil.

ALCIB.—Let him remove that mist, or whatever else it be; for I shall be always ready to follow his commands, so that I may become a better man.

SOCR.—It is wonderful to consider what a providential regard he has toward thee. (Ἀλλα μην κάκεινος ὑαμαστην ὁσην περι σε προθυμιαν ἐχει.)

See PLATO. OPER. *Alcibiad. sec.* vol. v, p. 100. *Edit. Bipont.*

Line 222. *Of* JOVE *and* thee *we are the care.*—Referring to the words of Socrates in the above extract: Ὁυτος εστιν ᾧ μελλει περι σου. *It is he who careth for thee.*

Line 229. *May thy care preserve our state.*—I believe the last six lines were applied by the poet to the British empire; to which, in the spirit of true patriotism, his heart and hand put γενοιτο! γενοιτο! *so be it! so be it!* and to which the annotator affectionately subscribes AMEN and AMEN.

* Thou our splendor and defense,
* Wars and factions banish thence!
* Thousands of Olympiads pass'd,
* May its fame and glory last!
Γενοιτο, γενοιτο.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 70. *For its fancied aid implore.*—Imaginary power adore. Mr. J. Wesley.

Line 71. *Since bright oil, and wool, and wine.*—Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine. J. Wesley.

Line 81. *At* Jove's *command.*—*At* thy *command.* Mr. J. Wesley.

Line 106. *Which the enamor'd student loves.*—Which the pensive lover loves. S. W.'s alteration in Mrs. Wright's MS.

Line 108. *For learned thought and converse made.*—*Sacred fanes are frequent made.*—Mrs. W.'s copy. "For thought and friendly converse made." J. W. "For learned thought and converse made." Alteration by Mr. J. W.

Line 123. *Whether various nature's play.*—Whether varied nature play. J. W.

Line 127. *Atheists laugh, and dare despise.*—Laugh, ye profane, who dare, &c. J. W.

Line 132. *You send.*—Thou send'st. J. W.

Line 167. *Then night obscene does straight arise.*—Then does night obscene arise. J. W.

Line 204. *With noble emulation fired.*—For Greece with pious ardor fired. J. W.

III.—SAMUEL WESLEY'S LETTERS ON THE SEPTUAGINT.*

From the Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., to his son John, at Oxford, giving a general character of the Septuagint version, accompanying a Dissertation on the Septuagint, which he wishes him to show to a learned friend whom he had mentioned, who was greatly enamored of this version; and who wrote a letter afterward to Mr. Samuel Wesley defending it against his exceptions. This learned friend was Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 6, 1730–31.

"Dear Son,—I shall first answer your ult., and then your penult. I thank you for Dr. King. I find him strong, but too weighty for me; and therefore, like Saul's armor, till I have proved it, I can't make use of it, but must be content with what small stones I had in my own and Mr. Ditton's scrip. As for the letter which I had before, I find in it an account of a learned friend of yours who has a great veneration for the Septuagint, and thinks in some places it corrects

* See page 288.

the present Hebrew copy. I don't at all wonder he should be of that mind, when 'tis likely he may have read *Vassius* and others, who magnify this translation so highly as to depreciate the original; and I must confess I was inclined to the same opinion when I first began in earnest to study the Scriptures, and read over more than once or twice the Septuagint, according to the Vatican, though not then comparing it with the original Hebrew. What then added to my respect for it, and increased it almost to superstition, was, that I not only found the sense of many texts in the Scripture, as I thought, more happily explained than in our own or other versions—which is the first thing that is generally taken notice of by those who begin to read it; but likewise there are several words and phrases in the New Testament which can hardly be so well understood without having recourse to this translation; but especially, that it is so frequently quoted, both by our Saviour himself and by his apostles, even where it seems to differ from the Hebrew, and perhaps does sometimes really differ from it. These considerations, though I since find they have been all weighed and answered by learned men of our own communion, as well as others, yet held me so long in a blind admiration of the Septuagint, that though I did not esteem them absolutely infallible, yet I hardly dared trust my own eyes, or think they were considerably or frequently mistaken, till upon reading this translation over very often, and comparing them verbatim with the Hebrew, I was forced by plain evidence of fact to be of another mind.

"That which led me to it was not so much some mistakes (I think I should not exceed if I should say at least one thousand) in places *indifferent*, either occasioned by the ambiguous sense of some words in the Hebrew, or by the mistake of some *letters*, as ד for ר, and *vice versa*, which every one knows are very much alike in the old Hebrew character, and which is a demonstration to me that the LXX. translated from such a copy as was written in the same character, namely, that which is now called the Chaldee, and that even the Samaritans transcribed theirs from a copy which was written in the same sort of letters; but that which most moved me and fully determined my judgment was, that I found, or thought I found, very many places in this version of the Septuagint, when I came to compare it close with the Hebrew, that appeared to me *purposely altered*, and that for no very honest, at least justifiable, reasons. These came at last so thick upon me in the course of my daily reading, not only in the Pentateuch, but in the Proverbs, the Kings, the major and minor Prophets, that I began to note them down, not a few instances whereof you will see in the following Dissertation, which I have been at the pains to get entirely transcribed, and shall send it to you in my next packet, which I send to your brother at London, and have ready by me to send by the carrier, as soon as I receive my printed prolegomena from him, and would have you communicate it to your learned friend, with my best respects, (though unknown to me,) earnestly desiring him, as well as you, to peruse it with the greatest prejudice you can; and after you have thoroughly weighed the whole, as I think the subject deserves, to make the strongest objections you are able against any particular article of it, where you are not convinced

by my observations and reasonings; for I should not deserve any friend if I did not esteem those my best friends who did their endeavors to set me right where I may be possibly mistaken, especially in a matter of so great moment, which is like shortly to appear publicly in the world.

"This is all at present, except that, blessed be God, we are all well, and everybody sends respects, (and I believe some letters in the packet that comes herewith,) as your mother her blessing, and the same Your loving father, S. W."

The Dissertation on the Septuagint, mentioned above, I believe was never printed. According to his father's direction, the Dissertation was shown to the then unknown friend, mentioned above, who, as stated, was Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford, and who wrote a long critique on the subject, and sent it to the rector of Epworth, April 17, 1730; to which Mr. Wesley replied some time in the same year. As his reply contains the sum of Mr. Langley's objections—for he considers them *seriatim*—I need not insert the critique.

Mr. Langley's letter is in Latin; and in it he endeavors to defend the Septuagint against Mr. Wesley's attacks on its inaccuracy, and want of good faith to the Hebrew original, changing many words and passages, merely to please the Egyptians, and Ptolemy Philadelphus their king. See the preceding letter to his son John, at Oxford.

Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, to the Rev. Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford, in answer to a critique which Mr. L. had written on Mr. Wesley's Dissertation on the Septuagint.

"VIR REVERENDE,—There is one advantage in my son's staying so little a while with me, which is, that I have not time to answer your kind, civil, and learned letter, in my own sorry Latin; so you will for the present escape that punishment. Neither have I time to answer, distinctly, every article of yours, nor indeed is there any occasion for it, because we are in many things so entirely agreed, as in thinking the LXX. not preferable to the text, or divinely inspired, but in many places have been mistaken, whether willingly or unwillingly is the dispute between us.

"I readily own that it was very pardonable, if after their best endeavors to understand the text, and to give the true sense of it, they were in some instances, or even in a pretty many, involuntarily mistaken; though it is not easy to conceive how so many persons, and undoubtedly not the least learned of their nation, should be at a loss for the sense of so many words in a book wherewith they were so well acquainted, and therefore write the Hebrew words in Greek characters, as *ενθεεβονλαβωθ*, *εσβεις*, and others. I own, they have also paraphrased the text in many places, where there seems to have been no necessity of doing it; in which practice the vulgar Latin has too often imitated them: but I cannot yet come into your notion, that the Hebrew text has been in any place (except perhaps one to my observation, and that but in half a letter, and nowhere willfully) corrupted or vitiated; but that the Greek copies are often wrong, either

by the ignorance of the translators or transcribers, (I believe by both,) is fully agreed between us.

"But the main of the cause turns upon the following questions: *First*, whether the seniors have falsely represented the sacred text, that they might consult the honor of their nation?

"*Secondly*, whether they have ever done the like for fear of the Egyptians, or lest they should thereby give scandal to them, or to other heathens?

"On the first head, your general assertion is, that the Alexandrine copy entirely supplies the defects of those places which are wanting in the Vatican. I have not time to examine this fact at present, though I know it is true in many instances. You say the case was thus in that famous place at the beginning of Jeremiah xvii. I find, indeed, in Bos, that it is read in the Complut., and in some copies of the Vatican, (though under asterisks,) though he says nothing in his Scholia of its being in the Alexandrine; but I have not Grabe by me, nor can I find it in the Roman Scholia.

"The first time I saw the Alexandrine, or any copies of the difference between that and the Vatican, as formerly in the Polyglot, when I had it by me, I was, reverend sir, entirely of your mind; and exceedingly pleased when I thought they had cured many defects of the Vatican, and continued in the same opinion for many years; but, on my growing better acquainted with those matters, I was forced, in a great measure, to change my opinion; and have been for some time inclined greatly to suspect the Alexandrine has done, in some measure, like the Complut., and altered the old Septuagint, that it might be nearer the Hebrew, and consequently, the nearer any copy of the Septuagint is to the Hebrew, the more I suspect it to be corrupted, that is, from the Greek original; though I have not time here to show you my reasons.

"Be that as it will, it is certain that these verses, Jer. xvii, were wanting in St. Austin's copy; and I believe you will find the same in St. Jerome; but when you say, that period, Deut. i, 35, *ἡ γενεὰ πονηρὰ αυτη*, though it be not in the Vatican, is in the Alexandrine, I can find nothing like it, either in Bos's or the Roman Scholia; though I confess there is something not far from it in the Complut., namely, *τούτων τῶν πονηρῶν*.

"Your next remark is on 1 Sam. ii, 22, that where the Vatican has it lamely *εκομιζον*, the Alexandrian gives it perfectly, *ἐκοιμιζον*: first, I find nothing of *εκομιζον* in the Vatican; secondly, I find, according to Bos, not *εκομιζον*, but *εκομιζον*, in the Alexandrine; though, indeed, the Scholion has *ως εκοιμωντο*.

"As to your next, of רוגיז, at Judges xvii, 10, your answer is probable, and I believe true.

"As for Gen. xxxvii, 2, you say the Alexandrine has it *κατενεγκεν* (currente calamo) pro *κατενεγκαν*, not as in the Vatican, *κατηνεγκαν*.

"But Bos has it *κατηνεγκαν*, both in the Vatican and Alexandrine, and Aldus, *κατηνεγκαν δε κατα Ιωσεφ*; though Diodorus, in the same Scholion, says that the Syrian and the Hebrew, for *κατηνεγκαν*, have *κατηνεγκεν*, which Bos has from the Schol. Rom., as many of his other notes.

"As for the next text, Gen. xlv, 22, where the LXX. render כסף by *χρυσους*,—if I could see any proof that the ancients did take pieces of gold and pieces of silver, when indefinitely spoken to be of the same value, I should be concluded by them; but till I am convinced of that, must be forced at least *επεχειν*; though the Syriac, as I find in Bos and the Roman Scholiast, have not been full out so liberal; for they give him but *διακοσιους χρυσινους*, but they make it up in giving him *πεντε ζυγας στολων*.

"The question is not, whether the word באש does sometimes signify *displicere*, seu *odiosum*, et *malum esse*, but why the LXX. have translated it several times by *επωζεσεν*, when it does not relate to the Israelites, as twice or thrice in Exod. vii; but when it relates to themselves, have taken the softest sense of the word, which was certainly wise, but I know not whether so fair and honest. Neither am I sure that they were then accused by the heathens as *hircum olentes*, as they have been in after ages; though I cannot say I perceived any such disagreeable savor when I have often sat a long time very near them.

"The next is חמיר. 'Tis known the Jews, even persons of quality, their judges, &c., were wont, in those times, to ride upon white asses, which are much more beautiful and larger than ours; and they had few horses among them before Solomon's time; nor are there any such in Job's inventory, though some of the fathers have given him both mules and horses; for which reasons the LXX. would hardly have dismounted Moses from the ass, or provided at least an equivocal carriage for him, in the word *υποζυγιον*, if they had not some particular cause for it. Now the red ass on which, in the Egyptian histories, Typhon, (who was also red,) that is, Moses, was said to fly out of Egypt, on whose account they sacrificed a red ass every year, makes it look very suspicious, that the LXX. here avoided the word *ονος*, which could signify nothing else, lest they should confirm the Egyptians in their hatred: but the LXX. go further, and for fear one beast should not be thought enough for Moses and his family, they here furnish him with more, even as many as he pleases, for they use an indefinite number, *ανεβιβασεν αυτα επι τα υποζυγια*: but Balaam, being raised up by the devil as Moses's rival, they allow but one bare ass between him and his two servants for a much longer journey.

"As for Caleb's daughter, she was much inferior to Moses, as well as their patriarch Issachar; nor was there the same reason against mounting her upon an ass that there was in the case of Moses.

"I confess there is something more in that of Judah, Gen. xlix, 11: *δεσμευων τη ελικι τον πολον της ονου αυτου*; but then 'tis known, that not only the fathers, St. Ambrose, St. Austin, &c., but even the Targum itself, refers this to the Messiah, of whom the foregoing words are indisputably to be understood, where he is called the Shiloh; and 'tis said, that 'unto him shall the gathering of the people be;' and both of these are mentioned, the ass and the foal, in our Saviour's history, as well as in the prophecy of Zech. ix; and in the Gospels we read, *ονον δεδεμενην, και πολον μετ' αυτης*; though I grant 'tis afterward *πολον νιον υποζυνιον*, and that, as you observe, *υποζυγιον* is an equivocal word for any *jumentum*.

"Neither can I be satisfied any more, sir, than I can perceive you yourself are, with Bonfronius's defense of that strange translation, Gen. xlix, 14, 15, of תמר גרם by *το καλον επεθυμησεν, bonum concupivit*, as well as עבר לבמס by *ανηρ γεωργος*; and I believe you think Bonfronius's interpretation is not a little strained and unnatural, from one end to the other; which is as follows: therefore *bonus concupivit*, he desired a good thing, &c., the same as he thought it a good thing strongly to undergo the labors of agriculture; that is, he was a strong ass. They well enough understood the connection of their translation, that if he would constantly give himself to husbandry, he must necessarily pay tribute. Nor is it any wonder that the other translators, Aquila and Symmachus, being Jews, should, for the same reason, agree in almost the same translation.

"I can as little agree with the LXX. in their version of Deut. xxvi, 5, ארמי אבד by *συριαν απελιπεν*, though I must own your conjecture is very ingenious, and the alteration very small, if we read ארם ואבד *απελιπεν*, which is the Complut., but the Vatican is *απεβαλεν*. Yet, as to what follows, I am sorry, sir, I cannot come into your opinion. You ask, how Jacob could be called a Syrian, when he was born in Canaan! I answer, he might justly be called so, especially by way of diminution. First, from his origin, because Abraham came out of Syria. Second, from his mother, who was a Syrian; and from his habitation in Syria, where he was, as it were, naturalized, had lived so many years, was married, and acquired all his wealth and children. Nor seems the second objection any stronger, that Jacob could not be said to be a poor man, and ready to perish, when he went down into Egypt, because he went with great substance, and had money enough to buy what corn he pleased; for, in answer, that man must certainly be poor who wants bread; and that he and his family were ready to perish by famine before they went down into Egypt, we find expressly in several places in the history:—The first place, Gen. xlii, 2, 'Buy corn for us, that we may live and not die;' as Joseph says afterward, 'Carry corn for the famine of your houses;' so chap. xliii, Judah said, 'We will arise and go, that we may live and not die, both we and thou, and also our little ones.' Joseph says, in chap. xlv, 7, 'God sent him to save their lives by a great deliverance;' and again at verse 11, 'I will nourish thee, lest thou and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty;' that is, the lowest degree of it, *want of bread:* from all which instances, it seems evident, that the common reading of the Hebrew cannot reasonably be faulted, when it styles Jacob *Syrus peribundus*, especially just before he went down into Egypt.

"As for במות, I drop that objection, because the sense you give it is very probable.

"But as to that of *Hobab*, Num. x, 31, I cannot agree with Bonfronius, and the LXX., because there is a pretty deal more in the Hebrew than in the Greek, and I would be glad to hear any cause of their omission, except that which I have assigned. Moses says, verse 29 'Leave us not, I pray thee, forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, (that is, the best places for castrametation, where there was water, pasturage, &c.,) and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes;' Hobab being doubtless well acquainted with the parts

of the wilderness wherein his father's flocks had been always fed, though the ark went three days' journey before them from Mount Sinai, to search them out a resting. 'Tis true, Stephanus says, that *pro oculis elicni esse, sorat ac esse ductorem*, but I can nowhere find that *πρεσβυτης* signifies *ductor*, though it is common in the lexicographers to render the Hebrew by the Greek versions; whereof I have given a larger account in my searches into the history of the Rechabites, the posterity of Hobab.

"I next remark your reason, which is a very plausible one, that the seniors in their version had no respect to the Israelites, so as to incline them to partiality toward them, because, in innumerable places, where the text speaks of their ingratitude, obduracy, &c., they have faithfully rendered it.

"This I entirely grant, for, indeed, if they had not done it, a great part of Moses and of the prophets must have been quite omitted; but how shall we do to clear them, where they have certainly omitted, or, at least, evidently softened, or disguised, many other places which bear hardest upon their nation? For which we need go no further than the Book of Jeremiah, which, if I can possibly, I will go through on that argument for your satisfaction.

"Your latter reason seems to bend stronger from Jer. xxxi, 32, that they have translated there more harshly than in the original by *ημελησα αυτους*: but I believe it will be found that one or two of the significations of the word בעל here used, are yet stronger than the LXX. have turned it: e. g., Jer. iii, 14, by *κατακυριευω*; Isa. xvi, 8, by *καταπινω*.

"The second probable cause which I assign of the deviations of the LXX. from the Hebrew texts, was, lest they should displease the Egyptians, as well as give scandal in general to the heathens, had they in some places literally translated it. I instance in Exodus xiii, 13, where they used *λυτρωση*, for ערף, which you own is not to be defended, unless with Lipman you read *λυθρωση* for *λυτρωση*; but I cannot think you acquiesce in this change, because it is not so read in any copy either printed or MS. of the LXX. that I know of; whence it probably follows, the reason I have given for this version of the LXX. is the right, though I am afraid not a very honest reason.

"You proceed to Jer. xlvi, 17, 'Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is but a noise;' which you know is monstrously written in the LXX., and so quoted by Theodoret; but why could they not have understood it, had they pleased, as well as Symmachus, Aquila, and other versions? I wish a fairer reason could be found than that which I have given. If you think the true sense of the Hebrew is no reflection on so great a king, or disparagement of him, I must be forced here likewise to differ from you in my judgment. I own, as before, in the case of Israel, that they insert other prophecies which are very severe against the Egyptians; but if the answer to the former holds, the same will serve as to this, that otherwise they must have omitted entire chapters both in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

"As to your last observation, that I have taken notice the LXX. have translated other places in Scripture orthodoxly, and conveniently, where there is mention of the seeing God, and that the Chaldee, and

often the Syriac and Arabic, do herein follow the LXX.: In answer, though they may perhaps have translated them orthodoxly, (which yet I doubt, because I am satisfied those places are to be understood of the Λογος, who appeared in the Shechinah,) and, on some accounts, wisely, that they might not give scandal to the heathens, as if the Jews worshiped a visible, and consequently a material God; yet I can by no means think that they have done it faithfully, because they have plainly deserted the original Hebrew and probably led the Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic (whose authors were as much Jews as the LXX.) into the same error: nor, therefore, can I think it desirable, that several interpreters should conspire together in a false translation.

"Sir, though I am, you see, in several instances, for the reasons I have given, compelled to think otherwise than you do, yet I must own myself inexpressibly obliged to you for the trouble you have been at in endeavoring to set me right as to many of these passages; and I hope you see, if I am mistaken, I am not obstinate, because I have dropped, or at least doubt of, several of my own objections. I wish, with all my soul, either you or I could have cleared all the rest; but fear you will yet entertain a more severe opinion of those interpreters, when I have time to compare, according to the very little knowledge I have, in the Greek, and especially in the Hebrew, those places in Jeremiah at which I have hinted, in order to send them to you: and am, in the mean time,

"Reverend sir, your very obliged brother and servant,

"S. W.

"You would further much oblige me, if you please, at your leisure, to send me those texts, I know not whether about fifteen or sixteen of them, which the Jews say were purposely mistranslated by the LXX. I think they are in *Walton's Prolegomena*, though I have it not by me."

IV.*—SEVERAL CURIOUS CASES

Relative to the Ecclesiastical Discipline exercised in the Parish of Epworth, on certain Culprits; in Letters between Samuel Wesley, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Chancelor, and others.

Letters from Mr. Wesley to Mr. Terry, giving an account of two couple of transgressors in his parish; and the evidence of their guilt, and his wish to have them presented at the Bishop's Court.

"*Epworth, Dec.* 30, 1730.

"Mr. Terry,—I presume, on account of our old friendship, to consult you, and beg your advice and direction, as to the greatest parochial difficulty I have met with since my residence here.

"I have two couple of sinners at present upon my hands: the first, very lean; the latter, very fat: and I hope your courts will manage them both very well, when they are blended together.

"The lean ones are, Benjamin Becket, a widower, and Elizabeth

* See page 288.

Locker, a widow; and though they had not much less than half a score of children between them before, yet he has ventured to increase their number by getting a chopping bastard on her, though she had weekly relief from the town; and he was ready to fall upon it: to prevent which they made him sexton the last year; and they continue both unmarried. What aggravates his crime is, that he had some years since done public penance here for anti-matrimonial fornication with his first wife. They are now, both of them, as I understand, desirous to do penance for this crime; though the fellow would undergo even a third penance by marrying her. However, considering the whole, I am desirous their punishment should be as exemplary as their crime; and that both of them may perform their penance at three churches of the Isle: my own at Epworth; at Haxey, and at Belton. I'll see the court charges defrayed, which I hope will be as moderate as possible, because most of it is like to come out of my own pocket, and because the second couple will make amends; their names are, Mr. Aaron Mann, one of the most substantial yeomen in my parish, reckoned worth about £100 a year; a married man, who has five children that are grown up; he has been more than suspected long since of adultery, and worse, though there could be then no prosecution, because it was not revealed till their death by some who were conscious of it; but now he who has so long owed him a shame, seems to have paid it, or at least to be in a fair way of doing it. He has long haunted a widow here of a character scarce better than his own. Her name is Sarah Brumby, with whom he has been seen both day and night, till at last she proved with child, and told several persons, who are ready to witness it, that he was the father of it, and that she never had to do with any other since she was with child of this burden. The midwife also will stand to it that she told her, when she was in the pains of labor, that Aaron Mann was the father. Notwithstanding which, he is so impudent and cunning that nobody doubts but he will do all he can to baffle justice, and even prevail upon Brumby to retract her confession, and lay it upon some other. There are some honest people in the town, of the best interest and character, who are not afraid of his huffings; though I hear he threatens any one who says he is the father, to put him into the Spiritual Court, or bring an action against him. They are now concerting measures to get her sworn before a justice as to the father of the child, and if she eats her words, to confront her with the forementioned evidence, as soon as her month is up. I hear they have another plea, that she has a husband; and though he has been some years gone from her, yet that he has been with her this last year; though nobody ever saw him; and that she will plead he was the father. We think we have a fence against this too, and that we can prove he was dead and buried some years since; as she herself acknowledged to me, and to many others, above a year ago. We cannot foresee that he has now any other refuge but getting some corrupt person in your courts to appear for him. Your advice how to prevent this, or guard against it, and what other steps we should take in order to bring these criminals to public justice, would be very obliging and serviceable to me, and to the best of my parish. We have weighed everything as well as we could; our

opinion is, on the whole, that being guarded with his *impenetrable brass*, he will obstinately deny the fact; and when he is presented, that he will refuse public penance; nor would his children, we think, suffer him to do it. Perhaps he might be willing to commute, though that we rather doubt, and are inclined to believe that he would stand an excommunication, which we know he does not value, though a capias carried to an outlawry we believe would make him bend. I would not willingly be baffled in this matter, because I look upon the whole exercise of discipline in my parish, in a great measure, to depend on the event. If you think it proper to make Mr. Chancelor Newell acquainted with this, and to lay it before him as my desire, with my most humble service, entreating his advice and direction in it, pray be pleased to do it; but this I leave entirely to your own choice.

"I am, my most friendly friend, your entire friend and servant,

"S. W."

A letter to the chancelor, stating the performance of the penance by Benj. Becket and Eliz. Locker; and the subsequent marriage of the said Becket and Locker.

"TO THE WORSHIPFUL MR. CHANCELOR NEWELL, [AT LINCOLN.]

"*Epworth, Feb.* 15, 1730–31.

"SIR,—In respect and obedience to yours, which I received together with the order of penance for Benjamin Becket and Elizabeth (then) Locker, I have got 'em both to perform it at Epworth, and Haxey, on the days appointed.

"But the woman, being weakly, was so disordered by standing with her naked feet, that the women, and even a midwife, assured me that she would hazard her life if she went to perform it the third time at Belton, in the same manner.

"I could therefore do no more than send the man thither at the day appointed, who performed it the third time, according to order, as is certified by myself, Mr. Hool, Mr. Morrice, and our church wardens, on the instrument you sent us; which is ready to be returned at the visitation, or when you please.

"If 'tis in your power to remit the woman's doing it the third time, I should think it an act of mercy, especially since this was her first fault, though his second; and she appeared the modestest w—— (I doubt I ought to ask her pardon, now she has done what she could of her penance, and is an honest married wife, for I married them last Friday) that I have met with on this occasion. If you don't think it proper to remit it, which I again entreat that you would, if you can; I shall, upon your order in a letter, oblige her to perform it the third time.

"As soon as this was over, I fell at my second couple, having prepared the way by my addresses to a justice of the peace near us; and disposing some of the best of my parishioners to join with me, on account of the charge that this illegitimate of Sarah Brumby and (as

was famed) of Aaron Man, might bring upon the parish; this my officers, the church wardens, and overseer, went and complained of to Justice Stovin, who was so kind as to come over this day on purpose to Epworth, and thinks he has got evidence upon oath, which will be ready to be produced in your court upon occasion, both to secure the parish, and to ground and prove a presentment. The woman had been taught her lesson, and though she had taken the oath before the justice, to answer 'the truth, the whole truth,' &c., and confessed under her hand it was a bastard child, born of her body; yet when he asked her, 'Who was the father?' she answered positively, 'I will not tell.'

"The second person brought before the justice, one Mary Jackson, who had been guilty of fornication herself, and has now a bastard of about six feet high, that lives with her; though she had assured me that she had heard Sarah Brumby several times say, before she was delivered, that Aaron Man was the father of the child that she then went with; yet, when the justice examined her upon oath about it, denied (as I expected she would, for she was always about her fellow-sinner, and had been tutored as well as she had been) that she had ever heard Sarah Brumby say any such thing, or that she had ever said any such thing to me; on which I thought myself obliged to swear to the words she said, as above written.

"We had a little better success in the succeeding evidence, Eliz. Piers, a near relation to Sarah Brumby, who was often with her in her illness, and swore, that she said Brumby had often told her that Aaron Man, and no other, was the father of the child that she went with.

"The next was Elizabeth Dawson, the midwife who laid her of the child, and swore before the justice that she had several times told her, before she was delivered, that Aaron Man was the father of the child; and that she added some other things in the time of her labor, or as soon as she was delivered, as will appear upon evidence in court, if there be occasion, which will confirm the same.

"This is the evidence we have got; for the bad woman does not now pretend that she has a husband living, but has owned, under her hand, as before, and upon her oath, that it is a bastard child.

"If we may ground a presentment on these evidences, in the taking which we have exactly followed the direction you were so kind to prescribe us, I believe I shall be able to induce my church wardens to present both Aaron Man and Sarah Brumby, as soon as I've an answer to this, and you'll be so good as to teach us how we may proceed; for as to the two evidences above, I think you may depend upon them.

"I am, honored sir, your very obliged humble servant,

"Sam. Wesley."

A second letter to Mr. Chancelor Newell, complaining of his negligence in not answering the preceding letter; giving also an account of a person who, without orders or authority, married couples, absolved those who lay under ecclesiastical censure, &c.—Sufficiently curious.

TO CHANCELOR NEWELL.

"*Feb.* 2, 1731–32.

"Sir,—I think it was more than a quarter of a year since I wrote you a very pressing letter, concerning the affairs of my parish; to which I have not yet been honored with any answer. I therein acquainted you that I had not yet heard of any articles against my last year's church wardens, though you declared to them that you would article against them, for not performing their duty in presenting A. M. for the fame of adultery with Sarah Brumby, of this parish, which she herself had charged upon A. M., as was sworn by two persons which they very well knew; and you have the whole evidence before you The church wardens' names are William Watkins and Richard Samson. The woman was conveyed away, and resided for some time at Cawick, in Yorkshire; where, for aught I know, she may still be, of which I informed both you and the apparitor, but can yet hear of no prosecution of her.

"At the same time, I wrote to you with as pressing instances as I could, concerning one Eliza Hurst, likewise of Epworth, who was delivered of an illegitimate, with some very foul circumstances, and would not declare the father. She was presented by my church warden some years since; but no prosecution followed, though I had often wrote about it. At length the woman came to me, and earnestly desired she might perform penance for her offense, which she was ready to do whenever the court should order it. As I wrote to you about it, all I could hear concerning her was, (what Mr. Porter told me at the last visitation, when I paid him 15*s.* out of my own pocket for B. Becket's penances,) that this Hurst was put into the process. But I could never hear that the apparitor had summoned him, nor did he give me any account of it, as indeed he seldom does of anything relating to offenses of this nature in my parish. The woman has, since the time she was with me, cohabited with Thomas Thew, and is suspected to be with child by him. She would lately have sold her bed to have bought a license to be married to him, which she knew I would not do till she had done penance for her former fault. However, they made what shift they could, and there being a strolling villain in the parish who had married others before, called John England, he coupled them together in a hemp-kiln, on Saturday, the 22d of January; she having one Haworth for her father, and one Benson for their clerk; and having, as I hear, confessed their fornication, he that had joined them absolved them for it, and the others that were present said, Amen!

"You see, sir, by this, how much trouble you are like to be eased of in our isle, there being a person frequently here, though he is a legal inhabitant of Thorn, in Yorkshire, who assumes an episcopal power, at least as much as the courts have, in granting licenses, marrying, absolving, &c., where they are all safe, if poverty can gain them impunity; for I do not believe that all five of them are worth fifty shillings, if their stock were put together; for which reason I know not whether the court will be at the trouble of prosecuting them; or whether I shall hear anything from you in answer to this,

any more than to my last, though I am sure this will be delivered into your hands by my own daughter. But whatever the event may be, I thought it my duty to acquaint you with these matters, and rest, as well as I can,

"Your much aggrieved friend and servant,

"S. W."

To the bishop of Lincoln, stating the same particulars to his lordship as he had sent to the chancelor.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 3, 1731.

"My Lord,—I received the high honor and favor of your lordship's, dated Bugden, Christmas eve. I ever thought it my duty, since I have been the minister of any parish, to present those persons who were obnoxious in it, if the church wardens neglected it, unless where the criminal was so sturdy, and so wealthy, as that I was morally certain I could not do it without my own great inconvenience or ruin; in which cases, God does not require it of me. The only question here seems to be, whether the oath of two persons (that the woman had confessed to them several times that A. M. was the father of the child, which they swore before a justice of peace) be not sufficient to prove the fame and fact to the satisfaction of the court, that the criminal will be condemned in costs of suit, the chancelor having all the depositions in his hand: and I believe the justice who took them would, *viva voce*, confirm them, if the woman should shrink from their evidence. I likewise beg your direction what I must do with the two church wardens, if they offered themselves to receive the sacrament at Christmas; and whether I ought not to repel them from it; being satisfied in my own mind that they were notoriously perjured, and had thereby given great scandal to the congregation. One of them, Richard Samson by name, offered himself at the communion, to whom I sent my clerk to desire him privately to withdraw, because I had written to your lordship about it, for your directions therein, which I had not yet received; and therefore now humbly beg them. What work there has since been in our parish, your lordship will see in my letter to the chancelor; a copy whereof here follows. Thus asking pardon for this double trouble, and begging your lordship's blessing, and a line of answer, I remain,

"Your lordship's ever-devoted and most humble servant,

"S. W."

The bishop of Lincoln's answer to the preceding, commending Mr. Wesley's diligence, and giving him further directions.

[Copy of the bishop of Lincoln's letter to S. W. about R. Samson.]

"Sir,—It is very well that you have within fourteen days signified to me your repelling from your communion your negligent and obstinate church warden.

"My advice upon his case is, that you do immediately signify his offense to the chancelor of your diocese, and say that you do so by my direction, that he may have process against him according to law; and when you have thus, by my direction, put him into the hands of

the ordinary, you have done your part, and may let your church warden know that he is now where the law has placed him, and that you are no longer a judge of his offense, but shall treat him as other parishioners. Without this, you will not be armed against action and costs of common law; to which I would not have you liable.

"Your tenderness for the Protestant exiles is truly Christian and reasonable, as their sufferings are great, and their wants pressing. What you collect may be returned, as Dr. Wade's collection was, to Sir John Philips, in Bartlett's Buildings.

"*Bugden, Aug.* 19, 1732."

These letters give us a sketch of ecclesiastical discipline in the Church of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, which now in practice scarcely exists, and is not soon likely to regain its footing.

I know a parish in which hundreds of similar delinquents now live, not one of whom is ever presented by the church wardens, notwithstanding their most solemn oaths; nor do the ministers seem to expect them to make the presentments to which their oaths bind them. And this oath binds them to present "all who offered their brethren by adultery, whoredom, incest, drunkenness, swearing, ribaldry, usury, or any other uncleanness or wickedness of life."—*Gibson's Codex.*, p. 964, and *Canon* cix, An. 1603. Shall it be said in extenuation of their guilt, in not acting according to their oath, that by these things their brethren are not offended?

But if the church wardens will refuse to do their duty, then it is the duty of every parson and vicar, and, in their absence, of every curate, (being the persons who should have the chief care for the suppression of impiety and sin in their parishes,) to present to their ordinaries, at such time and when they think it meet, all such crimes as they have in charge, or otherwise, as by them shall be thought to require due reformation."—*Canon* cxiii, An. 1603.

I quote these authorities to show that Mr. Wesley, in what he did, acted according to the canons of the Church; and that as a parish minister he could not have discharged his conscience, nor have acted according to his own solemn engagements, had he known of those scandalous offenders, and winked at the negligence of his church wardens. But is not every minister of the Church equally bound as he was? Most certainly. But are there any such presentments now? Scarcely one. Are no such offenders now to be found? Further this deponent saith not.

What was the issue of the prosecution against those he calls the fat sinners, his papers do not indicate. The chancelors and church wardens seem equally indolent in the business.

V.—THE PIG: A TALE.*

Some husbands on a winter's day
Were met to laugh their spleen away.
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives were seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own:
Acknowledged each as sovereign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, in word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand seignior's over his sultanas.
For pride or shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the discourse but one;
Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career:
'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say!
What! all so absolutely sway,
In England, where Italians wise
Have placed the woman's paradise;
In London, where the sex's flower
Have of that Eden fix'd the bower?
Fie, men of sense, to be so vain!
You're not in Turkey or in Spain;
True Britons all, I'll lay my life
None here is master of his wife.

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse;
Till one, with voice superior, said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)
I'll send my footman instant home,
To bid his mistress hither come;
And if she flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-peck'd if you please,
As S—— or as Socrates.

Hold there, replies the objector sly,
Prove first that matrons never lie;
Else words are wind: to tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you:
No, we'll be judged a surer way,
By what they do, not what they say:
I'll hold you severally, that boast,
A supper at the loser's cost,
That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by,

* See page 497.

Send strait for every wife quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,
But what before her husband's face
Point blank his order disobeys.

To this they one and all consent:
The wager laid, the summons went.
Meanwhile he this instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is, t' invite
These friends to a Boil'd Pig to-night;
The commoner the trick has been,
The better chance you have to win:
The treat is mine, if they refuse;
But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The first to whom the message came
Was a well-born and haughty dame;
A saucy independent she,
With jointure and with pin-money,
Secured by marriage deeds from wants,
Without a separate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
Half through her husband's messenger;
But cut him short with—How dare he
'Mong pot companions send for me?
He knows his way, if sober, home;
And if he wants me, bid him come.
This answer, hastily return'd,
Pleased all but him whom it concern'd.
For each man thought his wife, on trial,
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who loved to visit, dress, and play;
To sparkle in the box, or ring,
And dance on birth-nights for the king;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.
She, hearing of her husband's name,
Though much a gentlewoman, came:
When, half-inform'd of his request,
A dish as he desired it dress'd,
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
Without inquiring what it was,
You can't, sure, for an answer look:
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her tea;
So said, that minute out she flew.
What could the slighted husband do?

His wager lost must needs appear,
For none obey that will not hear.

The next for housewifery renown'd,
A woman notable was own'd,
Who hated idleness and airs,
And minded family affairs.
Expert at ev'rything was she,
At needle work, or surgery;
Famed for her liquors far and near,
From richest cordial to small-beer.
To serve a feast she understood,
In English or in foreign mode;
Whate'er the wanton taste could choose
In sauces, kickshaws, and ragouts;
She spared for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus:
To-night these friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a smile, My dear,
Your friends are always welcome there.
But we desire a pig, and pray
You'd boil it.—*Boil* it, do you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, sir, than so.
Why ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical receipt.
My dressing none need be afeard of,
But such a dish was never heard of.
I'll *roast* it nice,—but shall not *boil* it;
Let those that know no better spoil it.
Her husband cried, For all my boast,
I own the wager fairly lost;
And other wives besides my love,
Or I 'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch who next him sat
Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;
For well he knew his spouse's way;
Her spirit brook'd not to obey;
She never yet was in the wrong;
He told her, with a trembling tongue,
Where and on what his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be drest.
To-night? quoth, in a passion, she;
No, sirs, to-night it cannot be.
And was it a *boil'd* pig you said?
You and your friends, sure, are not mad!
The kitchen is the proper sphere
Where none but females should appear;

And cooks their orders, by your leave,
Always from mistresses receive.
Boil it, was ever such an ass!
Pray, what would you desire for sauce?
If any servant in my pay
Dare dress a pig that silly way,
In spite of any whim of yours
I'll turn them quickly out of doors;
For no such thing,—nay, never frown,—
Where I am mistress, shall be done.
Each woman wise her husband rules,—
Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judged.—Behold
A fair one of a softer mold;
Good humor sparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleasantry.
So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
Her spouse thought certainly to win
Pity such golden hopes should fail!
Soon as she heard th' appointed tale—
My dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in earnest or in jest
So strange a supper you demand;
Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
But do't as freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.
This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.
Thus each denied a several way;
But all agreed to disobey.

The only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was and plain:
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
Unused her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for the right,
She made her little wisdom go
Further than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
A roasting-pig I *boil'd* would have;
And to prevent all *pro* and *con*,
I must insist to have it done.
Says she, My dearest, shall your wife
Get a nickname to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it do;
But I desire you'll eat it too:
For though 'tis *boil'd* to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at table.

She spoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*,
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caused the jest—
Would *your wife* boil it? let us see.
Hold there—you did not lay with me.
You find, in spite of all you boasted,
Your pigs are fated to be roasted.
The wager 's lost, no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend:
Boast not your empire, if you prize it,
For happiest he that never tries it.
Wives unprovoked think not of sway,
Without commanding, they obey.
But if your dear ones take the field,
Resolve at once to win or yield;
For Heaven no medium ever gave
Betwixt a sovereign and a slave.

VI.—ON MR. HOBBES.*

OCCASIONED BY A COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

'Tis justly thought, to praise is ever hard,
When real virtue fires the glowing bard;
But harder far, whene'er the poet's mind
Lab'ring creates the worth he cannot find.
'Twill task a Cowley's genius to commend
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his friend;
To make the trifler Hobbes unworthy shine,
Will ask the utmost of a wit like thine.

The reader's malice makes the satire please;
Yet praises void of truth are flatteries,
Which steal from genuine worth the honors due;
Romantic heroes thus obscure the true.
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
As wise and great no longer then must shine
Good Socrates, or Plato the divine;
On ancient Greece is pass'd a gen'ral doom,
And Tully pleading for the gods of Rome.
All statues to their fame are overthrown,
And Hobbes or Epicurus stands alone!

Shall Christian virtues, too, the slander share,
And wait, as captives, his triumphal car?

* See page 497.

As by superior excellence compell'd,
Shall Anna bow? shall Charles the martyr yield?
Hyde, wise in calms, and faithful in the storm,
Great to record, but greater to perform!
Wide-conquering Raleigh, and far-searching Boyle,
And Newton, glory of our age and isle!
Are these the vulgar superstitious crowd,
That own the maxims of the incarnate GOD?
Rather than Heav'n, let earth be disesteem'd,
And Hobbes exploded, than our GOD blasphemed.
Hobbes! in whose ev'ry page display'd we see
His privilege of man, absurdity!
'Tis hard to point where most his merits shine,
In human learning, or in laws divine.
All matter thinks as such, he gravely says,
The smallest grain of sand, and spire of grass;
Only t' express their thought they wanted power,
'Till he arose their sweet-tongued orator.
Rome's wildest legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking blocks and philosophic stones.

Say, whence his far-famed politics began,
Whence his admired and loved Leviathan:
Wearied with exile, basely he complied,
And, coward, started from the suff'ring side;
With abject lies usurping force adored,
And measured justice by the longest sword.
Blest moralist! who taught e'en good and ill
To veer obsequious to the tyrant's will:
Prone to renounce his sense at Cromwell's nod,
And traitor to his prince, as to his God.

Hear, all ye wits, his gospel! *Tales received,*
In private feign'd and publicly believed,
These are religion. He alike esteems
The prophets' visions and the rabbis' dreams;
Nor matters who the rising sect begun,
Or Mary's offspring, or Abdalla's son.
No smallest diff'rence can his wisdom find;
For colors are all equal to the blind.

Yet tales, when once establish'd by the state,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as fate:
Nor shall the almighty LORD his pleasure show,
Without dependence on the gods below.
The civil creed no subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, though 'tis own'd a lie.
Hither from furthest east, ye Bramins, come
Hither, ye western locusts—monks of Rome
Behold this frontless, all-imposing man,
And match him with your priestcraft if you can.

Prodigious sage! who taught mankind to know
The dangerous cheats of Robin Goodfellow,
Of fairies tripping light a moonshine round,
Where rising verdure marks the circled ground!
Charm'd down by him, each airy spirit flies,
And grosser witches vanish from our eyes:
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad figures keep,
And broomstaffs peaceful in their corners sleep;
Yet vulgar tales this mighty champion scare,
This foe to shades, this conqueror of the air;
Ghosts immaterial he as dreams describes,
Yet dreads the power, whose being he denies.
The noonday boaster, straight a coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the dark alone:
Spectres and phantoms glare before his sight,
Which, when the candle enters, cease to fright.
'Twas thus he lived, our nation's boasted pride!
And (O! that truth could hide it?) thus he died.
Dreams, whimsies, fancies, nothings, then he fear'd;
And leap'd into the dark, and disappear'd.

Not thus his matchless wisdom Bacon show'd,—
He found in all things, and he own'd, a GOD:
As further learn'd, still readier to adore;
And still the more he knew, believed the more:
Glories to virtue due secure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as the mind.
Could Hobbes, alas! an equal prospect see
In the sad gloom of dark futurity,
Who dreamt that man, once dust, shall never rise;
That when the carcass falls, the spirit dies;
If quite extinct, insensible of fame,
Yet barr'd the poor reversion of a name?
While yet alive, by vanity betray'd,
He saw his fleeting, groundless honors fade:
Nor sacred verse their lustre can prolong:
No, not a Cowley's nor a Mulgrave's song.

ON SOME BLASPHEMOUS DISCOURSES ON OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES.

HAIL, Christian prelates! for your Master's name
Exposed by fool-born jest to grinning shame!
Hail, fathers! to be envied, not deplored,
Who share the treatment destined to your Lord,
What time his mortal race on earth began,
When first the Son of God was Son of man!

Behold from night the gay accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern lies;

No slander unessay'd, no path untrod,
To blast the glories of incarnate God!
"An open enemy to Moses' laws;
A secret patron of Samaria's cause;
Who dared at Levi's race his curses send,
The sot's companion and the sinner's friend;
Who purposed Zion's temple to o'erthrow,
Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe;
Who wonders wrought by force of magic spell,
Possess'd with demons, and in league with hell."
Remains there aught, ye powers of darkness, yet?
Yes; make your ancient blasphemies complete—
"The sacred leaves no prophecies contain
No miracles to prove Messiah's reign."
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.
'Tis urged, his mightiest wonders never show'd
Our Saviour nature's Lord, and real God,
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,
Bid gloomy demons to their hell repair,
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,
And call'd the moldering carcass from the tomb,
O'er tyrant Death exerted godlike sway,
And oped the portals of eternal day.

Here nobler mysteries a sage descries,—
"The letter false or trivial in his eyes."
Suppose in every act were understood
Some future, mystic, and sublimer good;
Yet, who the letter into air refines,
Destroys at once the substance and the signs;
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown;
Else lunatics might deep divines commence,
And downright nonsense be the type of sense.
What wilder dream did ever madman seize
Than—"Symbols all are mere nonentities."
This Sion's hill fast by the roots will tear,
And scatter Sinai's mountain into air:
No David ever reign'd on Judah's throne,
For David shadow'd his diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious light's material ray,
That heaven is likened to a cloudless day:
Imbodied souls require some outward sign
To represent and image things divine.
All objects must we therefore subtilize,
And raze the face of nature from our eyes?
Dispute is over, the creation gone,
In noonday splendor we behold no sun.
Thus, fast as power almighty can create,
May frenzy with a nod annihilate.

No marks of foul imposture then were known,
The cures were public, to a nation shown:
And who, the facts exposed to every eye,
If false could credit, or if true deny?
While thousands lived, by miracle restored,
Heal'd by a touch, a shadow, or a word!
Denial then had shocking proved and vain;
But now the serpent tries another train,
To turns, and doubts, and circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless maybes multiplies.
Now every idle question dark appears,
Obscure by shade of seventeen hundred years,
Which then each ignorant and child must know,
And every friend resolve, and every foe.
No trace of possible deceit was there:
Would those who spilt his blood his honor spare?
When prujudice and interest urged his fate,
And superstition edged their keenest hate;
When every footstep was beset with spies,
And restless envy watch'd with all her eyes;
When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers join'd,
And power and craft, and earth and hell combined.
Speak, Caiaphas! thy prophecy be shown,—
He died for Israel's sake, and not his own!
Pilate, arise! His righteous cause maintain,
And clear the injured Innocent again!
Truth fix'd, eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.
Must every age the once-heard cause recall,
Replacing Jesus in the judgment hall;
Cite living witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from dust the long-sepulchred dead;
That fools undue conviction may receive,
And those who reason slight may sense believe,—
Those, who the test of former ages scorn,
(For men were idiots all till they were born,)
Whose strength of argument in this we view,
'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true?

Ye worthies, in the book of life enroll'd,
Who nobly fill'd the bishops' thrones of old
Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,
In tortures and in death your priestcraft show'd;
Ye flocks, disdaining from the fold to stray,
Still following where your pastors lead the way,
Whose works through length of years transmitted come,
Escaped from Gothic waste, and Papal Rome,
Justly renown'd! behold, how malice tries
To blast your fame, and vex your paradise!
Let heretics each human slip declare,
And ridicule the test they cannot bear:

To these what modish ignorants succeed,
And fops your writings blame who cannot read.
These open enmities to glory tend;
The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend.
Let deist refugees your fame oppose,
And Dutch professors list themselves your foes:
But ah! let none asperse with vile applause,
And quote with praises in the devil's cause;
In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,
The tenor of your doctrines to destroy;
Make you your much-loved Lord and God deride,
For whom your saints have lived, and martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,
You fill the measure of your master's fate.
Glory to Jesus! the blasphemer cries;
But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.
Iscariot thus false adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seized, saluted and betray'd.
May Jesus' blood discharge even this offense,
When wash'd with tears of timely penitence!
Ere yet experience sad assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late;
Ere yet descended from dissolving skies,
To plead his cause himself, shall God arise.
Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,
And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentic old records declare,
(If past with future judgment we compare,
Possest with frantic and demoniac spleen,
Apostate Julian scoff'd the Nazarene;
His keenest wit th' imperial jester tries
Sure to his breast the vengeful arrow flies;
He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,
Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes;
Impious, but unbelieving now no more,
He owns the Galilean Conqueror!

THE END.